

# I Have a Book Inside Me

by Kris Freeberg

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I have a book inside me.  
True, in writing I am skilled.  
But if I were to write it,  
It'd prob'lly get me killed.

It's a book about religion,  
Which touches feelings, tender.  
It would surely be an Equal  
Opportunity offender.

Atheists, and theists both  
Would have their views upended.  
I am sure that both of them would be  
Equally offended.

Atheists would dislike that  
I still believe in God,  
While theists would be troubled  
That my doctrine seems so odd.

Sacred hoaxes, superstitions  
I would mercilessly crush;  
Their origins and motives  
I'd expose, and grind to dust.

Because God's real, I figure that  
He doesn't need our lies  
To prop up His existence  
Or to show that He is wise.

Because He's wonderful, He doesn't  
Need fake wonders, either.  
From mendacity like this,  
I'd like us all to take a breather.

If God is real, in Heaven,  
Why perpetrate a hoax?  
Why deal in lies for Truth's sake?  
Do you think this is a joke?

YOLO, bro. We live once.  
This is not some silly game.  
So please, knock off the nonsense  
That drives us all insane,

And to atheists makes God seem some  
Imaginary friend.

The nonsense of religious nuts  
Must stop. It has to end.

Shall I risk my life to end it?  
Shall I write my troubling book?  
Shall I alienate my loved ones?  
Shall I bite this baited hook?

Shall I tell of skeletons I've seen,  
Of scoundrels in high places?  
Shall I speak plain truths, embarrass  
Those I love, and shame their faces?

Shall I expose religious falsehood  
To prove that God is real,  
How by contrast, evil proves  
His innate goodness that we feel?

Bible Blockheads would most surely  
Make my end their holy mission,  
Singing "Praise the Lord and pass  
The &^\*#\\$@!! ammunition"

When I prove Sola Scriptura  
Is just a big fat fail  
When sundered from authority,  
Like reading others' mail.

Denominations. Schisms.  
Churches' so-called "family tree" . . .  
A pitiful case-study in  
Woes of Jack-assery.

Alas! Such obstinacy!  
The mess is plain to see.  
It's obviously caused by weak  
Ecclesiology.

The audacity! How dare you?  
When I think of all the hurt  
Division makes, I would not dig  
One shovel-full of dirt,

Or pound one nail, or saw, or lay  
One brick upon another  
When I realize how division grieves  
And alienates my brother.

God forbid that we build monuments  
Solidifying schism,  
Then play with Bibles, sing our songs,  
Promote evangelism . . .

Such diabolical abuse  
The Devil could not scheme;  
We sinful men perform it,  
Beyond the Devil's dream.

And oh, the sex! It's hard-wired  
Into sundry things, religious;  
Salacious news that oozes things  
That gossips find delicious.

It's everywhere: the robes,  
The hype about virginity,  
Perversions caused by squelched desire,  
That grieve both you and me . . .

Yet meanwhile, God . . . the Author,  
Maker, Giver of our life . . .  
He Who gives a wife her husband,  
And Who gives a man his wife . . .

Just survey His creation!  
See it reproduce, and thrive!  
Every reproductive system  
He designed to give us life . . .

. . . Including human genitals!  
Those things that cause such shame,  
Confusion, and embarrassment,  
And grief, and guilt, and pain.

I think of monasteries,  
And the souls who live thereon,  
Scandalized to admit that  
Their parents got it on!

Diabolical! Ridiculous!  
How could we be so rude?  
What happened? Why self-loathing,  
Such perverse ingratitude?

An uncomfortable reality  
That leaves them sore, and vexed:  
Thank God, we live, and breathe, and move  
Because our folks had sex.

On purity of heart, I'd have  
A few things there, to give.  
It isn't sexlessness; no,  
God gave us sex to live.

It is absence of the evil  
That has led to our neurosis.  
It is unity with God Himself;

In other words, Theosis.

There is a way to get it right,  
Like planting a good crop.  
To do it though, religious  
Sexual nonsense has to stop.

So hear me, you church ladies,  
Of both genders: hear, and look.  
Stand by to be offended  
By disclosures in my book.

And you miracle deniers,  
Who say all wonders ceased:  
Offend you too, I will,  
When my opus is released.

Lies and hoaxes do not prove  
God's not alive or real.  
Suppose that you're omniscient?  
Suppose you know the deal?

Think again, and recognize  
Your senses' limitations.  
You don't know all, or see it.  
You are merely a creation.

Don't be so smug and reckon  
That you know all that there is.  
Hear your deafness. See your blindness.  
Get humility, and live.

Yes . . . I'm sure I would offend all  
If the book I wrote; 'tis true.  
Until then, well, I reckon  
This short poem will have to do.