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Prayer

Mile Stojić

My Jesus
protect us from those who protect you
defend us from those who defend you
those who protect you from the men in despair who blaspheme your name
the young men similar to you
protect us from those who protect you
because their words ring with the clanking of gold coins
while they auction off your passion, while pitying you
poor our Lord, they say, died a martyr's death
as if you were someone worthy of pity
and maybe you rejoiced in that death
and in leaving this world in which they administer justice

In any case you did not die so they would lament you your cut up lips even today refuse vinegar from the cup of their mercy protect us from those gluttons who belch while they defend you from the hungry, from the disdained plundered new proletarians and beggars whose daughters sell themselves on the streets for ten marks whose young sons slice their veins from pain because their future has been stolen from them

Protect us from the looters of people's pain from the tax evaders from the pedophiles and perjurers from the journalistic dog-catchers who from your pierced insides and thorny crown make breaking news from the organizers of the beauty pageants from the priests of brothels who with your name silence the anger of the people who suffer

Maybe your death was salvation for you

and not only for us
Because you wanted to leave this valley of tears
This valley ruled by the law of the strongest
the law of the sword
for centuries
this land no one loves
This land whose bloody rags are sold by her sons
for nothing
You wanted to see the face of your father
Who sold you to the thugs
You left because you didn't want this kind of world

My Jesus

I know you believe more in the ugly words of those who sweat blood, rather than the flattery of hypocrites and that you love the Muslims of poor Bosnia more than the Catholics of rich Rome

and much more the young men and women who imitated you out of their own despair than the executioners who erected golden altars for you you were an enemy to the priests and the Pharisees and a brother to the beggars and the drunks you rejoiced in life made wine out of water so the feast of birth could be celebrated and not the dance of death

You said "Let the one among you without sin cast the first stone" Amen.

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