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The Bells of Malvern

Randall L. Hall

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The Bells of Malvern

I

Pale light blossoms slowly in the rising mist.
It is evening and the hedgerows gleam
Around the undulating green expanse of fields.

Listen—

It is the clear and treble-noted bells of Malvern
Forming sounds upon the stillness
Floating out toward the villages and hills,
Settling deeply in the waiting stones and roses.

Children at the windows pause, and listen.
In the fields and lanes and houses
Men and women breathe the air that brims with ringing,
Filling with this time and generation stitching sound
That lingers, resonant, within the good, strong blood;
Nestling even in the bones and sinews
Of infants forming in the womb.

II

Listen Brigham, Willard, Wilford—
You can hear the slenderest echoes
Softly throbbing in the hearts
Of those you called away.

—Randall L. Hall