

Text 42: Lapford

The room sits back a little
from the road,
the road that runs along
the valley of the Yeo,
and soon the Taw, close fitted
by rising woods and dark
with these deep, attentive trees.

The room is white,
a wood-boarded cube,
its inside
made for prayer and gratitude.
The concrete arms that welcome
from the roadway,
lead now, through gathering,
to simple table
and its simple elements,
holding weight of intensity,
flask and dish,
the ringing of the anvil.

The mystery sits,
awaiting opening.
The impenetrable black kernel
at the core of the unripped loaf
is present though not visible,
to be revealed by human grip,
a whole community,
a multitude of active seeds
at the unseen navel, chine,
the dark presence.

The outer surface of the glass
glows, burnished with the sun,
and deep within its populace
a tongue of living, twisting
shade of light,
face turns and poised
to distribute,
the centre of the ruby liquid:
the breathing bread and living wine,
the flesh and blood of faith.

The path above, descending still
along the edge of the field.
The trackway to be entered
through the small iron gate
at the boundary,
lift blackened staple in the hasp
and follow the certain footsteps along
this one thing.
The great participation.
Hear the clatter of the hammers.

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