

# 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 job here'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? Nosuh what 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 cover 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 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.&quot;

He said, &quot;It's yours like the world read it good there's directions.&quot;

I flipped through the pages, but they were blank no deceptions.

He mentioned, &quot;Look deeper. You'll see it says more

than you could share. I asked, &quot;Where?&quot; He replies, &quot;That's what the pen's for.&quot;