

Sage Francis, Next Testament

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"Find God!" exclaimed the man, who lost everything he owned, looking stoned

I groaned back, "Find a jobhere's an application."

Retaliation:

"Here's a pamphlet."

I said, "F**k 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? Nosuhwhat the hell does this have to offer?"

A small mirror on the bottom labeled "author"

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 coverbroke 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 do 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 said I don't lie
(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 fGod d
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."