

Lindisfarne Seals

Late;

the last island night.

Leaving warmth and lights behind,

we go down to the shore

into soup-thick dark,

stars unveiling.

Then, in the eastern sky,

the first silent flick of light,

and another and,

another and,

another

and . . .

Mesmerising;

fleeting gifts from Perseus.

We have gained night vision, always looking to the sky,

the sea vague and close at our feet.

Into the vast empty night we send

every star song we know.

Then, another voice, distant;

the crying of an ethereal child, doubted at first

but gathering more voices; a ghostly choir

drifting currents of salty song

from unseen rocks

to only us.

We sing back.