

## The Stones Cry Out

*This idea is drawn from when Jesus is asked to stop his followers from sharing the good news and his reply is that even if they kept silent the stones would cry out! We wondered if the stones of our community could talk just what stories they might share.*

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd ask us why  
they're buried under layers of Tarmac  
cobble hidden so that cars can rush  
from A to B without stopping to smell the rain-  
washed strength of a million years.

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd tell a tale  
of the feet which walked  
down ancient roads which led to factory jobs  
to old-time shops with counters and chat  
to cinemas, pubs and clubs.

The stones can't talk  
But if they could they'd sing a song  
of churches walking proudly  
dancers whirling 'neath early summer sun  
while a brass band plays jubilant  
songs of contented triumph.

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd bear witness  
to blood spilled on a Friday night  
payday exuberance  
overflowing its escapist pint pot  
into argument and violence.

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd remember  
crunching blood covered bone  
in despair-driven rioting  
youths with no hope  
just an endless future.

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd predict  
a pile of rubble and dust  
homes and community smashed  
in the name of some  
faceless progress.

The stones can't talk  
But if they could they'd remember  
an encounter on the way  
Scooped up to form an altar

on a special, sacred spot

The stones can't talk  
But if they could they'd joke  
about being turned into bread  
to feed a starving monarch  
after forty days restraint  
and self-control.

The stones can't talk  
but if they could they'd weep  
as the crumbs of broken bread  
fell lightly upon them  
to be washed away by  
wine spilled at dead of night

*[share bread and wine]*

The stones can't talk  
so having feasted  
it is us who must tell the story  
of a stone rolled away  
to bring hope to a despairing world  
and life where death had triumphed.

The stones can't talk  
but we can.

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