

GOODTIME JESUS

Jesus got up one day a little later than usual. He has been dreaming so deep there was nothing left in his head. What was it? A nightmare, dead bodies walking all around him, eyes rolled back, skin falling off. But he wasn't afraid of that. It was a beautiful day. How 'bout some coffee? Don't mind if I do. Take a little ride on my donkey. I love that donkey. Hell, I love everybody.

It's impossible not to love this poem. This poem wants to be everybody's favorite poem. It has everything: a nightmare and hell and death and a donkey and coffee and the most clever sound effects. It's wildly funny and wildly forgiving. And that final, elevating, unforgettable line: Hell, I love everybody—with all its ironies intact and the affection aimed right at us.

- Lee Upton