

Stonehenge

They say that we're not descended
from those who created these stones -
they say that they died from the plague
and all that is left is their bones-
their genes and their chromosomes
replaced by people from the east
with different gods and sanctuaries
so I am not the grandchild of the priest
who consecrated some primeval host
at a Neolithic eucharist celebrated
on this hilltop in Wiltshire
nor do I know what god she entreated,
the Holy Mother or the rising sun,
the resurrected youth or sacred bread,
but I do feel connected to her
by at least one plague-surviving thread,
because I feel her crying in my throat,
her tears falling on my walking-stick
as I move my eighty-six years
towards the stories of the dead and the quick.