

Poems by Simon Bailey

BARDSEY POEMS

The stone spins on the water
like a prayer
Today, for you,
it leaps
into the warm mists
of the bay.

The other side of the mountain
Is a steep, bleak passion.
The path stumbles
like an echo
from the cave of the heart.

I climbed across the sky –
this mountain rises
from the green sea within.

The hymn on the sea
is of light –
but the echoes are the seal's songs
from deeper places.

The mountain offers no images –
rather swallows them all,
like a black hole.

Lying on the mountain's back –
at a steep angle –
the sea below
rhymes with the sky
and I am content.

IN ST CUTHBERT'S SHRINE, DURHAM

I have sent bright names,
the coins of prayer,
over the saint's stone
in search of blessing.
One of them is yours.
There on the smooth rock
it spins in flashes
quick-minted from the light across the tomb.
And as it spins
the air's eyes seem to stare,
the shrine hushed waiting,
as if the saint's hand
were hovering ready,
cupped to catch your name
before the spinning ends

THE RUBLEV ICON (For M.E.)

In a garden
underneath the tree
where the colours flow
into each other –
yellow and green and blue;
here,
in a nimbus of strangers,
gently gesturing,
I will pray for you
while the colours flow