

Mississippi Jesus

by Michael Tusa

Jesus glided into the gas station parking lot, beer in one hand, cigarette in the other.

"How the fucks he drivin' like that?"

"Must be magic."

He stepped down from the truck, his long hair and beard playing with the wind, seemingly infinite.

Someone chuckled.

"He looks like a redneck wizard."

Jesus was pumping gas.

Someone coughed.

"He looks like Jesus"

They laughed.

"That aint Jesus"

"Whoer you to say he ain't?"

"Why would Jesus pump his own fuckin gas?"

"And just why the fuck wouldn' he?"

Jesus continued pumping gas and we listened to the gulps.

The heat sweltering, the air smelling of saliva and stale tobacco.

"That's how he drives with no hands. . ."

"He's Jesus."

