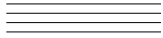


T H E W O M A N T A K E N I N
A D U L T E R Y



C H A R L E S M A R T I N

(John 7:53–8:11)

And how would *I* know what the Master said?
There was a mob of fools surrounding me,
The very ones that dragged me from my bed
Yammering on about adultery –
Who turned me in? The one-eyed Pharisee,
A loathsome little hypocrite, hell-bent
On vengeance for not getting past my knee,
If you catch my drift.

The others only meant

To trap the Master in an argument
That he seemed very happy to ignore.
He must have won, though; silenced, off they went,
And him left sitting on the temple floor,
Where, with one finger in the dust, he traced
Odd little squiggles that he soon erased.