

are no divisions in nature, that
everything is part of everything

else and that we are all part of a
grand and ordered cosmic dance.

Inheritance

Yesterday I could hear always,
Among the stirring reeds,
Among the forgotten melodies,
In the recesses of patient memory,
The whine of ancient hunger
And the howl of fear.
I could see, in the aforesaid,
The bright spears of my fathers,
And their forges, drear
And dark, beside the winter sea,
In caves long hidden -
And their minstrelsy unlit by love,
Though woven with bird song,
And torn with passion
And clash of arms,
Had its sad echoes in the heart of me.

Even in childhood, by the windy shore,
When waves came crashing on the moveless rocks,
I heard the shields of Vikings smiting sore
Against each other - trembled at their shocks.

O my brave masters of the distant, cold
And comfortless past,
Was it for this?
Only an echo in an unknown mind
And marks upon a page,
And a wild cry. caught on a passing wind
Your meagre heritage?

Today the secrets of the timeless stars
Lie close at hand,
But all your glory
Born of dauntless hearts,
Crumbles upon the sand
Among your shipwrecked spars
For we have come too far, too far behind,
Too far to understand.

Marion B Alford
