

Small Red Boy

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I found a small red boy inside my tummy
With 3 dollars in change and a Milky Way Lite
In my occasional pursuit to find something more meaningful
Than yet another word that rhymes with die

I cut him out and put him on my table
His shallow breathing chest would fall and rise
His 'South of Heaven' shirt was way too big for him
His horns were long and sharp and then he opened up those eyes

That said
"I am, I am, I am, I am the truth"

I showered him with love and adulation
One day he was just as tall as me
I showed him all the books that I was raised on
Your Madeleine L'Engle(s) and D'Aulaires' Mythologies

And in a montage that could warm the heart of Hitler
I raised him up so proud and motherly
I swore that I was glancing in a mirror
When in the language that I taught him, oh god, he began to speak

He said
"I am, I am, I am, I am the truth"
"I am, I am, I am, I am the truth"

And his eyes became a beacon, an LCD projector
Broadcasting all my memories in a clear and vivid picture
His tongue became a staircase, his uvula - The knocker
Of an ornate wooden door that lead me straight into my future

His throat became a hallway with a thousand baby pictures
And I became forgiveness, I transformed into the closure that I lost
When I learned about the tragedy of all of us
I lost it when I learned about the tragedy of all of us

Incorrigible illness in the loved ones hidden out of us
I lost it when I learned about the tragedy of all of us
I walked through the hallway to a room of only mirrors
Reflecting me in bondage so I watched myself get freer

I let my horns grow longer, I observed my skin get redder
My soul became a hammer, I started to feel better
My hatred turned to pity, my resentment blossomed flowers
My bitter tasted candy, my misery was power

The truth in me grew brighter, my nature and my nurture
No more shame, no more fear, no more dread
I am, I am, I am, I am the truth