

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 stoppedâ?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 yoursâ?like the worldâ?read it goodâ?there's directions."
I flipped through the pages, but they were blankâ?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."