

The Masons

I have seen them leaving.
No chattering throng lingered,
the door opened just enough,
one, sometimes two emerged
then it was closed.
Opened, closed, opened, closed,
like an extended ending of ritual.

But this evening, with the curiosity
of the excluded, I sit, watching for arrivals.
The bench faces the masonic hall;
a municipal blunder maybe
or some planner's small defiance?

The first to come, I recognise
as a man of the cloth,
now, though, in the half-light,
no white blur marks his throat.
Is this omission
a periodic shedding of grace?
Will Jesus walk arm through arm with him
into this temple, or will the son of God
be left skulking at the door:
omnipotent Mammon, perhaps, irresistible
to the one, somewhat dubious to the other?