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## I, Jesus

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## I, Jesus

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Hollywood be thy name—

I want you in gold teeth, white Cadillacing.  
I could be good, but I want you to be Man.  
It has been a long time,  
come be tempted—

this Jesus is a fucking rockstar.

\* \* \*

I was a snake by my walk, He knew.  
He knows all nine kinds of angels  
& there is only one who lurches  
as if injured by some kind of Fall,  
He says:

*“Let me tell you, I am not sure—”*

He did not expect gentleness,  
just teeth.  
my Father hates it  
when I dress like that—

—white teeth of the villain  
grinning back from the red

gloom of a hotel room, this sort of thing belongs in a hotel room.

\* \* \*

Already He doubts.  
& I sound so good.  
I will offer.  
All it takes is a little shove.

it takes His face in hands: *“If you tire, Follow Me.”*  
everything looks like a homicide from here.  
coke out this city of churches,  
this place is long forsaken.  
fuck dying—lights on.

fuck blondes.  
fuck me.

& Jesus Christ: *“Let me tell you—”*

No—let me show you what I learned in private school.

\* \* \*

The decision had been made the first time  
& just in case there was any doubt,  
He made it again:

*“You don’t bleed to death on a crucifix.”*

You stop.

You just stop breathing.

\* \* \*

Oh—& didn’t He just?  
What Father opens his son on the cross?  
Again.  
& Jesus breathes out human: *“Let me tell you something—”*

He is finished. What comes next, turns its face up slow.

*“—I’m not sure I ever liked being this God.”*