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Untitled

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Jesus Says Wash My Car

Justin Clark

For punishment – Dad takes me to wash his car

For three minutes and thirty seconds – four quarters
For another minute added on to that – another quarter

This is how these things work
Instead of gumballs
you get soap and water
wax
tire cleaner
all out of a metal hose with a trigger

So he pumps the quarters in and I hold the hose
he stands there feeling the off spray of the water

He says
Any job worth doing is worth doing well
You put your all into something you believe in
and you do good work
That's how you get ahead in life
That's how you get above

I aim and fire the stinging pelts at the car door

He says
I find that when you do a job
any job
if you do it for Jesus
you'll do the best work you're capable of

I soap up the windows and stop to look at him

He says
Do it with your love for Jesus
Do it for him

I am silent with concern and puzzlement

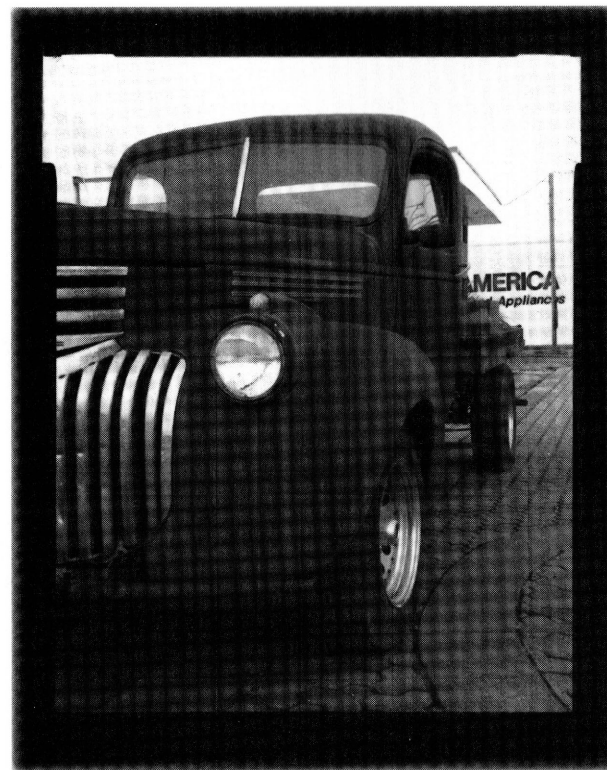
I continue to spray ignoring him

Since when has he become renewed in his faith?
Since when has he worked word for God?

Not when he was drinking
or hitting me

Dad pumps in fifty more cents

He says
Make sure you get under the tires



W. Gollibue

and I think
for Jesus right?
and I'm on me knees in my best jeans
getting soaked by the back splash

He says
You see if you have that in mind – you can't fail in his eyes
and you can't be weak about anything

and I wax the bumper and rub off dry bird crap
for Christ Himself

Dad says
It works in ways you couldn't believe
as he dishes out another dollar

and I wonder if my Mom files papers for Emmanuel
if my sister serves food for the Son of God
or if my Dad invests in bank bonds with the King of the Jews on mind

I sure don't sit people as a host and then say

Here is your seat, Jesus Christ Amen
Enjoy your meal

and I soap the hood
and I spray the trunk
and I towel dry the whole car
for my Lord and Savior

Father says
For Jesus – everything is possible double time
Every day is wasted without Him

And I feel this day was wasted

shining the hood
and waxing the mirrors
spraying the suds

and washing them off

Baptizing the whole car

Dad rounds the corner to buy a moist towel
for his dash board

He says
Don't forget the steering wheel

I now try to imagine Jesus standing before me
He smiles and rays of light surround him
He glows brilliant white
He shows me His scars from hanging on the cross
and he weeps golden tears for the sins in our world
and animals circle the ground around his floating shadow

He is beautiful as ever
Standing in front of me

He speaks and harmony is His voice

"Wash thine car my son – For it is my bidding unto you"

and I do
I wash that car like it was the second coming of the Lord
I wash that car like it was the only way to get me into Heaven

and six dollars and fifty cents later

That car looks good
That car looks damn good

And Jesus says

"Good work my son
Now let's go get a burger"