

# 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.

