

The aching fathoms of faith

40 lines

By Helen Mosley

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A pensive twilight covers Coventry
that waits blind to the horrors to come

Night-time sees a macabre sonata
fall from the sky
incendiary explosions drop
terrible and cruel

For twelve hours the moonlight bombs came
Relentless and merciless
night without end, Vesuvian in its rain of terror
A firestorm of raging fury

the people wake to walk out into the new dawn
weak November light on the horizon
sweeping away the dark horrors of night and bringing the hard day

pause and imagine

take those tentative steps through the smoking ashes, cross through the rubble
walk where there was once harmony and see now
the charcoaling of centuries, desolation of the ages
with a bone aching weariness of living through that night
yet finding the strength
to step through the ruins of what was
to rally, to reach deep for something precious and wonderous from the aching fathoms of faith
the vast endless deeps of belief and finding
hope

the faith to see more in the ruins
to find the strength for reconciliation

trace the stones, pace the walls, walk the grounds

reflect and wonder in awe

at the fathoms deep faith wrapped round.