

Lighten our darkness ...

The swirling waters of the great river
leave behind the bustle
of the noon-tide port,
the scream of sirens,
and the rattling of grain
pouring into boxes on the Quay.
The river, calm now,
flows into the roseate West
and the tired sun sinks lazily
into a darkening sea.

In the Minster
the evening candles have been lit,
their shadows dancing
like grasses in the wind
spread across the stone altar
in the old chapel
where the red light hangs,
a perpetual reminder
that this is a place
of sanctuary and of prayer.

Beside the estuary
and across the vast expanse
of mud and marsh and sand,
pink footed geese
fly home to their roost,
while the curlew's haunting cry
faintly echoes the bell's
summons to Evensong,
there to give thanks for the day,
and pray for a quiet night.

"Lighten our darkness
we beseech thee O Lord"
The ancient chapel stirs,
the old words reverberate
and gather darkly
in the rafters high above,
as tiny candle flames
leap suddenly upwards,
haloes of light in darkness,
an answer to prayer.

The sky above the estuary is filled
with the dusky mist of evening.
A lamb stranded on the Sea Bank
calls for its mother,
but only a Barn Owl hoots
as he swoops low
across the salt marsh
to find his fishing ground,
at the edge
of the wide river.

Tomorrow the sun will rise again
into the eastern sky,
and the world will be remade
as it has been daily since
those first bright days of creation.
While tonight,
far away across the marsh,
a lone blackbird still sings,
and we shall rest
in the arms of a loving God.