

Lilleshall Abbey

by [Steven Michael Davies](#) in the [June 5, 2019](#) issue

Eight centuries have cut it down to size,
So now only a third of it still lies
Archaically, in its own time, yet here
Where all religious uses disappear—
Except to unbelievers, who have found,
A semblance of something in this ground
When seeing arches ending in the air
Which say while this is lost, it is still there.

They walk through ruined entrances, and doors
That lead them into missing upper floors
Or read the map, that shows them they are placed
Where past and present time are interlaced.
And some look up, in disbelief at how
This broken presence stands above them now.