**Saturday, May 15, 2010**

**Goodbye Christ by Langston Hughes**

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Listen, Christ,  
You did alright in your day, I reckon—  
But that day’s gone now.  
They ghosted you up a swell story, too,  
Called it Bible—  
But it’s dead now,  
The popes and the preachers’ve  
Made too much money from it.  
They’ve sold you to too many Kings, generals, robbers, and killers—  
Even to the Tzar and the Cossacks,  
Even to Rockefeller’s Church,  
Even to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
You ain’t no good no more.  
They’ve pawned you  
Till you’ve done wore out.  
Goodbye,  
Christ Jesus Lord God Jehova,  
Beat it on away from here now.  
Make way for a new guy with no religion at all—  
A real guy named  
Marx Communist Lenin Peasant Stalin Worker ME—  
I said, ME!  
Go ahead on now,  
You’re getting in the way of things, Lord.  
And please take Saint Ghandi with you when you go,  
And Saint Pope Pius,  
And Saint Aimee McPherson,  
And big black Saint Becton  
Of the Consecrated Dime.  
And step on the gas, Christ!  
Move!  
Don’t be so slow about movin?  
The world is mine from now on—  
And nobody’s gonna sell ME  
To a king, or a general,  
Or a millionaire.

We must be stirred into action. Remember, these are the words not of an amateur writer but of a man who won the Harmon Gold Award for Literature, the Guggenheim Award for Creative Literary Work, and the Rosenwald Fellowship!

Jesus wept over Jerusalem because He knew the appalling price it would pay for rebelling against God.

Lu 19:43 For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,