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The Evangelicals

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M.B.:

The Evangelicals

The evangelicals came knocking on the door, wearing wings. I said I don't do business on the porch and I'm not a candidate, but the leader spread his cape to reveal his inner being, which he took to be the truth he wished to share, while I took it to be his spindrift armpits. I lived on an island, which caused me to think of sand and mud, whitecaps and anchors, droplines and worms. He had his eye on a planet toward which he was climbing on the backs of converts. He was headed upward while I was going down. He had resuscitated the prophets. He had rolled away the rock to see who was alive in the cave. He had tallied the books and memorized the verses. He had logged the names on gravestones for soul-saving. This is what he lived for. He shouted on paper. He beseeched at the precipice and blew like a foehn. He had broken the ancient code using only coins and yarrow stalks. He was as confident as the slave of a guru. He had come by way of disbelief and was now fervent in the embodiments of the spirits. He was every church and every Sabbath. He had his hands on the gold. His belief blanketed the roofs and washed away the daily paycheck. I had only a government in shambles to match his paradise.