

Peter Hammill, Comfortable

She likes to keep God out of church,
especially when she prays:
all in its place, all safely stored
for some rogation day...
the paradox is so apparent,
the sense absurd, but all too real;
the nonsense is arrant
but she just wants to feel comfortable.
A pound in the collection-box,
a name-plate by the aisle;
she always wears a hat,
for He'll appreciate the style.
Pays no attention to the sermon,
Christ in himself has no appeal,
the social custom is the turn-on
and she just wants to feel comfortable.
Treading not on her illusions,
I will not walk upon my own:
we stand among the creature comforts;
we're standing on
the stockpiles of first stones.
We stand on the brink of the Ultrapower,
assume it's a proper place,
view the living hour by hour
in the first person singular case.
On with the usual, complacent,
wait for the mortal wound to heal
when the abyss is adjacent...
what right have we got to feel
comfortable?
On with the usual complacency,
on with the customary zeal;
she doesn't need to match a valency,
she just wants to feel comfortable.
It's her blindness and her blessing
that the thought will not occur
that heaven, when it comes, might have
no special place for her.
She'll never look at the enigma,
she doesn't want things quite that real.
Oh, that's some kind of stigma --
What right has she got to feel
comfortable?
She doesn't want to think about it,
she doesn't want to talk about it,
she doesn't want to look at it.
It makes her feel uncomfortable.