



Hamsey Church

The church was built upon a mound
That gave a hint of glacial ground,
For, in its drumlin shape, it seemed
Not unlike an island I once dreamed

That rose, not from a lapping sea,
But in fen and water meadow be,
Where herons with their soundless wings
Fly in a world of silent things.

And how more silent on this day
Than where the past parishioners lay,
Stilled from the wind that constant passes
Through their wilderness of grasses.

And, not insensitive, did I
Tread the path that passed them by
To tower, bricked by window screen,
And the old door locked fast had been,
Where seared through me a freezing wind
That tugged a note that had been pinned
And, through my dreamer's eyes could
see, A lesson from the young incumbency.

Young Vicar Gray was short to say
Why his church was locked this way,
His flock, by stunted lives confound,
Lay planted in this Hamsey ground.

Little left for a praising merger
Than himself and an ageing verger.
And so the silent wind did blow,
As Vicar Gray explained this so:

The church and its rusting key
Be safe in the hands of Margaret Bleagh,
And could be there collected so
And gave instructions how where to go.

Such labouring dream did make it far,
For she lived a mile by Fenning's Carr
Tracks rutted, linked the muddy pools
Where blackthorn barbs tear at fools.

And so, of breath and blood be drawn,
I pass up old Margaret's lawn.
And there upon the swinging gate,
Sadly broken in weathered state,
Frost cracked and hot sun blister,
Supports a note from Margaret's sister.

"Mrs Bleagh passed away
On a damp November's day
And rests beside the wind-blown birch
In the east of the yard at Hamsey Church".

Then slipped this key from caring hands,
Betwixt her life and death's demands,
Shuts in, forever, that holy air -
And made, for all, the silence there

William Mount.

Provided by his son Simon Mount who
commented: My father died in 2008. He had
been the Chief Landscape Architect at East
Sussex County Council and was something of a
prolific amateur poet in his retirement.

As he remarked "some poetic licence"!