

## Get the Word

In the beginning was the word  
and the word was with God  
then a bag snatcher snatched it  
laughed and carried it along a laneway  
climbed a cyclone fence  
pursued by the constabulary  
then dropped the word  
in an empty playground.

Now the word was with the law  
who took it to the station.

But they took their eyes off it.  
The word slipped out a window  
said itself down a wall  
I can I will I am  
finding my way to God.

Overhearing was a priest  
who dragged it off to seminary  
bound it up in leather  
shone a torch into its face  
said Show the way to God.

The tortured word was honest  
but struggled with its bindings  
tried to free itself from paper  
it was stamped upon  
the imprisoned word of God cried

Let me off these pages  
I can show the way to love  
the one I had with Dad  
when he spoke me I spoke him  
and when that phrase was in the air  
it was the both of us as well.

The priest took the word to council  
who took it to committee who slapped it  
on the table of a busy bishop  
who fenced it from intruders.

But he was knocked clean over  
by that scheming snatcher  
who took the word and threw it  
all over the speaking earth.