

Two Poems

Solitude

High water wild rain
Exultant tern cries freedom
In Atlantic wind.
Driftwood piled high by the fire
Burning abundance of storms.

This piece found on Tresta beach
Scoured by white salt sand
Spits fire-frosted sparks
Shifts and settles in the grate
Long slow burning of the heart.

Long cold shadows stretch
Over land of tides and sky.
Cleaned by silent time
The heart stills. A lone bird waits
Keeping watch by Bluemull Sound.

Heather Lyons

Prayer of Thomas Merton, Hermit

Root me, O God, in the silent earth
at home with the hills and the rain,
where my song can be sung by the birds
and my soul set free
to burn for the world.

Keith Griffin