

At the circus  
or  
Jesus, the Main Attraction

Like a man on a tightrope  
without a net  
the praiser steps  
tentatively.....o u t

knowing a misstep  
is DEATH to the flesh

Death to the natural  
Re-Birth of the super-super  
( ( natural ) )

OUT..... & ABOVE.....  
.....& AWAY.....

Religion, like  
the circus crowds  
ensconced around the Big Top  
of the Center Ring  
at the Cross

Gaping..... & { thankful }  
to be firmly on the ground  
instead of in the air  
risking all  
for an invisible goal

Caiaphas {pretending at being holy}  
sneers and snorts  
at the trembling, spasmodic man  
writting  
in agony

the praisers - like tightrope walkers  
gone wacky  
expend themselves  
For Him.....  
.....With Him  
In Him.....  
.....Of Him

++++ ultimately +++++

pleasing Him  
far more than  
the sour-faced  
religious authority

hell bent on the shedding of innocent blood

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Dedicated to: the almost  
praisers (((legion is their name)))

On the edge . . . .  
of awe some ness  
like  
leaning over the rim  
of a fiery volcano

pulling back  
from the edge  
to safe soft  
spongy  
(borrrrrriiiiiinnnnngggg)  
non-supernatural  
ground

What?

the likes of (my majestic self)

praising your

icky

blood-soaked

spit-soaked

urine-soaked

un-god-like form

no T H A N K S

just let me

wail over you

but I'll never, ever

be grateful to you

you piece of @#%&^

if anyone deserves praise  
my costumes do !  
my learning does !  
my dead, dull, dry religion does !

but not YOU  
you stinky, dirty thing you  
@@ UGH @@  
you make me sick  
& my bitter face shows it

every single time  
I step into "your house"  
ha  
it's {{{ myhouse }}} really  
of data, information, study,  
gorgeous architecture,  
religious practises,

good works, bad works,  
good music, bad music

but not a speck of that  
filthy, physical  
praise

as filthy and physical  
as your cross was  
you loser, you  
man alone reigns supreme

we got rid of that Holy Spirit  
& got Him  
GOOD ( riddance )

messing with our minds  
healing our bodies

upsetting religious forms  
that way

You found us spiritually  
dead

please, please just leave us that way  
send your power  
to the fools

the carpenters, the fishermen,  
+++ the lowly +++  
@..... the hungry for God

cause I found God  
and it's me!  
so leave us alone Jesus  
to play "let's pretend"  
.... cause ....



it looks good!  
it's easy.....  
it sounds good.....  
it fools almost everyone.....  
and requires no sacrifice.....

We'll just pretend you  
are still up there  
slimy and rejected  
+++ and +++  
collectively throw up on you  
every Sunday

anything.....a n y-- -thing  
rather than obey You  
@ praise You  
{ just the way you asked }

yeah, we got you ALL figured out,  
Lord,,, and,,, too bad --- so sad

you are wrong  
we are RIGHT

((up until the gates of this life slam  
shut)))

God says:

Choose LIFE & choose you this day  
Whom you will serve,  
man, the devil, or the Living God  
( living, moving, breathing praise)

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THE DO - DO BIRD  
OR  
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO LORD  
((( I ALREADY KNOW IT ALL )))

THE WITLESS DO-DO BIRD  
FINDS ITSELF LOST,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,  
.....AND WANDERING  
ON EASTER ISLAND

TO EACH STONE IDOL  
IT BOBS\*\*\*\* AND\*\*\*\* WEAVES  
IN A SILLY MANNER

NOT CREATED TO FLY -  
FOOLISH DO-DO  
NEVER MISSES IT

THE WEATHER PITTED STONES  
HAVE EARS  
BUT..... THEY HEAR NOT

THE MINDLESS BLOCKS HAVE EYES  
BUT..... THEY SEE NOT...

ALL THE IDOLS OF THIS WORLD  
LINE UP  
FOR THE HAPLESS, MIXED-UP DO-DOS

THE IDOLS OF:  
+++ WEALTH +++  
+++ VANITY +++  
+++ CHURCHIANITY +++

MOSHING! - - - FOR JESUS!  
HIP - HOP! - - - FOR JESUS!  
COSTUMES! - - - FOR JESUS!

A VERITABLE EASTER PARADE  
OF MANY TRADITIONS \_\_\_\_\_  
MANY RACES \_\_\_\_\_  
MANY COUNTRIES \_\_\_\_\_

WARS...!  
.....FOR JESUS!

THE INQUISITION!  
.....FOR JESUS!

BURNING WOMEN!  
.....FOR JESUS!

PEDOPHILIA  
.....FOR JESUS

THESE MANY STONE IDOLS  
NEITHER BLINK,  
NOR SHED A TEAR

AS THE INNUMERABLE DO-DO'S  
BOB AND WEAVE  
DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES  
IN A ZANY UNISON  
OF HATE AND DESTRUCTION  
(((( IN THE NAME OF JESUS )))

CROWN NON-PERFECT  
MEN  
YES, WORSHIP THEM  
!!GROVEL!!  
DO IT.....DO IT  
NOW  
FOR JESUS

THE TRUE LORD HIDES HIS NATURE  
FROM THE  
DO-DO'S

AND THEIR UNENDING IDOLS

\*\*\*\*\* A G H A S T \*\*\*\*\*  
AT THE DESTRUCTION  
WREAKED IN HIS NAME  
DWELLING IN  
THE PRAISES OF HIS BELOVED  
IN\*\*\* I N U T T E R A B L E \*\*\*LIGHT

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD  
THE SEA OF GLASS  
SHINES FORTH EVERY COLOR  
AND RESOUNDS WITH  
JOYFUL PRAISERS  
WAVE UPON WAVE OF THEM  
LIKE WAVES OF THE SEA

HIS OMNIPOTENT EYES  
GOING EVERYWHERE AT ONCE  
SEARCHING THE EARTH  
FOR PRAISERS

AS HE ONCE SOUGHT  
THE LITTLE VIRGIN  
DWELLING IN THE HUMBLE CAVE HOME  
TO BRING FORTH HIS GLORY  
TO THE AGES OF MANKIND

THE DO-DO KNOCKS ITS BEAK  
AGAINST  
THE HARD, UNFORGIVING STONE

"I'M HUNGRY," IT THINKS  
"I'M THIRSTY - WHY - WHY  
WHY?"  
"SOMEBODY A-N-S-W-E-R  
ME !!"

"THE LORD INHABITS THE  
PRAISES OF HIS PEOPLE"  
PSALM 22

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