

LLANTHONY PRIORY

For Sam

I sat in St David's church
across the lane,
unravelling a darkness around Sam,

my son,
aware of the black hills
behind the rain.

Cascades
of warm water
fell from the blue glass window,

unfurling
into the hollow
in my lap,

weaving light
into the Welsh
black stone.

Through layer upon layer
of quiet
my spirit dropped,

until it met
the warm water
of an underground pool.

Soothed,
I cupped my hands
to drink.

My thirst quenched.
I absorbed a new peace
around Sam, my son.

I bathed my feet,
Pushing
my arms into light.

I remembered the prayer
Of Hannah,
Samuel's mother,

sung
from the Hebrew script.
I wandered out

into the rain drenched lane,
luminous to the scourged priory
at the mountain side.

For a moment
the rain stopped.
Echoes of night vespers

wavered in the walls.
I stood quietly
under the crumbling stone;

watching an eagle,
soar
into cloud.