

THE CATHEDRAL
IN MEMORIAM-STANTON CHAPMAN CRAWFORD

Through night its shape
Was darkness lifting from restraining dark
A spire of stillness in a fixed sleepscape,
Stalagmite stark;
And sleep
Itself was quiet with this tower to mark
Meaning which matter, given form, can keep.

The rising sun
In widening emanation brings the light
That shows the trust of heaven-aspiring stone
Whose daystruck height
Was won
For living and delight
By men unknown

If there is God
These are his worshippers whose labor springs
In arcs that praise, and we with solemn mood
Who seek the spirit that gathers disparate things
In odd
Or constellated orderings
And germinates our plenitude.

Crimson with gold
Suffused eastward, as gorgeous morning, breaks
And flows in brightness to the still threshold
Where sun with a saffron carpet makes
The cold
Bare stones a way on which one entering seeks
The wonder that, unnamed, may yet unfold.

The air within
Is stilled as in remembering reverence
Of those who saw the dream begin
But who have vanished since;
Some thin
Pale ray would seem to question "whence?"
Then draws its searching radiance in.

Our thoughts are stirred,
As though a shadow seen beneath carved groins,
A sound, dying in forestries of stone but heard,
Rejoins
Them to us in a spoken word;
But they are struck as old once-minted coins
And each fine lineament is blurred.

The earth receives
What time in wondrous ministry will change
To live as veined anatomies of leaves, as clouds that range,
As waves-
All commonplace and strange
Eternity that never grieves.

Now consecrate
Such hours, if but this day, as living gives
Beneath high pillars and stones foliate
To all that strives;
Enunciate
For him who died, is dying, or still lives
That life committed is a holy state.

Written by Lawrence Lee, March 24, 1966