

RUINED CHURCH

The doorway is empty;
only one window-frame
remains; the roof has gone.
Inside this crumbling shell,
where rubbish accumulates,
each vandal leaves his mark;
walls are scribbled over
with names, initials, dates.

Yet here, twice each Sunday,
packed rows of starchly dressed
and well-scrubbed pioneers
with hymns and prayers proclaimed
what they thought Heaven's laws,
blind to the despoliation
their axes and their ploughs
wrought on God's world outdoors.

IAN MUDIE