

Trinity House Colloquy (for Marion)

The Isles Madonna, rooted, grounded, earthed,
Upholds for us the Lantern she has birthed:
The Jewish child, divinity embodied,
Incarnate that all flesh might be enGodded.

Salt on his tongue and sand between his toes,
He roams the island coast with me and knows
Each inlet of the shoreline of my heart;
He's ever present, yet he must depart.

The Spirit sent to comfort in his name
Breathes breakfast charcoal embers into flames
Lighting the night for naked eyes alone,
To guide the Father's fragile foundlings home.