

Eucharist

High Summer morn , and early muffled stroke
Intones the hour as priestly rites begin ;
Through door and glass the light , diffused like smoke,
Seeps in , to filter distant mankind ' s din.

A host of pew - bound , private thoughts submerge
The clustering folk who seek to contemplate
On grief , or deed malign , to pray and purge
Neglect of friends or loved ones left to fate.

Perhaps the insect buzz or shrill of swift
Will penetrate observance , turning soul
From care ; releasing spirit to uplift
A troubled sense into a conscience whole.

Though fools deride , true sinners thus combine
To cleanse the soul and part - appease the mind.

8 .97

[In All Saints , one Summer Sunday 8 am service.]