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Vintage

A tale of the Messiah (part 1)

What if the Messiah came while

I was at the gym

Would I drop everything and choose
to follow him

What if he did wonders beyond
these city gates

Would I cancel my racquetball
so I wouldn't be too late

Because this could be a
tale of destiny
a date with
a certain fate

Yes, what if the Messiah came while
I was at the gym,
pumping irony into my flesh
or tanning my fair skin

Would I drop everything
and choose to follow him

Rippling muscles may inspire the chicks
much more than this pansy verse
Is vanity confined to be such a mortal curse
And charity an obligation only to those
with a privileged purse

Yeah,
What if he performed miracles, signs
and wonders on these city lawns
Would I gladly trade these weights for
parables and
leave these mirrored halls

Yes what if the Messiah came
while I was at the gym

Would I postpone my massage
and choose to follow him

And what if the Messiah
came to my gym, while
I was working out and said,

"Here's a fresh towel my good
friend to wipe your noble brow"

and offered me a pen to write
his saga down

He then might say to me
in a soft and tempered voice,
"You will be my Prophet,
yes, you will be my seer,
and please be sure
to negotiate a
copyright that is signed, sealed
and crystal clear!"

Yes what would happen if the Messiah came
while I was at the gym
Would I drop these heavy weights
and start to follow him (or her)?

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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