



The Bells

Pembroke College, Oxford

It was the bells, as we were about to leave
that suddenly broke out chiming
against the neon uplit stone-lit sky –
in a conversation, an exclamation
back and forth like raised voices: we raised our eyes
(you half in the car on the backseat, as I stood leaning)
and it was divine, a glory of bells
a raining of bells, a rainsong of bells
for as long as the rainfall in its outpouring
as we gazed up at the tower

and it was as if God saying
– in a belly voice made of brass –
Let go of all your old smaller self
and sing a new song, a wilder song with Me
closer to who I am, and you are meant to be.

Jay Ramsay, 23 April 2018