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## Abner

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God is my refuge and strength and  
“Hello, sir, are you bleeding? Sir?”  
An ever-present help in times of trouble  
“Sir, just calm down, exactly where  
Is the swelling? Locate it please.”

El Salvador has no 911 service  
To speak of anywhere. God is  
My rock, and on him I lean when  
The going gets rough. “This little  
Boy, Abner I believe you said,

There is no way he’ll be able  
To get a liver transplant, lacking  
Insurance, and the cost alone is  
Three hundred thousand dollars.”  
God is my foundation and solitude.

“Sir, state your name and where  
You’re from” “Santa Anna,  
El Salvador” has no 911 service  
To speak of anywhere. God is  
Not present there like he is here.

We have money, and God follows  
Money like a hound dog sniffing  
Drugs. Money is the root of all  
Evil and philanthropy. “We’re  
Sorry you just don’t have the funds.”

Zero-sum game. Moral equivalency.  
Funding blessings and disaster. God  
Always remains the same. I think.  
And if he doesn’t we don’t know.  
“Wrong place wrong time we’re sorry”

Inattentiveness breeding with  
Inaction, creating apathy.  
Whatever you do for the least of  
These you do for me. Wellspring.  
“You need money to save his life.”