

1.4 Callanish (2012)

Speechless I consort with stones
whose unimaginable age defies my mind.
What mould of men were these?
What fear, what hope and what desire
could make them set these megaliths,
and then for aeons watch
the lunar dance – the endless months,
repeated cycles, years and lives?
What the overwhelming questions
which impinged upon their lives?
And what the answers now that
I can listen for, upon this solstice
as I move, untongued, among them?

Mute they sense my passing, both of us aware
that they know that which I do not.
Ironically they observe my wandering,
yearn not to help me understand
their parentage and purpose, yet shrink not
from my hand; their posture,
grain and scale invite an
intimate, respectful touch.

Their old communion, their
familiar shapes, allotted places for
the dance they still conduct – these all
transcend my presence. I know
that all my knowledge cannot reach
the simple wisdom of these early men
for whom the light
of sun and moon and fire
was all that gave them life,
and hence required their utmost skills
to comprehend, foretell and celebrate.

Lewis, Hebrides - June 2012.