

THE LAST SHOTGUN WEDDING

Joseph, as you've got that lovely girl
Nancy Murphy in the lurch
Said Joe's Dad now I'm taking you down for
Confession at our Roman Catholic Church.

There you will see, continued Dad, strict
Priest Father Shamus O' Toole
And there he will read you the riot act
About breaking the Pope's Holy Rule.

I'm reminding you son, about her brothers with
A shotgun looking daggers at me
But I can't very well oppose them as
I'm only five foot three.

Hang on said Joe I don't know what the
Pope says or makes sense
Retorted Dad why didn't you listen at Mass
Whilst breathing in smoke from incense?

All they talked about was Catechism, Holy Church

And St Peters Heavenly Gate

Joe laughed, adding, on a Sunday I'd try to

Slide out of Mass if I got up late.

Then Joe added angrily, who are those blokes

To be judging me

They all got their birds pregnant

So why should I flee?

When Joe went into the small confessional, he

Thought what will the priest say to me

The priest said what have you to say for God

To hear your plea?

For Dad's sake Joe mumbled an apologetic

Brief sentence that he'd done wrong

But the priest was ready for his morning coffee

So, didn't allow the conversation to last long.

Realising Joe's indifferent belief wouldn't

Get him anywhere

Father O'Toole gave Joe absolution and five Hail

Mary's to get him out of his hair.

Afterwards to his Dad Joe said anyway those blokes

Don't have a God in which to believe

You're right son, said Dad, but it's their family's

Honour they're aiming to achieve.

Suddenly Joe had a vision some mothers in the

Future scanning on their iPad

Will arbitrarily decide their baby can be happy,

Whilst unknowingly being deprived of its dad.

Still thinking logically for a pre wedding pint

In the King's Arms pub

Joe guessed correctly that Mom waiting there

Would be soft enough for a pre wedding sub.

Mr Michaels' Potboiler Poetry

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