

Reflections of St Stephen

(Acts 6:8 – 7:60)

Reports of my eloquence
are greatly exaggerated.
I had barely begun to speak
when they bundled me out of the city,
started with the stones.

Each missile that found its target
struck from my lips another word,
as though I were a flint
yielding sparks, which others
since then have fanned into fire.

Mine was a quick death. Many
have been less blessed. Which
is their day? What buildings
commemorate their witness?
Who hereafter will remember them?

Richard Skinner