

## The Crook

A day to be remembered in the little village school  
When everyone scrubbed up the best—veneration was the rule;  
The bishop came with great aplomb, almighty fuss took place  
With people tripping over as they tried to please 'his grace'.

With fervour our headmaster introduced him to us all,  
( Straight-laced student body, all assembled in the hall )—  
Arrayed in bishop's finery with mitre and with crook  
A most imposing figure with a stern and pompous look.

We bowed our heads in reverence in hushed expectant awe  
'Fore the most imposing person we pupils ever saw;  
All hung upon his every word, most eloquent, profound,  
From time to time to emphasise he waved his crook around.

Gems glinting in the spotlight coupled with his monotone,  
My thoughts flew out the window where they'd often tend to roam;  
Winged back to bible times and Judah's sheep who sometimes strayed,  
To metaphors which Jesus used—deep truths He thus portrayed.

There, lost in contemplation of the shepherds and their sheep,  
The apostles and the elders and the people in their keep,  
The only thing the shepherds used to coax and lead and prod  
A simple wooden staff they also called the shepherd's rod.

This rod was not elaborate—no gold or gems or such,  
Was rather like the shepherd, so to look at wasn't much;  
'His grace' had long concluded while my mind had wandered so,  
The audience were basking in his lordship's afterglow.

A question lingers since that day—it's answer I still seek;  
So don't think I'm being sardonic or worse still, tongue in cheek—  
A mystery most pressing, great conundrum I can't brook—  
Can someone please enlighten?— how a staff became a crook!

*Vincent Lyons.*