

THE CHANT OF IVY BLAND

‘What you doing ??’

I was peeking at her movements
when she raised her head

‘This has to be arranged
d’ya think I’m mad’, she said

Kneeling at an altar of pamphlet and stones
making fresh the message where the grass had grown
in a field near the Burrard Bridge

She handed me a notice and said pointing
‘See’, and I’m looking at a picture of an old t.v.

‘Now that’s an evil piece of machinery
it can cross this wasteland easily
but can it also walk on the water’?.

And the lights from the cars on the Burrard Bridge
glared on Ivy Bland and her altar.

‘Do you recognise and listen to the word of the Lord
calling us to safety from the screaming hoards
of imps and demons

pulling us each day away from freedom’?

Ah! ...

That Satan.....

He’s a foxy one with his pills and his booze

And the foul mouth language that he makes us use

But you cannot put the blame on Pontious Pilate and the Jews

they were wrong if they thought they could kill him
for the word of The Lord is living’.

Phew!

Dear old Ivy Bland

She’s a bible cruncher

a Jesus munching maid

And as I left the lonely hill

there was Ivy Bland still

building on her altar

wrapped in chains.

