

How Religion Got Its Start

by Bill Yarrow

One little kid. One little kid.
My father sold me for two zuzim.
One little kid.

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One little kid. One little kid.
For two zuzim, my father sold me
to terrorists. They tied me up.
One little kid.

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One little kid. One little kid.
Terrorists tied me up with explosives
and sat me on the road.
One little kid.

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One little kid. One little kid.
Tied with explosives. On the road. In the sun.
One little kid blanching in the sun.

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One little kid. One little kid.
Goats came and ate the bombs.
Ate all the bombs.

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Time passed and ate the goats, ate all the goats.

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In the bearded sun, I see a golden goat.
On his back rides a shining boy.
He is the Realignment and the Knife.

