

The Isle of May

Oh, would I a grey monk be
captive of serenity
My solitude adorned with
a carpet of sweet buttercups
And campions

I'm cheered by silent sentinels
spired masses of rock
rooted to the sea,
Hearthstones of puffins,
kittiwakes, herring gulls
with pink legs, yellow-
footed lesser black-
backed gulls

These, my companions:
shriekers, complainers,
entertainers

My aerie, the priory
walled in for security.
Ancient warfare aside
'tis there I would abide.

Oh, for the Isle of May!

Natalie Weissman – 9/28/2005