

## **No choirs of angels**

the day I got out  
walking down the street  
nobody there to meet me  
just me on my own  
it crossed my mind this might have been how Jesus felt  
when he rose from the dead  
it's over  
I've done my time

God knows what made me think of that  
I must have gone to chapel too many Sundays  
which you do to get in their good books  
earn your parole

anyway that's what came into my head

you might say the two cases were completely different  
him being released to eternal life with his heavenly father  
me being released to God knows what  
and God knows who my father was

he was thirty-three when he got out  
same as me  
it's a funny feeling  
getting out  
you feel invisible  
out on your own  
nobody keeping an eye on you  
you want people to see you

I reckon that's why he kept on appearing  
he'd have wanted somebody to talk to him  
touch him  
anything just to prove he was really there

you get to the end of the street  
you're sitting in a café  
drinking a cup of tea  
just you on your own  
no choirs of angels singing alleluia  
and that's how it goes on  
day after day  
roaming the streets  
like a stray dog  
and you feel like topping yourself

I bet it was the same with him

*Neil Rathmell*