

# Eucharist

by Steven Gowin

The Devil and the Holy Ghost played Euchre on Friday nights. The Devil drank rock and rye and the Holy Ghost went for Miller Lite.

What just irks hell out of me, pardon my French, the Ghost began, is that nobody knows who the fuck I am. Old Nick nodded agreement.

Look, the Ghost went on, I'm the holy tag, all over the sacred doodles; you name him, he painted me... chicken with golden spikes, right? And the friggin' world thinks that's the damned dove of peace... Jesus H.

Do you believe it? I'd like to show 'em a fuckin' piece, by god.... And one of these days... one of these days... the Ghost took a long drag from his Chesterfield straight which calmed him a little. Then he started in again.

Look. The father. Everybody knows that joker, "kill me your son; darken the skies; seven bowls of wrath; drive the wind, swirl down on the heads of the wicked; blah blah blah."

Fucker was always burning down a bush or shitting somebody's pants for 'em. A grandstander, ever since we were kids. Bully too. And I guess he had his fun with that little Miss Sumpin' Sumpin' Mary. Know what I mean?

Now that brings us to the brat... That sweet little bastard and all the cattle lowing all over the tiny son of a bitch. What the hell is lowing anyway? Cow slobber, cud? Lowing, my ass. And the wise men, then the fishes and bread dough, and teen idol Jeezy,

Now just look at that posse of losers he hung with; every one of them lowlife. But he could never get enough attention. Me, me, me, and on and on until they nail him up and pull him down, and he rolls away the damned rock and floats on back up to the old man.

So where's that leave me? Where I ask you? Oh, I'm the Dove of Peace, the Comforter, The Eternal Spirit; I'm the Church, yah thanks. You read the papers lately... the priests??? Oh never mind I guess you'd know about that if anybody did.

But, I mean, I'm all alone down here holding down the fort. And I don't even get any whoo haaa. Nobody quakes at the mention of the dove. And the little children don't adore *me*.

That's what *I'm* talkin' about. Am I the power and the glory? Fuck no! If that were so, no offense, why would I be hanging around with you on a Friday night?

I'll tell you why, my friend. Because, I mean, we're it. Together on this stinkin' ball. It's me and you bro, just me and you. I call Euchre, by the way.

Here, have one of my Chesterfields.

