

Shadowy Spire

By : **dibbledabble**

Every day when it is sunny I watch the sun rise and the shadow of the spire creep across the hill opposite my window, and on a lazy day I wait for the church bell to chime before rising. This poem is born of the juxtaposing of the spire as a sun dial and the more accurate time the bell keeps in the tower just below it. I hope it reads well, I have been fiddling with it for weeks not really sure of which way it was leading me.



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Shadowy Spire

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A shadowy spire yawns in its grassy bed,  
Sinking and shrinking away as early morning ages  
A giant sundial,  
Tall and lean strikes five AM against the farmhouse at the top of the hill.

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As early morning seeps a stubbier finger creeps north in its silent wakeup call,
Before becoming unrecognizable as a spire in the bosom of the vale.
Itâs fat weather vane cock lingering amongst the splashing ducks on the river.
Then disappears altogether,
Itâs waning as with the early morning missed by the sleepy eye.

~~~~~

Upon the hill crested in hues of local stone and glinting glass  
The spire sits tall and content of place over Cotswold homes.  
Below its rigid upturned cone is a clock face,  
With hands that creep ever forward towards the allotted time to wake.  
A Verger unlocks the church gate glancing at his digital face.  
Exactly two minutes to wait for automation to initiate.

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In the tower adorned in its stone dunces cap,
A single bell in a scale of eight,
From headstock hangs by its crown,
Its mouth poised in cahoots with the striking hammer

Shadowy Spire

Ready to end simple time.

~~~~~

All natural things are already awake, or asleep as nature dictates.

Oh sleepy heads,

Nature's time is surpassed and will be in a moment replaced

With urgency of pace.

~~~~~

Seven times clean sound resonates through the morning air.

A single note, equally spaced, deliberate and regular.

Measured and precise demanding obedience and conformity from listening ears.

Smart time is here.

~~~~~

The town stirs and rises, the day has begun and will tick on till end,

But the spire stands tall un-phased by the progression

of clanging and whirring mechanical time under its hat.

Measuring the passing of time by the warmth on its faces

And for its shadow to grow long and fade into dark whence the day is done.

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A Spire

Be a spire my friend, at least once in a while

Let the sun warm your face and time drift by like swans on a lake.

All that clanging and whirling of smart time in your head,

Shadowy Spire

Is a sure fire way to an early death bed.

Let your shadow grow tall and shrink till its small

Fade into the night and keep simple time in sight.

Aspire to be free

~~~~~

By Dibs

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