

ANCIENT LIGHT

**Pilgrimage to Iona, Scotland

The mystical sunrise of Iona
filtered through the skylight,
through John-the-potter's fingers
as he wedged the clay,
shaped the saucer,
freckled it
with blue and drips of earth,
coddled into a deep center ring
for one candle
and one wick
yet a flame
magnified a millionfold:

from Columba,
from druids,
from monks who came after,
from white petals of the burnet rose,
from moss colored cushions
stitched by a woman's hands.

Even when strong winds blow
through cottongrass
and artichokes bend like reeds,
there's a beam inside
where the heart sees,
the eyes hear,
where we absorb
the manna of pure light.

I can still hear
the ringing of the bells.