

Ruined Faith



On standing at the ruins of St Peter's Kirk in Urrigar, Evie.

There was a church here.
What once was ordered serenity,
A shelter from harsh reality
Is now a jumble of rock.

Do these fragments of wall retain the prayer soaked calm?
Or have the petitions flown free
No longer bound by duty?

For I too am a former temple,
Now sagging from time and disappointment.
Rain seeps in,
Where passion once kept stones from singing.

Kephas*,
sand pile of denial,
Upon which Christ built his church.
Where are you now?
For I hear neither cock crow nor the sizzle of fish on the platter.
Only the wind,
And the cold, cold wave.

**Kephas is the Ancient Greek name for Peter, which means rock.*