

Witness For The Persecution

Written by Dave Cartwright

Friday, 04 July 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Tuesday, 15 July 2008 14:59

Jehovah's Witnesses at Craigside again

The friends of God who call on me,

believe my non-conformity

is something someone must erase,

so they rub me up, in different ways.

Some bring their children to the door,

(too young to ask, "Why here?" "What for?")

and try the innocence of kind

to open up my guilty mind;

whilst others, sprung from Salt Lake roots,

with close-cropped hair and close-cropped suits,

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engage me at the slightest whim

of fancy, but they don't get in!

In twos, they walk and talk and ride;

alone I persevere, with pride,

at being someone far above

the need of salesmen selling Love.

Sometimes, some mornings, in the mail,

a leaflet tells me, 'Faith can't fail.'

A page or two—in red and green—

of chosen verse, dropped in between

some chosen words, tries hard to show

how far my soul has yet to go

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before I find Eternal Peace,

(and all these visitations cease!)