

## ix. *The Anointed One.*

(Mt 21:1-232:39 Mk 11:1-12:44; Lk19:28-20:47.)

You lay your story bare  
and proudly speak my name  
and watch the scholars, with their artful game,  
frown with distaste. They do not care  
to hear this talk; they will not say the word  
and what will not be said cannot be heard.

Tell that tale of tenants in a tower  
welcoming the owner's son.  
They strike him down,  
hidden by the ripening vines,  
and seize the long desired inheritance.

The scholars know they are accused. They glower  
and, with half-buried signs  
of raw malevolence,  
they smile and choose  
to leave, lest they might lose  
the joy of popular esteem.

With a different kind of smile  
they come with Herod's men  
and yet another scheme  
for your demise. Once again,  
with clenching teeth and laboured breath,  
they leave with empty hands – their guile  
on stark display and, in their eyes, your death.

When scholars gather, rivalry is sweet.  
The rivals hear your news  
and come to raise their brow  
and appraise your views.

What will happen to those hands, those feet  
that voice and those arresting eyes?  
When death comes, how  
will your proud body rise  
again? They pose a question smilingly:

*"If seven brothers die,  
and each in turn has wed the self-same wife,  
who will take her for eternity? "*

You cheerfully reply  
that nobody will miss  
the elusive ways of married bliss  
in the ecstasy of risen life.

In one last reckoning,  
speak of the Anointed One,  
and ask your questioners whose son  
is he. As they name the shepherd king,  
remind them all of David's song  
about the son whom he calls Lord.

Watch them leave - with your unwanted word  
in their ears like a booming gong.