

Giant's Causeway

Spume flung house-high
The waves break like cymbals
Over adamantine rocks
Seething in the bay's roaring cauldron.

Walking the descent, the weather
Switches like torn paper
And needlepoint hail
Forbids backward glances,
Wind threatening, buffeting, clattering,
Implacable.

Another tear, and the wind snatches the hail away,
A pale sun weeps through the sky
Of tangible cold.
And there is the Causeway,
Immense and untouched
Histogram stepping stones to the sea.

The Chimney Stacks rise:
The unmoving finger writes
The saga on the skies, never moving on
And the Giant's Harp plays unheard melodies,
Unmoved by the water's rage below.