December 2015

I, Jesus

Jill A. Mceldowney
Graduate Student MFA Poetry--WMU

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/hilltopreview

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/hilltopreview/vol8/iss1/17

This Art is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Hilltop Review by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.
I, Jesus

By Jill McEldowney
Department of English
jill.a.mceldowney@wmich.edu

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.”