

The Font at Salisbury Cathedral

In the black obsidian surface
I see defined and reflected the hidden
Facets of my character, starkly etched
Into the accusatory glass,
Accurate to a sin's breadth, shining
Darkly and immovably leaden,

Set in stone,

So seeming-indissoluble except,
In humility, betrayed, Christ's human
Hand, pierced the resistant vulcan glass
Like Maundy water, loosing ripples
Across its surface to disrupt my guilt,
Restoring the truth of God reflected

In my soul.