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# Upon Photographing a Cathedral in Liverpool

C. A. Christopher

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## UPON PHOTOGRAPHING A CATHEDRAL IN LIVERPOOL<sup>+</sup>

I found it last fall  
while wandering up  
from the Lime Street Station—  
the skeleton of God's house:  
the buttresses' fingers  
reaching for heaven  
in that unusually blue sky  
on that unusually clear day.

That the roof  
had been demolished  
by a bomb or two  
added only to its elegance.

That the bombs  
had destroyed  
what was to have  
overwhelmed the masses  
surpassed the wishes  
of those who had  
built it.

To you, great architects  
who schemed with the priests  
to build so high as to  
scare the people  
into thinking that God  
was so overwhelming  
and making them shrink  
as they walked 'neath  
great vaults

you failed.

Little did you know  
four hundred years later

*Continued*

some bomb-dropping pilot  
would do you no favor—  
by tearing off your promise  
of Life Everafter  
and returning the sky  
to the man who sought Light

and gave a new meaning  
to "the Living Church"  
by letting sun in  
to make all things grow.

To you, regal bishops  
who abused your might  
look now toward your altar  
teeming with flowers  
that smile and whisper,  
"This God is more kind."

Look up from the nave  
to see the sky.  
Now there is no barrier  
between man and his Lord.  
Defiant it stands,  
freed from your threats  
and freed from the dark,  
more beautiful now  
than you would have imagined.

I walked through the apse,  
all full of life  
and thought to myself,  
"This was the way it  
was meant to be—"

*Continued*

Ironic it seemed  
that His Word was heard  
much better without  
the dogma of priests  
or vaults topped with moss.

*C.A. Christopher*

**+Winner of the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry**