

Christ on a Stick

Either it was
a high gravity day
or else
he had run out of usable spoons
which was annoying
as he had been so very careful
all day
yesterday to conserve
as best he could each
lip-brimmed bowlful
of life
measuring out the expected
expenditure of energy
required to manage the ordinary
day to day
spoon to spoon, activities
that most conduct without
as much as a second thought:

- Three table spoons to climb the stairs
- Two cream soup spoons to get dressed
- One salt spoon to reach for the remote;

but with this wet November's late afternoon
squatting on his slumped shoulders
standing on the station platform
minding the gap
the drop
trying to stem the leakage
from the tip of his numb nose
and the tips of his toes
he realised that all along he must have

been using a tarnished sieve-spoon
a tea strainer, an olive spoon or
a wooden honey spoon
instead of
something sensible like a ladle
carved from horn, tusk or bone
dating back beyond the Egyptians
to the dawn of the Palaeolithic
Christ on a stick! The gift,
catch and cradle his melt! Even
one of the many brown-edged
sycamore leaves lying underfoot
scooped up and cupped in a palm
would have been more use
than ornament to get
him home