

Religion

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions
meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
And that much never can be obsolete,
Since someone will forever be
surprising
A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to
grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie round.

Philip Larkin, "Church Going"