AMEN

He is his own patron saint,

martyr to the cause, victim

of well-meaning ignorance.

His halo is a dinner plate,

his piety affectation.

He is his own saviour,

interlocutor between life

and death, will do anything

to avoid humiliation,

even crucify himself.

He is his own prayer

but does not know

how to talk to absence

or persuade the world

to find its own salvation.

He is his own proclamation

about what is to come;

his own declamation,

his own exclamation mark,

own unfulfilled prophecy.

He is his own creation,

trying hard to become

who he has decided to be,

yet often seeing himself

walking the other way.

He is his own undoing,

will betray and desert

all he knows and loves,

will lay down and die

just like everybody else.

He is his own resurrection,

stepping in footsteps

left in the desert,

endlessly circling,

out of his thirsty mind.

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