

The Long Expected Jesus

Jesus came back.
He didn't look much like his pictures;
he was really short and kind-of Jewish-looking
so people didn't think it could be him.
People's idea of Jesus wasn't
dark and dumpy and foreign.
It was, well, *you* know....

Also, he was really pretty intense
a lot of the time, and a bit ironic,
so people didn't think it could be Jesus.
People's idea of Jesus wasn't
driven and tetchy and touchy.
They'd expected Him to be,
well, *you* know....

So it took Him months of healings
and miracles before people would
take him seriously,
but eventually,
in spite of his being this rather young,
really short, intense Jewish guy,
people began to worry that he might *be* Jesus
and that they should have a summit about it
which Jesus reluctantly agreed to...

Whitehouse advisors wouldn't allow
Trump to attend,
in case the whole thing was a hoax
and might make him look stupid.
Putin's advisors at the Kremlin had
the same view.
None of the world's powerful nations
let their main men go for this reason.
They just sent aides and delegates.

The Pope didn't come.
None of the big Orthodox,
or Roman Catholic, or Protestant men came;
although they all sent emissaries to report back.
G8 countries, and other very rich countries ran everything
and unimportant little countries, like Wales
and Liberia, weren't invited at all.

So all the insignificant people who felt like coming
had to come on their own and wait outside
on the slender chance of glimpsing him.

On the big day,
Jesus wasn't dressed right.

Obviously no-one had advised him properly.
Everyone said afterwards that he should
never have worn that awful jacket;
and anyway we'd all been secretly hoping
that he'd be looking like Jesus *should* look;
that he'd be wearing, well, you know....

And actually people felt that
he didn't *sound* right either;
he used really rather casual language
and some very non-Jesus-type words,
like: "kids" and "acceptance" and "intolerance"
and "accountability"
when everyone had expected him
to sound well, you know...

He spoke without notes
which was great.
And he spoke with a *lot* of irritability
which was entertaining (for a while),
but people soon switched off
because basically he only talked about
the same old stuff
that He always *had* talked about;
just Love and Fairness and God and Hypocrisy...
and we'd heard it all before.
People had expected that he'd bring
some exciting, different, new Good News.

So, soon, people started doing that thing
which you see conference-guys doing:
leaning away from their microphones and chatting,
not listening any more.

Finally, someone put a question
and the chatting subsided.
"Please Jesus", said the delegate,
"could you give us a truly wise and inspirational parable
that we could go away and ponder upon
like you did in the old days...?"

And everyone hushed right down,
hushed right down,
to silence in that vast, high, light conference space.

And Jesus paused.
And a deep hush, a deep hush,
fell
so that all we could hear was
the hum of the air conditioning,
and the sound of the insignificant people outside
could be heard, thinly, through

the triple-glazed security-glass windows;
singing, chanting, shouting, calling, waiting
for a glimpse of their short, brown, foreign,
angry Jesus.

And Jesus said:
“Kids, are you deaf or something?
Can you not hear the bloody parable?”

As they left, the delegates were talking excitedly:
“What did He mean?
What did He mean...?”

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