

## Pieta

Wire

Doubting Thomas parks his car in his Sunday best  
Taps his wallet, straightens tie, lights a cigarette  
Pilgrim's progress, no journey's end  
Which way Michael?  
Through the door he scans the bar, then a space appears  
His drink is poured, for he is numb, the service it starts here  
He sees it in the barmaid's face, a winning smile's caress  
A million eyes in public stalk, the queue up to confess  
Lost causes, loves, hates and shames, old battles fought and won  
Bad debts, bad tips, the graveyard song, the dreamers talk in tongues  
Haloes swarm, the air is thin, thick smoke in tights of blue  
Elvis has a wooden heart, eyes dart across the room  
Empty heads and stomachs full, the ashtrays overflow  
Drinks are raised and voices praise good deeds of long ago  
He drains his glass and makes a sign, the Virgin Queen appears  
The Prince King needs a tender touch, his sacred heart knows no fear  
Upon a cloud on optic shrine, he can't control his tears  
On his knees, hands held in prayer, a practice lapsed for years  
The altar clears, the light grows dim, the sanctus bell is rung  
A miracle at closing time, our lady holds her son  
The faithful come to celebrate the vision Thomas saw  
A rail now stands around the spot where Thomas kissed the floor  
Amen