

**Liverpool Street**

Be still, sip tea, take time to truly see  
The signs of hope amidst a frenzied crowd  
Of travellers hastening home to be  
Protected from a world grown coarse and loud.  
She is listening to an anxious child  
Whose eyes are seeking swift relief from pain;  
He is struggling to be more reconciled  
To passing years that cause him self-disdain.  
She knows she is a comforter of power;  
In his loss he recalls the loving self  
That of him made once a mighty tower  
Where friends found strength and faith and spirit's health.  
Gems glint here among the rushing throng  
And every platform hosts a muffled song.

**Poetry by Brian Thorne**

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