

## THE MADMAN

A Poem by Fr Robbie Low

There's a madman walking on water

And feeding five thousand men.

Some say He's dead. Some say He's not.

Some say He'll come back again

Some say He's here and He's locked in a box

In a building just down the street

And they smuggle Him out, disguised as themselves,

I'd have to say that's pretty neat

There's a madman who's clearing the Temple

Claims to be Man – but divine

Some folk kneel round a table

Claim He's the Bread and the Wine

There's a madman stood on a mountain

In garments of translucent white

Past and future surround Him

In unapproachable light

There's a madman hung on a crossbeam

Under a darkening sky

They say that He's dying for someone

But can't recall now who or why

There's a madman who had gone missing  
When they went to pray at His tomb  
Claims He shattered the portals of Hell  
And waits in an old Upper Room

So here's to the mad who will venture  
And count everything as a loss  
Except to follow the Madman's  
Triumph of love on the Cross.