

Hymn

Chapel by the sea, the salt-song leaves
crystals sharp along the edges of the stonework –
make your fingers bleed red stains for the sun
to shine through like glass.

Now that grass grows over the bronze
bell-song – listen – the gulls are calling prayers
wider, wilder, where the steeple used to stand
against the horizon. Chapel,

by the sea with a tilted altar and no roof,
there are wasps nesting in the pews.
Now in the middle of their hymn – if you
stay still – they light on you, humming.