

Pick Me

by Steven Gowin

Strike me down hard, explode H-bombs, knocked on my keister,
blind me down with Him, oh Lordy Lord.

And that little seed, little Holy Bug in there, sprouting up all Jesuzzy
in Bebee Lee Le Blanc, lumberjack and hydroponics sales,
Laytonville Seed and Feed, that little bud will walk the earth again,
a Holy Grace.

So what if I'm a man, a male of the species? Our Father Who Art in
Heaven Hallowed, what do you care? Mary said nothing about
nothing, dopey tweener, air head, too simple to keep that fool Joe
from all up in her knickers. So why not me?

Georgia Pacific brought Daddy up from Louisiana in 1973. But since
the spotted owl and that shaggy arm pit, Butterfly Hill, nothing's
right in the redwoods. Growers is all that's helped, see. If the Feds
left off with the raids, business might pick up. But for now,
everybody's moved to Santa Rosa and points south.

Boozing's what's all left to do around here is, and used to be you
could choose between Boomer's and Red's Recovery Room. But
Red's went bust, and I never much liked that Boomers crowd. That
son a bitch, Billy McQueen, pissed on me once in the can in there; it
was fight or flight. Well, I'm no scuffler, so I walked.

I thought of becoming a mean son a bitch myself, peeing on people
like McQueen did or vomiting on the street, but that's not for me
either, see. So I'm presenting myself to You, the Exalted on High. I
am a peaceable type, like You like.

A baby'll always have a smile and gurgle for BeBee Lee Le Blanc.
Even got a name picked out: Jesus Junior, or if she's a girl, Eloise.

I'm ready to be Mother of God. And if it's what You're worried about,
I am still a virgin.

So come on Your Everlasting Glory, shoot it on down. That's right.
There You go. Shake the earth; rumble the core; freight train
coming; in the ear bolt of blue.

Lay it on. It's me. It's me. It's me, oh Lord.

