

Ubi Sunt
(where are those who were before)

Reverently I wander down
the aisle, trailing my fingers
along the rugged old bricks.

Spirits of the craftsmen who
formed them reach out to
me in this holy place.

Their hue is burnt earth and scents
of candle wax and incense have become
infused in these blocks of baked clay.

They absorb the hushed sounds of
my footfalls as I pass and the
alleluias of the ages echo back.