

# Some Kinds of Spitting

Tell me, which kind of hostile? He said.

The kind where they pull me over  
for Driving Whilst Brown,  
said a young man.  
The kind they still sit apart from us  
in the canteen;  
and the kind they dislike I support  
my grandad's island's old Olympic team.

No, said a youngish mother:  
Shop-man shout loudly-loudly  
to make me understand  
when he know I do.  
Or, walk down our street  
lady still ignore me  
after know my face eight years –  
or, pull their children  
away my children in our park.

And another man said:  
That place they put you in  
with planes taking off so very nearby,  
that they take my belt away  
in case I rather hang.

And this older woman said:  
The kind where they say,  
there's a nice church  
you'd feel a lot more comfortable in,  
just down the road.

*[continued over...]*



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And a young girl said:  
The kind where they spit.

And some unseen person said:  
Fellows, these are all some kinds of spitting.

And we agreed, and He agreed,  
that that was it.

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*A note from the author*

*The voice of God speaks in the first line of this poem because all the routine nastiness mentioned in the poem happens, every day, to God. Wherever you have persecution, victimisation, marginalisation, separate development, tokenism and outright hostility, it is happening to God. These are our Matthew 25 moments, the meeting and greeting - or refusing to greet - people we believe to be unlike us. It's so tricky, this business of not recognising God. The Bible is full of it.*



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