

What is Jesus Doing?

GREG AND MAGGIE

Here is a poem that I wrote today. It's real. That's all I can say.
Please pray for those in bondage.

Greg and Maggie

He showed up with a glittering fist
Knuckles red and glass embedding bone
He laughed at first like always, the "I'm an idiot" grin
Then the tears break through the crack-scarred surface of his
Midwest Howdy-Doody face alive on meth.

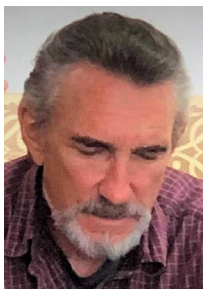
Before I could get the question out, he confessed, like I was Jesus
"I stole this..." and showed me a watch he wanted to sell
Knowing I wouldn't be buying, just rolling out his shame,
Knowing I know he knows better, but wouldn't budge today
From the years of in and out of jail and rehab that were his only solid food.

Maggie rolls into the alley fresh from some guy she met
Swarthy and short with a "so what" stare and smeared eye shadow
I ask about her kids and she looks down, mumbles, then stares back, defiant,
Looks at Greg, the watch, then Greg again and says, "let's go".

They go...

I've known them 14 years and it's never changed
except for that one time that Greg didn't cry when he saw me.
That time he pulled his knife on me when I spoke the Lord's Name.
That time he hated me.
...and THEN he cried and told me he loved me and asked me for a prayer.

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- John Henry Raskin, Roadhouse Rabbi