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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.”