

Jubilate Messi

Steve Ely

‘For there is a note added to the scale, which the Lord hath made fuller,
stronger and more glorious.’- Christopher Smart, *Jubilate Agno*

I will rejoice in Lionel Andrés Messi; for he leaps before the Lord like David, and his
joy is uncovered : Let the rain streak bright in the flaring floodlights, Empire’s
phosphorescent rainbow arching like a cat.

For he is brave and boyish, with the dark eyes of the pit-dog and the shy mouth of
the wolf : Let him shear the sheep of the bloody devil, pluck the condors of Falange.

For the cunning Right Hand and gloried Left Foot are but gifts from the finger of God :
Let left triumph over right, the shin-snapping lunges of Goikoetxea and Ramos, the
death-dives of Videla.

For cocaine and cortisone, Diego’s duende, Thatcher and Shilton’s woes : Let Castro
and Kirchner join in applause for Azteka’s avenging viveza.

For Jack flies over Stanley, Belgrano is confined at sea : Let Butcher and Beardsley,
Fenwick and Reid be ruthless as Rattin, savage as Samuel, brutal as Batista.

For he dusts down and demurs not, nor will he fall to foul or faking : Let them be
honest as the horse and humble as the ass.

For he has the grace of Garrincha and the guts of Gascoigne; Zola’s zest, the balance
of Best, and Bergkamp’s balmy touch : Let Der Bomber give praise, and Henry’s heart,
leap like the lenten roe.

For Garrincha lies dead in his drunkard’s grave, Best slaughtered, Gazza mortal : Let
maté be prepared and neapolitan schnitznel, Milanello’s pasta e pollo.

For Guevara fought with Simba in Congo, El Proceso v. Task Force and those
disappeared : Let Cuito Cuanavale live long in the song, how the FAR pulled the teeth
of Die Groot Krokodil.

For though Sunyol is murdered and Guernica plaint, Galtieri and gauleiters — dead :
Let the cloud-crested noontide soar albiceleste, eventide crimsoned and blue.

For the lepers shall inherit the mower-striped Earth : Let the grass spurt green in the urchinned precincts, the playgrounds plunge with boys.

For Alves knows his duty and gives him the ball: Let Andres and Xavi and Pedro attend, Sorin, Saviola, Juan Roman Riquelme.

For Balons and titles are but nets of the Tempter : Let the spirit flow with joy.

For he spurts from the butchers like blood-jet, fearless as Fangio, fierce as Gardel :
Let the bobbles and rebounds fall to his fast feet forever.

Steve is of course referencing Kit Smart's crazy, jubilant poem in praise of his cat *Jubilate Agno* – see it [here](#) or look ahead in the 52 prompt book to week 11.

Read more about Steve Ely here – <http://www.steveely.co.uk/>