

[Jesus Can Not Save] 10/22/25

Thoughts. Simon and Garfunkel. America.

.... Jesus can not save us now when **I am looking at America.**

wrapped. ██████ Parasitic. ██████ Where we live for the dime, worship emails, and preach crypto. ██████ When the nine to five gnaw trenches into your average Joe, economic silos are a game of who knows how to talk in hundreds or millions.

██████████ Whispers “*Jackson, Grant, Franklin, can you hear me now?*” ██████████
What good are morals if tithing serves penance for corruption? ██████████ It's just another sad
story on the television. ██████████ And so the doctors prescribe Lexapro; ██████████
Green. ██████████ Sewage. ██████████ Reek. We devour and engorge. ██████████ Toothpicks
scraping the crud off our white smile. *Why so chipper when our children dance to the thumping
of hungry bellies?* ██████████

I am looking for America. Bent with hands clasped, pressed against forehead [REDACTED]
What is the difference between praying or simple frustration? High-class, clean-faced pinup
dolls plastered on editorial campaigns. [REDACTED] Yes perfection, conniving—calculated, but
at least it is something to believe in. **I am looking backward America.** [REDACTED] **I am
looking to Childhood America.** To the kid whose parents don't speak American.

Tiny. Sweaty. Palms. Ripped from weathered hands.
Cheers to childhood. Frozen. Lost. Time.

So toss me a cigarette America. This feels bizarre America. In my all American ford, America. All gas no breaks, Jesus take the wheel. No one is safe in America.