

## **MY FRIEND WHO SLAPPED JESUS**

Each time he went to the riverside of life  
He grumbled back home with his net empty of a catch  
Tonero was a tornado  
Always at this waterloo

His dreams upturned the popular traditions  
That short men had no romance with tall hopes  
Every flying aircraft was an idea stolen from him  
Because his grandfather robbed a beggar many decades ago

One day in the orgasm of his hopes and dreams  
He set out against the prompting of his fate  
To rewrite the sordid history of his kindred  
Always mocking him to his face

Propelled by the beatitudes of Mary's son  
He gave his fate a fight...  
Broken and exhausted without a token to show  
He wept back to his slum, slapping the portrait of Jesus on the wall.

**Iwelunmor Patrick**