

## Brave Faith

Once, at the consecration  
the host rose from his hands  
like a Eucharistic moon  
that shed light  
so much brighter  
than the candlelit room  
where they met  
necessarily in secret  
those dark days.

Some recalled that night  
at his hanging – a dark death:  
lips, tongue, face, pitch-blue.

Four hundred years on:  
beheadings, burnings,  
boots on the ground,  
self-bombings  
all put up for view  
on the worldwide webscreen.

Faith - brave? blind?  
either way,  
faith gets a bad name.

What *is* faith?  
a rising above  
a shedding of light on  
these dark days.