

the eschatological closet

Marta Gustavsson

enter the closet and escape
the world where your gender your experience your longings your secrets
are demanded as official acts

escape the standards according to which you have to testify about it all
to be convicted free and judged true
escape and come in, to celebrate your ambiguities, refuse
to pronounce yourself with as little complexity as they'd have

as when you tried to come out of your shell and break free of your secrets
first time; you traded a hardship for another
exchanging the suffocating silence for the full story, no more options were there
so is there no life with ugly pants on? no-one watching

is there a grace
with which you may move through the gardens of your inner life
and watch the flowers of pain you have planted
and express your pride?
a swift mercy

can there be a crossroads
where your body is secretly facing the crucified
the demanded shame? everything laid bare
the penetration of his side, the way you know it happened

maybe the promised land is without the kind of questions
that will accuse you of all
at the gates of the heavenly closet you may lay down
all your burden, garments, bras and make-up-layers lay them down
and cry

and enter, then
and be redressed beyond the masks of truth
and take your voice in the unity of praise
and of what used to mark your position

a silence will be kept

About the Author

Marta Gustavsson is active in the Swedish SCM, KRIS, and holds a Master of Arts in Theology from the University of Gothenburg. In her theological studies, politics and bodies have been the most important focuses. Now, she is preparing for ministry as a pastor in Church of Sweden. Email: martagustavsson@gmail.com.