

**Chapel-Carvings, St. Winefride's Chapel**

The vatted silence matures. It rises  
Through them like yew-grains through the eyelid  
Of The Christ, and all else around him.  
Tongues snapped off, growing featureless,  
They resubmerge very slowly, expressions  
Half erased though their cloth-folds endure.  
They are the holograph of the stillness,  
Blunted by its touch, eroded braille by which  
To read the broken syntax of silence.

*Tim Liardet*