

Mister Considers His Grandfather's Religion

Mister's Jesus stinks, unbathed for at least
forty days and forty nights—and his
breath stale as last week's fishes, his eyes bloodshot,
hair hanging in clots. Mister would offer him
a martini, dirty as he craved and two—no, *three*—
olives on a spear if he thought that would help.
Not a soul would want to sleep with Mister's Jesus.
He screams in his sleep. He pisses the bed,
soaking the sheets gold, groans, yells, farts. You'd
be embarrassed—or turned on. Desire's cryptic
just as salvation and damnation are. Walking on water,
Mister's Jesus trips, is a fish wheezing on a bank.
Mister almost sobs, over what religion's done
to Jesus but sips his martini instead.