

## INSIDE ST PAULS

I tread on bones  
Of those long dead  
Who for God and England  
Sang and fought and bled.  
Honoured now in stone and brass  
They rest forgotten, save by few.  
Remembered names from history class.

I mount the stair.

Warmed by jewelled sunlight shafts  
Through multi-coloured stain-ed glass  
Fanned by angels wings of gold  
Etched on lofty ceilinged dome.  
Who could not be humbly bold  
Whose heart untouched  
By the wonder and the awe  
That effigy-guarded lieth there  
Behind St Paul' s porticoed door

*Jennie Allen*