

Thomas Fletcher

The Curate's Visit

A gentle breeze shakes itself from the tips
Of trees as the plump collared curate is blowing
His way down our street. He is watched from windows, being
Reviled

By hard wintry faces who on seeing
This waddling anachronism, fantasise about showing
Him into their houses just to unveil the eclipse

Of his God, blotted out in the irises of their eyes
By the vaguely Derridean march of the modern.
The wind washes over his stringy pate

As he stops

At my door like a zombie smelling flesh. He'll wait
I bet until the clouds melt into time to pluck up my sodden
Soul, wring it out like a tea-towel, mount it as a prize

To be picked at by the Angels and their beaks.
These starved Angels peek out of his collar, cursing the French
Philosophers, Sartre & Co, whose cigarettes burnt down

To their fingers

Like fuses, exploding this curate into a clown
Whose being is now a nothingness. I wrench
Open the door to this divine comedy and his cheeks

