

FAITH



Lavinia Greenlaw

Watching you stalk off among the rock pools,
your gaze, a rapid adjustment of angles
as jittery and acute as a blackbird's,
I see how your black linen suit
makes you not a preacher, but a preacher's son:

Edmund Gosse, wanting nothing so much
as to abandon his creationist father,
unable to stop himself seeing further
than the cockles and anemones, the trilobites
you fear I believe were put there by God.