

## *The Last Page*

### **Reasons**

I went  
to go to Church;  
    – the Dean, the Deacon,  
    the Rector, the Recitation –  
for the peal on Friday's  
morning of a bell  
from the tower and on the path split  
across the common green a hint of  
in the divining, humanity;

And, in pilgrimage, as on a Sunday,  
at the text, a monkish pose  
over humanities in multiple  
seeking, among the budding stalks  
the bell, struck again for the first time  
at something divine.

Not for the texture of the word  
in the finger traced across the page  
nor the dawning  
yet hovering over a desk past midnight  
of prior revelation:  
(shuffling ritual, puffed incense, a well-  
grooved nave);  
but more for

    – as a matrix, one row by emptied row  
    under vaulted columns, cuts to –  
*a resolution*, rung down and registered  
beside the scent of cut lawn.

To be at once, a part of this, apart  
not just a graveyard fenced,  
but a hymnal raised  
above, each voice its ring  
below, each blade its height.

Liam McHugh-Russell