

Gift

I think how we were given once
a field of horses that first morning bright
in the full sunlight of the beginning.

Where have we not wandered since
putting those horses into mines to drag our coal
or through the shriek of war to drown in mud?

of Price and Worth

Let the ordinary be in your hand;
hold it open and imagine a bird landing,
offering all it possesses in trust
to come to you.

Learn to look for the little things
that weigh nothing at all,
but fill the heart with such light
they can never be measured.

Kenneth Steven is best-known as a poet, though he is also a writer of fiction. His volume of selected poems *Iona* appeared from Paraclete Press in America two years ago, and much of his writing is inspired by the Celtic Christian story. He and his wife Kristina lead annual retreats on Iona.