

# 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*