

# A Martyr

*by* Iain James Robb

I've written of this and I've written of that,  
Have scriven as you have it either that or this:  
But if you strive against the wind when you decide to piss,  
They say, you'll find up firing against your hat-

Like some old Brother who was broiled when he should have  
went,  
Forsaking penance, for a chance to act his Order's liar:  
His legacy that once he in the pot was pent,  
He'd go down as the model, of a deep fat friar.

