

# Brave Saint Saturn, Under Bridges

Yesterday while walking  
Beneath an overpass  
I saw the figure of Jesus  
Standing barefoot on broken glass

His beard was graying  
Smell of urine filled the air  
Asking if I had some change  
Anything that I could spare

Emaciated  
His shaking fist balled up  
Influenza and pneumonia  
Begging God to take his cup

So different from his pictures  
Breathing air through yellowed tubes  
Jesus Christ, dying of AIDS  
Can look right through you

And all have hated  
Crucified and walked away  
Savior of the prostitutes  
Drunkards, rapists, and the gays

"The crew of Apollo 8 has a message that we would like to send to you...  
'In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.'"

Under bridges  
With hands raised  
From the ghettos  
They praise His name

Broke and crippled  
In the dark of night  
Raise your voices  
To Jesus Christ

Hallelujah