

Brendan the Navigator

HE FOUNDED a house,
but hungered for homelessness.
To arrive was his snare,
to journey, his freedom.

He sought the sea's rootlessness,
peregrinatio per Dei amore,
sailed his curach from Cork
to discover his desert
in pathless waters.

He voyaged
into the unknown
to find the Land of Promise,
to show us the way home.

Columba of Iona

THE DOVE flew
to a place of water,
wind and rock,
a place beyond
sight of home,
out at earth's edge,
out where the sea drops off
into empty air.

The Dove knew
we always stand
facing the end
which makes now
sweet, full
and fragile.

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