

gambit

My Jesus
Garrett Hines

“I said my Jesus
gonna be here,
gonna be here soon.”
Tom Waits, sings another song:
his throat scratched like a
drunk messiah
whose angels circle wild-eyed
on whisky, Bourbon, and SoCo,
staining their white wings brown.

Is that my Jesus?
hanging sober on the cross?
like the white skinned,
blue-eyed child of
God that raised me from
a cup of blood, a crisp of flesh,
and a word of purest gold?

But a child like me
doesn't much know
the diVerence
between His blood
and wine.

My Jesus
is the son of soggy mood:

gambit

not too proud of Judas
but would never raise a fist
for turning in a drunk.