

GUTTED

Philip Higson

My comely village school is now a shell,
A stealthy canker has devoured its core:
Some foul profaner who, like many more,
Conspires to make our earth an aching hell.

The rape was sly: no passer-by could tell
What inner wounds that scarless body bore;
My comely village school is now a shell,
A stealthy canker has devoured its core.

Hid at its rear, vainglorious gates repel
All comers from where children played before;
And classrooms, in my memory's eye secure,
Are gone from where stern angels ruled us well:
My comely village school is now a shell.

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