

From Normandy to Penzance are The St Michel Abbey.
All tucked away on a hill of tidal island protection;
With the Benedict Monks of ancient medieval,
Now court in a world of modern day evil.

There pureness and wholeness is holy and high,
As the monks pray and work until death they do die.
There God is the only thing that they have to live for,
The love of the blood stained Christ in total submital.

This building is one of architectural delight.
To look on it a thousand years in broad daylight;
It reeks of relics and artefact delights.
It is the key to history of modern world rights.

With Romanesque works of many supporting pillars,
In underlying cavities of rooms full of mysteries,
I stayed their one night in the days of authenticity.
To search for the grail in the graves where the wind blows.

Now the time passes by in to the dawn of new ages,
From what gone and shone in dark ages of mysteries;
The twilight of an era and ages past in history,
Is kept secret within these walls of Mont St Michel Abbey.

From the wheel as a hoist to lift stones up and build,
To the monks and their chants and sacred performances;
While silently quiet they work to maintain it,
With salt bush mutton nearby to eat entertainment.

Now the tide comes in at a great pace and rate,
And you can be trapped on the island on Monastery confinement;

As the world comes to visit to see the dark ages of the past,
Kept and preserved in the true light of what's passed.

Signed,

Saint Benedict.