

# The Mist

Terry Burke

Shorewards rolls the damp grey mist  
Gently shrouding black fanged rocks,  
Caressing tendrils softly kissed  
Overhanging limestone crags.  
Grey the mist, and grey the dawn  
Wheeling seagulls greet the morn.

When I was young I used to think  
That warriors rode the surging foam,  
For Mananan's hours do not sink  
Until at last they turn for home.  
Uncertain thoughts — uncertain light  
With the passing of the night.

I thought of fleeting moments past  
Of moments lived with quickening breath,  
The hastening caravan held fast  
Another life — another death;  
And in the frantic whirling round  
A time apart, a haven found.



Drawing: Cécile Wadlow