

In Chapel Lane, Light Shines

The shape of light fits well this place
as shadows clip old cobbled stones
where voices echo from the past
and history's mighty grip is strong.

Here, nuns once prayed and children
played, blessings cast, faith held fast
fortunes fared in peaks and troughs
as church bells rang out loud and long.

What went before drew lines at length
in annals, kept the balance rigged
for rich and poor, those in between,
their livings made, their lives song-lived.

Now, hope holds true in time and space
along the place where footsteps ran
the feet of men, the hooves of beasts,
as darkness fades its hold released.

The shape of light fits well this place.

by Louise G Cole