



Rossorry Churchyard

When my world becomes too fast and hard
And my head is full of thoughts I do not need
I take myself away to a country churchyard,
To find the peace, I plead.

Beside a cut-stone church
An ancient yew tree stands.
One made by man, for God;
The other made by God, for man –
Yet both a credit to their mason's hand.
Some find you there between the walls, where they repent.
I find you here, where the chestnut falls,
With those long past lament.
Among the headstones, new and old,
I rest against the one whose name time stole.
And in the stillness of this place,
I close my eyes, to see and be
In your benevolent grace.

Peter Byrne, now living in Liverpool, was a founder member of Fermanagh Writers and the [originator of Corncrake](#).

*Image by **Kate O'Shea***