

Impotent

by Rachel J. Fenton

The building
was grey, was the only thing making sense.

A spire
that had stood one hundred and forty years

fell in
a single second of the blackest day.

God's house,
wore its own mourning to drop to its knees;

doesn't point
a finger. Belief: second to nature

and children
go on swinging metal bats at empty

air whilst
balls, neon bright, go flaring by sucking

nothing in
their jet stream and behind, a row of cars,

open windowed,
play out the headlines on their radios.

