

She is an Evangelical Jesus-Freak, but only culturally. W.W.J.D. / F.R.O.G. Brown hair: bowl cut. She wears Gecko brand shorts from Penney's (as her grandma likes to call it). Purple shorts with little green lizards traveling across the denim--making their way nowhere.

*Nowhere, she says. I am nowhere.*

She knows how to speak in tongues -- her mouth wide open as she rolls out *huddalabs, hoshnegaugs, and fuadalajemabs.*

*Oh lord, please touch me, anoint me, Jesus set me free!*

She feels like a fraud. Her language is a performance, but not performative. She sways her body as the large, working class white women on stage sing a very Christian version of Janis Joplin's "Me and Bobby McGee."

No one dressed up for church today. She didn't. At least in this place scabbed knees mean she plays hard. She is not classed here. But maybe some are.

*(Class is a strange identity. It is a non identity for many, like white or men. Or white men. There are poor people, but no one says they are rich. There is always someone richer than your family. No one wants to be poor and, definitely, no one will say they're rich. There is always a state of richer, to have more. Someone has more than you, and they are rich. Not you. Someone is always poorer than you, but you are still poor--to someone. But you don't want to say that. This feeling, all of these feelings, are very middle class. Or on the cusp. This feeling, all of these feelings, are very working class. Or on the cusp.)*

Women dance their way down the aisles, praising God with each roll of their hips and flip of their wrists. Waiving long Rainbow-colored ribbons on batons--cascading and twirling. They wear cheap tin bells on their waists that are tied with purple ombré ribbon and clink with every move.

The fattest woman on stage is not part of the chorus. She sings solos and plays the saxophone as the women in the choir underscore the congregation's *Hallelujahs*, lifting them up above the corrugated white ceiling.

She hears a rumble in the distance, behind her. The distance is behind her. She hears a *vroom-vroom*. Like a cartoon--it's comedic but flat.

The pastor leads a parade of God-fearing ex-Hell's Angels, ex-Highway Men, on Harleys down the center aisle of the church. Everyone turns their heads and erupts into applause.

Men. All ready for the second coming. Women, waiting for their men.