

The Final Interview

by Paul Hunter

For a long time, I did not move
from the dark panelled hall.
There was no one left to talk to.
No one I could call.

Beeswax and Dettol,
that's all that I could smell.
As I sat to wait my turn,
my fears I tried to quell.

There must have been a mix up
as I've been waiting quite a while.
Maybe I should say my prayers.
I think they've lost my file.

I'm taken to the interview room
and told sit and wait.
Apparently there's backlog,
that's why they're running late.

Someone dressed in white,
trimmed with gold brocade.
Offers me refreshments,
I choose a lucozade.

Jonathan Joseph Wilkins.
My name is called out loud.
As I stand to gather myself,
I'm told to remove my shroud.

Saints Peter, Paul and Patrick
float down from high above.
We'll be your judge and jury.
Did you spread peace and love?

I answer all their questions.
I do most honestly.
They've made their decision.
It's Heaven - Glory be!