

## Next Testament

Sage Francis

"Find God!" exclaimed the man, who lost everything he owned, looking stoned  
I groaned back, "Find a job? here's an application."  
Retaliation:  
"Here's a pamphlet."  
I said, "Fuck this damn shit."  
My man flipped  
and threw his hand into his pocket.  
Pulled out a bible  
with a design that looked tribal  
The Next Testament was its title  
"Look it over."  
"A book? Nosuhâ? what the hell does this have to offer?"  
A small mirror on the bottom labeled "author"â?  
that's too impersonal  
Irreversible  
actions leave our mind scarred  
looking for the answers. "Find God!"  
he said again.  
But I'm a veteran  
knowing that you are no better than  
or worse than.  
He compared my last enemy to my first friend.  
This bum gave me his shirt's pen  
"What the heck?  
You're completely tapped, thinking that I'm gonna' write you out a check."  
He said, "What?" I said, "WHAT!" Snatched the book in hopes of finding  
a myth. Lifted up the front coverâ? broke the binding.  
"I bring peace, love happiness and unity!"  
Usually I blow it off, but I said, "That ain't what you do to me. What you d  
o to me  
is bring pain, hate, ignorance, and false alternatives to my community."  
He sat back and thought it over.  
With a look that's sort of sober  
He stared me in the eye and saidâ? I don't lieâ?  
(Him or me? Me or him?)  
Now we begin  
to quarrel  
over what's historical  
but that's immoral  
questioning the oracle's origin.  
We're born through sin.  
"You need to save yourself," he said.  
"But Jesus died for our sins." Then he said, "He ain't dead."  
"He faked his death?"  
I watched my man take a breath  
as if he had no more patience left.  
Then he embraced his chest.  
Looked as if the holy spirit was about to manifest  
itself.  
Mental health  
is what he lacked. I should have known this.  
Without God, when we die every Earthling is homeless.  
I couldn't look. Tried to give him back his book.  
As he shook. But it was stuck to my hand  
What the fâ? God dâ?  
Embellished in sin and with a devilish grin  
This denizen could tell that I was selfish within

He started speaking in tongues that I'm unfamiliar with.  
I held the pen like a knife and threatened, "I kill your myth!"  
Civilians drift  
into a state of violent anger.  
I can tell when I'm in danger  
so I stopped to take a breather.  
"Listen, I'm a non-believer  
with no faith, and I don't want none either  
it's time for me to leave ya'  
take your book,  
I ain't no crook."  
He said, "It's yours like the world read it good there's directions."  
I flipped through the pages, but they were blank no deceptions.  
He mentioned, "Look deeper. You'll see it says more  
than you could share. I asked, "Where?" He replies, "That's what  
The  
Pen's for."