

I am no feeble Christ not me. He hangs in glib delight upon his cross, above my body. Christ forgive. FORGIVE? I vomit for you Jesu. Shit forgive. Down now from your cross. Down now from your papal heights, from that churlish suicide, petulant child. Down from those pious heights, royal flag bearer, goat, billy. I vomit for you. Forgive? Shit he forgives. He hangs in crucified delight nailed to the extend of his vision, his cross, his manhood, violence, guilt, sin. He would nail my body upon his cross, suicide visionary, death reveller, rake, rapist, lifefucker, Jesu, earthmover, Christus, gravedigger, you dug the pits of Auschwitz, the soil of Treblinka is your guilt, your sin, master, master of gore, enigma. You carry the standard of your oppression. Enola is your gaiety. The bodies of Hiroshima are your delight the nails are your only trinity, hold them in your corpse gracelessness, the image I have had to suffer. The cross is the virgin body of womanhood that you defile. You nail yourself to your own sin. Lamearse Jesus calls me sister there are no words for my contempt, every woman is a cross in is filthy theology, in his arrogant delight. He turns his back upon me in his fear, he dare not face me. Fearfucker. Share nothing you Christ, sterile, impotent, fucklove prophet of death. You are the ultimate pornography, in your cuntfear, cockfear, manfear, womanfear, unfair, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare.

JESUS DIED FOR HIS OWN SINS, NOT MINE.