



*I sit alone.
The room grows pensively around me,
Its faded frescoe-covered walls forever rising
And reverberating in the explosive stillness above,
Joining, arching at a Gothic point,
From which a centre,
A Builder's end or beginning
Stares down on the empty, dusty tomb.
Solemn battles and saints
And sometimes a Christ
Careen with abandon and
Reckless repetition
Across the walls in
Translucent,
Holy,
Stained
Glass.*

*I sit alone.
I sit alone and
The room is a myriad of shades of ochre;
Even the shadows have an ochre tinge:
In an effort to arise from the dark stone
They have be-ochred themselves
Into meaningful gestures of monotone colour.
The liquid stone spirals, curves,
Assume human form,
Peering down at me with
Saintly benignity or
Gargoylic horror.*

*I begin to sing.
My voice resounds in a fantastic chorus
Of Gregorian chaos,
Caressing the liquid stone and glass,
Pouring through the vacant eyes
Of a de-jewelled Saint,
Who stares forever into the emptiness
That is no longer the empty room;
The crushing notes collide in the heavy air
And meet all at one point,
The Gothic point where
A Builder may end or begin,
And cease.
Long after their utterance,
The notes can be heard
In the imagination of the
Stone,
Saints and
Glass.
I can almost hear the voice,
Emanating in deep rich chords
From the saintly, pouting stone lips,
And finding a grave
In the ochre shadows.*

St. Gereon's Church (Cologne)
by Eric Russell Bunge