

The king of love my shepherd is

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [September 2, 2015](#) issue

Meg went to the Tower,  
somehow passed the halberds  
of the Yeomen of the Guard  
to embrace once more the father  
whose hair shirt she washed,  
whose “wholesome counsel  
and virtuous example” she received,  
whose mind and person she loved.

Not Holbein’s Chancellor  
but an El Greco saint,  
he was led out  
carrying his red cross,  
emaciated and ready.  
He reminded the axe man  
his neck was short,  
asked him not to miss.  
Then put that noble neck  
in the arc of the block,  
and the great, wedge axe  
lopped off his blessed head.  
Faithless Henry had it put  
on a pike on London Bridge,  
a horrible deterrent to  
heroic silence.

At what cost and courage  
Margaret rescued it,  
carried it home to Canterbury,  
buried it by St. Dunstan’s Church.  
How often did she gaze from home

across to the church yard, longing  
for the King whose name is love,  
Whom she, and we, still await?