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## Glendalough (St. Kevin)

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## Glendalough (St. Kevin)

After a lifetime of solitude, cultivated like an empty garden,  
I allowed her in: a seed of doubt reached fruition  
choking the songbirds hymn into silence  
as things were revealed to me. Gradually,  
she removed the veils like the carving dance of the water  
falling to the stream by my cell until  
she lay naked under me:  
deep and misty as the fiery mirror of the lake at sunrise.  
With a sudden jolt of the hips  
we opened my cloistered mind,  
releasing my body into a delicious, earthbound epiphany

flowing from every-uncontainable-thing like God. I heard  
the music of the lute snaking and coiling over  
the chaste birdsongs, baring me to the glory in my senses,  
caressing and holding me in a new  
passionate joy for the finite. I awoke free from my life,  
rooted firmly within a fertile furrow  
crouched between mountains

holding back a growing world and I was afraid. Within  
my lone, stone monument to faith I contemplated: every rock  
had been a gift: blessed and familiar,  
essential of the certainty I tried to believe  
into existence. An existence in which every leaf,  
blade of grass, breath, drop of water was signed by the Artist,  
every creation a celebration of His divinity while  
I learned nothing about my world, other worlds, this world  
until I retreated here. In my cell

above the water I fast:  
meditating on sin and how little I understand of it now,  
stare at the smiling mad beauty reflected in the dark pool  
below: resisting its call to worship, wait and  
listen for birds  
after she, siren and Avatar,  
let me see  
the other signatures on creation and helped me to write my own.

*Ben Kell*