

On his Cross  
Clare Bryden

CROSSPIECE — CHRONOS

How long has he been hanging there,  
eyes askance, as though he cannot bear  
to look on us?

A hundred years? A thousand? Two?  
He'll have much more to bear  
before we're through with him.

UPRIGHT — KAIROS

What do crucifixes show?  
The dying or the death?

Did his eyes close  
when the lids gave in to gravity  
on breathing out his final breath?

Has he shuttered them  
against the pain?

Or are they piercing down and right  
where the penitent thief and I forever  
beg him to *Remember us!*

to say *Today*  
*you will be with me in Paradise?*

Westering, Exeter  
Clare Bryden

MORNING — A TRANSFIGURATION

The Gospel is processed to the centre of the nave.  
My body turns to face it  
and I'm captivated  
by high pale yellow stone  
and the morning sun all of a sudden  
shivering  
the great west window.

EVENING — ASCENSION

There have been a thousand thanks given,  
a thousand vows shaped in golden beeswax  
carefully suspended in the nave.

There have been curling clouds of incense  
ascending at the Eucharist with Christ Jesus  
and the prayers of all the faithful

and all there is is present in the lingering  
whispers of thanksgiving and incense  
as the sun due west reveals

the highway to the altar thronged  
with angel flecks a-flickering  
and longing shadows all a-glow.

Musson+Retallick "From the Vow Made" was a sculptural installation in the Cathedral nave during 1-4 June 2025. It featured a thousand offerings hand-carved out of local beeswax by a thousand people in Devon, each motivated by gratitude, inspired by something for which each person wants to give thanks.

# Knit together

## Clare Bryden

God settles in for the evening,  
radio on and the latest project to hand —  
four double-pointed size 13 needles and a basket of 5-ply yarn.

*Your hands made me and fashioned me —  
you clothed me with skin and flesh  
and knit me together with bones and sinews.*

There's a myth  
that the home of a drowned fisherman  
could be told by his gansey.

When I wash up  
on the shore of the river of life  
I am counting on God to recognise my pattern.

Gansey — A hard-wearing, hand-knitted, woollen jumper traditionally worn by fishermen around the British Isles. They are knit from a tough, fine wool of one colour, traditionally navy blue or cream. The fine gauge of the stitches makes dazzling intricate patterns possible, with an immense range of patterns recorded around the coast.