

SUILVEN

As I rise, each step an old day, the grain
of the mountain becomes a fiction of time.
I have walked myself into your flank of stone,
your shadows under me, drawn like an ocean,
time doubling as a memory of itself.

Symmetry of flame and bone,
the sea endlessly raises and echoes
an hour's scale of stone.

At the foot of the mountain,
we see its living line, by an eagle's tucked, its fire
spilled on time's spun check or ... if not time,
the mineral of years run together, unsleeping. As I rise,
my mind is torn into its material, each ambition
remade as the stone remains, oblivious to loss,
no less for this. To separate an hour;
an hour that speaks, is to tug a cell
and find in unseen dust an angel.

Melanie Challenger
(written for Highland Hospice)