

You Lookin for Jesus?

Jesus came back Friday.
Saw him down on Broadway
getting off the trolley.
Caught the eye of the security guard
so we gave him some *what's up*
so he'd know
his dreadlocks and huaraches were suitable for comment,
question and detainment. Said that's where he was heading
and disappeared in the direction of the shelter that feeds people breakfast.
Later a guy lying in the sun on the grass by the harbor said
he saw Jesus at the airport
going through security and getting hassled,
4 SSSs on his boarding pass:
"search me now someone I'm someone special".

He was traveling with a woman going to a funeral in Brooklyn. Jesus somehow
got someone to buy them both tickets so off they went,
Jesus saying how he likes this bagel shop in Manhattan,
roti in east new York and had to get him a Sicilian slice—trying to remember
was the place he liked in Queens? and how soon he could see
the liberty bell and some blues in Phillie.

So he caught a train and the eye of authority. The court thought he looked
Semitic, not so much Jewish as Islamic so they bunked him by Mumia, who he had
been talking to over the years. Now he is reading more of Mumia's commentary,
likes his references to the Roman empire and U.S. foreign policy,
"Alla them a bunch of Pontius Pilates,
everyone wash their hands and look the other way," he say.

So he's back but he's cooling it, keeping it low.
I know, I got people.