

Air

It being Good Friday,
I went to McDonald's
And ordered a Big Mac.

I took my seat
Next a wet-cheeked Arab
Who bore stigmata and sandals.

I munched my burger,
Trying to ignore
The stigmata and sandals.

Unsure of what to do,
I offered my neighbour
Some of my French fries.
But he wasn't hungry –
I had met God
On a day
When he just needed
Someone to talk to.

Once we had move to the pub,
Christ told me that all he had ever desired
Was to find someone who'd laugh at his jokes:
"I can change water into wine,"
(Which he did until the barman caught us)
"But no-one laughs at my jokes –
Everyone takes me so seriously."

It was at this point we were joined
By my musician friend
Christian (an atheist) who,
Being too intelligent to find life interesting,
Keeps himself amused
By falling in love
With actresses.

Christ kept buying the drinks,
Christian insisted on thanking me for them,
And I tried laughing at God's jokes.

Near closing time,
The pub itself drew a startled breath
As Helen of Troy entered,
Smoothed her dress curvaceously
And slowly sat herself down at our table:
"Beauty is the worst of burdens," she pouted,
"Of all burdens, beauty is the worst."

Christian then started writing her a song,
Jesus decided to impro some stand-up,
While Helen just gladly took the odds
Of six to four
That I had offered her
About an Away win
In the Hector – Achilles fight:

“Not that I’m taking sides,”
Her full lips smiling,
“But six to four – it’s a very generous price!”

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