

David Scott  
**The Church of the Holy Sepulchre,  
Jerusalem**

She is in love with someone, I can tell.  
When she sits, she sits alone and still.  
Her shrouded face, encompassing profound denials,  
Surfaces in light, and says, 'I will'.

Her movement speaks of shadows, edges,  
And who it is she loves is not found here,  
Not there, but moving from the centre  
Of her longing, is with her everywhere.