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Missionary Man

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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.
Yeees 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.
Yeees 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.

Yeah, I marry ‘em into purgatory where we’s all jus’ waiting’ to see what’s really goin’ to happen.
Yeees sir, Mr. John F. Kennedy.