

## *St MARY'S, Middle Tysoe*

*Wood pigeons gather in the larches  
about Church Farm and swallows  
contemplate their homeward flight, as soft September  
light falls upon Jacobean pews  
through watery Victorian glass.*

*Silence veils the evening  
air, clinging to the chancel walls  
like the memory of swung incense or the faith  
of the dead village ploughmen, raised on a diet of thin grey rains and Lias clay.*

*Alone beneath the sculpted gaze  
of the Norman knight  
and hunting dog  
God  
and  
I  
sit opposite  
one another,  
eye to eye  
toe to toe:  
Job before his maker  
- but which is which?*

*We lay our complaints  
before each other. Mine written in  
guttering candlelight and the fleet arrow  
of a sparrow's short flight,  
his written in Levantine dust  
and the bitter taste of cheap red wine.*

*Together we survey the distance  
between us and silently  
wonder why.*