

## Easter (III)

The empty tomb was like a mouth aghast,  
 all presence gone and so fast. Only clothes  
 remained, limp like a broken heart.  
 It lacked all life, no hope could fill the void,  
 no clues to follow, or hints to clutch at,  
 not even angels. I have seen men as such.

Yet as the minutes passed, and the thin light  
 inspired the sparrows and the larks,  
 I heard a tune that earlier I was deaf to.  
 Not too early and not too late, before  
 the dew had dried and in the length  
 of shadow and of light, I could believe  
 the tale before ever I was told.  
 The tomb was empty but my heart was full.  
 Love pieced together Christ and made him whole.

## West Malling Abbey

You know how a moving camera seems  
 to make the buildings move themselves,  
 though nothing could be more fixed.  
 Well, it was like that. I was walking  
 on a winding path and the tower  
 and the chapel roof began  
 to move around themselves, like  
 a model of the constellations speeded up.  
 The path and the river at my feet wound  
 round a different figure of eight,  
 and I became a dance within a dance,  
 moving to the sacred space of church.  
 There we made a circle round the sacrament,  
 and passed the kiss of peace.  
 Christ came round in bread and wine,  
 until all ceased. I could hear my breath  
 grow quieter in the silence of a little death.  
 The dance had done its thing.

## Prayer and the Hair Salon

I am a priest of Winchester.  
 A candle flickers in the upstairs cell.  
 I watch the snow fall on the heads  
 of the passers-by. My prayer is soft  
 as snow. It does little but  
 cover the ground, and the candle shivers.

Opposite and down is a Hair Salon.  
 I can see the long napes of necks  
 as the hair is lifted, curled, and cut,  
 or pinned with papers like bookmarks.  
 I pray, and because of the cold  
 hug my already tight cloak tighter. Why?

Strange contradictions don't have  
 answers always. It happens so.  
 What do I pray for: that the heat  
 could be shared, that I should get a  
 haircut, that they will put down  
 their scissors and pray?  
 Not yet. Someone higher looks at me,  
 and says 'poor fool'; or perhaps,  
 'all you need to do is stay'.

*David Scott is Rector of St Lawrence's Church, Winchester. These poems are from his new book Piecing Together (Bloodaxe).*