

*Ron Riecki*

## (DETROIT) I SAW A POSTER OF JESUS

At least I think it was Jesus.  
It was a man in a robe with a beard and a face like he was a little bit high.  
And there was a saying underneath.  
And there was beach too.  
I almost forgot about the beach.  
And the saying was something about stones.  
I think it was that if you carry stones in your pockets, it makes it hard to walk.  
Or else it was good to carry stones in your pockets, because then you could  
throw them in the river.  
And Jesus fit into it all somehow.  
It wasn't the poster about footprints.  
It was about stones.  
I just can't remember if the stones were good or bad.  
I remember a wave crashing up gently like it had a cold.  
I thought the wave might have the sniffles and had just finished a long day  
of work because it couldn't get the boss to give the day off.  
And Jesus was high or happy or dumbfounded or something.  
And there was this moron nearby with rocks in his pockets and he didn't  
even know what to do with them.  
And so sometimes when I go walking around town, I'll pick up a rock and  
look at it and try to figure out if it's evil or good and then I just throw it  
through one of the abandoned building windows and the crash sounds so  
far away, as if nothing happened, as if we could all fall down a massive  
mine shaft and it wouldn't even make a sound.