

The Small Miracle

By Rosa Johnson

The pub was full,
customers spilling into the street.
She was alone, with no place to sit,
it would take a small miracle to find an empty seat
while she waited for the person she was here to see.
A man stood, offering his chair.
She sat gratefully, standing her full glass in a space hardly there.

'Hello, I'm God,' He said. 'Are you alone?'
She sipped her orange juice.
It wasn't safe to admit to any man here, she was on her own,
not in this sleazy joint, hazy with breathy alcohol and smoke.
He drained his glass. Some God! she thought. Some bloke!

'Can I get you another?' He asked
idly writing His name with His finger on the wet table.
'I'm fine, thanks.' – How could she accept a drink from a man
who thought he was God?

As He made his way to the bar
customers fell back allowing Him to go in front.
The bar-maid gave Him His change, on a plate!

'Have you ever seen a miracle?' He asked.
A loaded question! 'Never!' she scoffed
'He put down a glass on the table,
'Brandy! You'll need it, there's going to be a murder.'

She heard the scream.
A man with a knife buried in his back
lay stretched out on the floor.
'Don't look,' God said, 'Until you've got this down you.'
'I don't suppose you seen a dead man before.'
He pressed the brandy glass into her hand. Some God!

'That man's dead. Now watch, if you've the stomach for it.'
She saw the knife rise from between
the man's shoulder blades, pirouette onto the bar
and stand there waiting for a forensic expert..

She saw spilt blood return to the body,
and the wound heal over.
She saw the corpse shake his head,
get to his feet unsteadily and reach for his beer.
'Hey! Some bugger's nicked my bloody pint,' he said.
Probably the same one whose finger prints
are on the knife,' said God, wiping it clean on his brow.

He turned to her.' You've seen your miracle. Do you believe in Me now?'

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