



Creative Intervention

What She Would Have Wanted

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Polished toecaps shuffle,
Politely down the aisle.
More or less bereft, pause
To take of bread and wine.
Ordinarily I'd feel
The blush of agnosticism.
That prickling hotfacedness,
Is absent this time.

Like whispered Hail Marys,
Words so often mumbled,
Without consideration.
I know them off by heart.
But I still cannot fathom
Their meaning. *Schizoaffective*,
Acutely psychotic, seems
I've been cast a part.

The service trundles on.
I cannot *stand* this hymn.
Mournfully selected,
With the best intentions.
To all those well-meaning folks,
On the bandwagon of empathy,
Not every soul needs saving.
Thanks,
I'll decline intervention.

Preaching about justice,
With diagnostic fervour.
It's different jargon, same result.
I never have control.
Can't leave this place alone.
Appalled,
I'm borne away by six lads,
And I careen out of the door.
Cross me off the church roll.

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