
June 2014

Missionary Man

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Recommended Citation

Wayman, Shaun (2014) "Missionary Man," *The Laureate*: Vol. 2 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol2/iss1/14>

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Missionary Man

Shaun Wayman

Mr. John F. Kennedy- I's the man with the New Testament Bible
given plan.

Hallelujah, walk on down the aisle,

Don't matter 'bout my soul jus' so long as they smile.

Named from a King—went across the pond to this land

To make it true.

Who saved?

You saved?

Probably not.

Yees sir, Mr. John F. Kennedy.

Strap on a collar, use it to choke you with. Don't worry 'bout
me 'cuz I'm already dead.

Come join the play- I'll use you to pretend I'm actually
doing something.

Yeah, sho' nuff heard about some of you folks doin' weddins jus'
for the cash—

Shame on you!

I's doin' real evangelizashón here.

Meets 'em bout 15 minutes before the weddin' so's I can ask fo'
dey names.

Do it all in Japónese too—so we can communicate on the same
level, see?

I treats 'em like a brother and sister—Bet you jes' memorize yours
from a script.

Not me- I looks 'em right in dey squinty little eyes and speak to
they heart.

Gets paid real nice too.

Yees sir, Mr. John F. Kennedy- Named from royalty

Now I's here makin' it happen.

Those little people address me as 'dey "High Teacher"- 'cuz that's
what I is.

Brings 'em the revelation of they errant ways
without even tellin' 'em in 10 minutes or less.

Did I mention I gives 'em a New Testament Bible?

Sometimes...

I

Even

See

Them

Afterwards.

I don't like to be seen if I haven't prepared my personae though.
I know they can see right through me. The money they give me
soils my hands. The saliva that splashes from my lips as I feed
them the lies fed to me soils the purity of their ignorant search
for a Christian wedding. I trapped myself within my own search for
the fulfillment of my name. But, I can't stop. I AM SHAPING LIVES.
My work matters . . . yet its dirty—I am dirty, as dirty as the Shinto
Nationalists ruling this country. I speak to their hearts . . . But only
to search deeper within mine. I know they are as lost as I am. I
practice my religion every day, but I have been forsaken because
I have forsaken myself.

64

65

Yeah, I marry 'em into purgatory
where we's all jus' waitin' to see what's *really* goin' to happen.
Yees sir, Mr. John F. Kennedy.