

the Christian guillotine
By: I. M. Weasel

Christianity tried to behead me,
but I dodged the blade of conformity.
last man standing, I have to stop the machine,
the machine that beheads your identity
and hides behind the mask of virtue,
leaves you with no identifying marks,
no face, no dental records, only a bar code,
you don' t even know who you were.

Running around like no-headed chickens,
maybe it' s better like that.
No head, no brain, no emotion,
I' m the last true human here,
the ape of god with the fury of Satan,
the time to hesitate is through.

Throwing my words like wrenches in the spokes of the machine,
slowing it down,
bit by bit.
the momentum is hard to stop,
this machine has been well-oiled and running for centuries.

Will you help me stop it?
or has it taken your soul in the name of god?
are you another headless chicken to feed the machine?