

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.

