

Defeated? A Sonnet to Empty Churches

Come on. You lot have survived worse things:
Black Death, Plague and two World wars,
The Reformation (Cromwell clipped the wings
Of angels in the roof); and there are scars

On ancient faces, marble noses cropped
And poppy heads beheaded like the King;
And modern vandals too. But you've not stopped
Your ageless plain ability to sing

Of something quite indifferent to the now;
Built with a trusting love and potent faith
You stand there still in testament to how
Beauty is not a wafted fleeting wraith,

A ghost which chance can whimsically destroy;
You can be filled, if not by faith, with joy.

Anon, June 2020



**Churches
Conservation
Trust**