

DEVOLUTION OF GOD

God is an old woman.
With shattered knees
and bloody eardrums
whose children
pretended to love her
held a parade
and used rocks for confetti.
Picture Holy Ghost
shoving coffins
down her throat.
Suffocation turned...
Silent treatment.

How should a Mother
treat the murders of her
only begotten son?
Those who bashed his skull,
screamed fag, stabbed him,
Dragged him naked behind a truck,
Labeled him 3/5ths, Jew, spic,
spit in his face,
Sent him to war,
and had the nerve to call
that man Criminal.

Christianity needed a working title,
so they called it the Bible.
Chronicles of stolen aborigines.
Ode to her downfall.
Blood filled Chalices
raised to the sky.
Where lynched Angels
swing from sunbeams.
These are the spoils of war
running down our chins.
Mans vanity reflecting
off 40-inch rims.
Glistening in the eyes of little girls
who wear chastity.
Only if it comes in Gucci,
Hoochie or Plastic Surgery.
Say hello to the gospel's
smack whore.
We say her name in veins.

God did you know,
The Catholic Church is intoxicated
with Snake charmers
swooning sermons on Sundays.
Some days the blood of Christ
christens alter boys.
As the Eucharist soaks up
headlines of butchered lambs.
Revelations in bread and fish.
And we use our words
to describe money and pussy.
So what if God
simply went Corporate?

Only saving souls on E-bay.
Leasing purgatory as a timeshare.
Salvation sold to the highest bidder.
Heaven's gates auctioned at Sotheby's,
now on display at the Louvre.
Apple owns the rights.
God's glory hole is a web app.
& the I-phone still got better
commercials, anyway.

Maybe God
was a lonely social worker
found drowned
under stacks of complaints
and construction paper.
A rusty crucifix round her neck.
Stench of a piss soaked housecoat
clutched close to her breast.
Ashy fingers stripped of melanin.
Eye wide open, wingless
and fluttering.

I Imagine,
God as an Indian
on her barren reservation.
Swigging Jack Daniels
from a no nipple baby bottle.

Wondering
what the fuck,
happened.

