
Get In, Jesus

I stood
the sawed off
hours you stand
when you're
outside of
Jenkins
hitch-hikin home.

The Letcher-Pike
line
ain't no place
for a hippie
to catch a ride

Long hair, hairy beard,
blue jeans, back packed
makes it too crowded
for the church goers
whose front plate
proclaims
God Is My Co-Pilot,
too crowded
for those who
eat more possum,
for coal trucks,
county mounties,
& countless
others

Till,
as in the numb
dumb dreams you
have when there's
nothing else,

a wore out 57 Chevy
210 two door
screams & stops,
the door flies open
& a mountain crazy
says,
“Get in Jesus”

Knowing even saints
appear at Halloween,
& knowing no others
are likely,

I climb in
the back seat.

Up front
Two card carryin
sad lost eyed
burned out
John Greenleaf
in Detroit Citiers

& now two in back
settle down with
the floor's dust

The car spins off,
the Boone's Farm
is passed,
I drink

The only one who talks
looks back &
says,
“Where you goin
Jesus?”

“Mingo County
West Virginia,”
I say.
“West Virginia? Have
another drink”

I drink again. "Almost
Heaven" I say
watchin
the green spring
fly by

He says
"I ain't never rode
with Jesus before"
I say
"neither have I"

"Aw come on now Jesus, you
can tell
us, we
won't tell
no one"
& they all cackle
& I laugh too &
take another swig,
the wine is sweet
& terrible
as the God I've
heard about
all my days.

They're ridin crazy
so Jesus crosses
my mind

& I think about it,
about bein Jesus
& savin souls
by losin mine

A body could do worse,
bein Jesus might be
better'n I'll be,

"Pour the coal to it, boys"
Jesus says &
they howl, the driver
squeals a curve away.

We're flyin
bout as high as
the earth
can stand

Saints all. Martyrs
to wars, whores, pieces
of silver

Saints
lost & dying

“Hey Jesus,
tell us something,
What's it like to be
hung up
on a cross?”
“It ain't for shit”
I say

“What'd you let 'em
do it for, Jesus?”

“Just couldn't
help myself” I say
& laugh

We all laugh &
they're tickled
that God would
ride with them
& drink sweet
cheap wine
without even
wipin
the bottle

As for me,
when they cut off
just the other side
of Virgie,
I got out—
the door stood open

JIM WEBB

“Are you really Jesus?”
he says with a sawmill smile

I smile back

“If I was Jesus
you think I’d be
thumbin?”

We all grin,
wheels spin,
gravels fly,
the dust
settles

Jim Webb

