
Thanks to Eve and the devil, there is something growing inside your repossessed bodies, the American people: a sweaty Dog-fucking death machine.

(Congregation) Fill my heart with tender affection for thy goodness, hatred for my faults love for my neighbor, and contempt of the world.

The Man is a dead rodent floating in a private pool and you will not touch the rat, you will wait until a vulture lifts it's soft carcass into the sky or the pool boy comes on Thursday; you are powerless you can do nothing you are powerless you can do nothing.

May it be your will to accustom us to your manipulation and attach us to your bullshit, and do not lead us into the hands of sin, nor into the hands of pride or perversity, nor into the hands of temptation or shame, and do not let evil rule over us.

That rat owns your ass and is selling it at a reduced rate to the first pervert willing to infuse your DNA with a virus you'll never get rid of.

We drive you from us, whoever you may be, defend us in our battle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this world of darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in high places.

Some queen popped her heel through the inflatable raft you're floating on up shit creek, it's collapsing, your body is being submerged, you're collapsing you're afloat you know how to swim.

We are a resistant people. We are a perseverant people. May we eliminate disenfranchisement, and boredom. May we cease to get punch-fucked by un-lubricated men who have no investment in our well being.

You pay no mind to the scum-fucker who has jeopardized your territory, your job, your accessibility to healthcare, your rights, and your position as an unreadable tranny(bitch) working "main-street" realness.

May we eliminate feelings of inadequacy, of being unlovable and diseased and having failed in all areas of our lives. May we not believe that our art, and our life trajectories, are derivative and unoriginal.

You sit under your own tree and eat your own fruit. You make your bed and take it lying down. You TURN your beat-face cheek. You inhabit the mask. You make lemonade.

May we not fall for your insidious abuse of power, your dehumanizing phobias and fraud and patriarchal exploitation. May we resist your shameless authoritarian violence and manipulation.

Do not fear wisdom, follow after your own heart and eyes, and indulge in the things that you are inclined to whore after. Rest your weary ones. Soothe your suffering ones. Shield your joyous ones. And for all hope's sake.

Amen.