

The Messiah from Moe

‘Just be yourself.’
‘Which one?’ he answers mum,
then boards that train
to the big sticks,
where he is despised, rejected,
called uncouth, redneck ranga,
stripped of youth,
by the cabbage-patch people
of the inner-suburban cafés.

When he opens up his book
of original clichés,
they mimic his accent,
mock his clothes,
hold him to account
for Moe’s woes,
‘Moe! Can anything good
come from there?’

So he befriends the doomed drifters,
the singing mutes,
the gamblers at the guillotines,
and climbs the fruit trees,
living off the luscious peaches and plums,
becoming a tree-clown,
glimpsing the moon through the trees.

When the full moon shines
he descends from the treetops,
clanks his wobbly knees,
and dances a carnival of colours,
lighting up the darkness
like a luminescent kite.