

FUTILITY

And it is told how the bleeding Christ
Was petitioned by one on his left, who
In a voice tinged with contempt demanded
Life, whilst he on his right, wheedling and
Fawning, begged eternity.

Trains come and go, shutting out the
Station's cacophony I sit remembering
Futility, and the liquid eyes of the priest
Who edged through stupor's door.

The opportunist had come to retrieve,
Flaunting my abandoned faith like a
Mesmeric ribbon of hope - until with
this futile gesture I thought I might help
Her. It has been so long, but I would
Tread again the Catholic road to Calvary,
To be nailed to a thief's cross.

I would choose his left hand side, and
I too would rail at him, "If thou be the Son"
(Ignoring my fellow malefactor whining deviously
At me across Christ's wretched form). But Lo!
When I arrived there, the multitudes had
Swollen even to the Gates of Jerusalem.
The centurion's sword lacked lustre, he seemed
Weary... "Go back," he said, "It's hopeless, they
All clamour to hang there, every century
It gets worse." So I returned and
She took her leave almost haughtily.
Time blunders on, but time enough
To accept the finality of it all.