

Belfry Crew

We are fastened to this planet canvas in our chemistry of clay.

Our layers blended artfully in seconds, minutes, hours, days; [re-phrasing us] together in this stratum; sediment and sentiment, magenta and raw umber under crystalline ultramarine and cerulean blue.

We pour our stories lip-to-ear to pass and hear [the meaning of this living]; lingering on the bookmarked pages, telling of our famous fallings [and of our getting ups].

We cup our hands around the voice of heritage [to sage the way] for those who follow.

We harvest pearls cast from troubles and string them into [prayers] for wearing through the longest days and shortest nights.

We hold tight to the [joy that bounds] from heart to heart.

We resound the bells to tell [the revelation] passing through us.

It is the hallowed [privilege] of a pilgrim, my friend.

But to put our hands together on the bell pull rope, you and I, makes ever [sweeter still] the peal.