

## TINTERN ABBEY

W.A.C.

(A remembrance of March 9, 2001, at Monmouthshire, on the Wye)

I stood before the ancient ruins that night,  
And saw the moon in fullness shine above  
The empty arch that stood, gentle and slight,  
Guarding, even now, this temple of love  
That cloistered Cistercians for centuries  
Before another usurped the Abbey  
And left it destitute, despite their pleas--  
A monument to man's depravity.  
And yet, despite its fallen, hapless state,  
It stands, a silent sentinel of stone,  
Its nave open to the sky, the transept  
Bathed, that night, in a sweet golden tone,  
A testament to God's transcendent place  
Where he dispenses love, and peace, and grace.