

Jesus With the Kung-Fu Grip

By Nile Coy

Crazy man points and yells, asking me if I know Jesus,
I tell him I have all the comic books and action figures,
but does he know about the cage they are building for me in Zion?
Will he sit down and talk about it? Can he help?
Can we call Jesus? And we do.
Jesus rolls up in an El Camino with shiny chrome twenties.
He parks in my front yard, runs over my flowers,
but I don't care. Hell, if I can't forgive Jesus,
what kind of hardnosed prick does that make me?
Jesus waves his hand and the flowers spring back to life.
Jesus puts the The White Album on the stereo,
hits the bong, and asks me what's up.
I tell him about the cage they are building for me in Zion.
Jesus tells me that I shouldn't worry about that Zion crap, because
Canada is where it's at, and they won't extradite to Zion.
The police kick the door in, grab Jesus, and start to drag him off.
They tear apart my porch to get lumber for a giant cross,
and they start nailing Jesus to it. The whole time I'm dialing 911,
but they just keep sending more cops, and the house is full of them,
so I go outside to help Jesus, but he says "Don't worry, this happens all the time."
So he dies on the cross, and everybody comes over to drink his blood,
and smear it all over themselves and dance around,
and he gets up three days later with a splitting headache,
looks around for his car keys,
steals my last cigarette, and ascends to the heavens.