

Under the Burren Forest



High in the cool

breeze
under the Burren Forest
I lie, waiting
as millennia pass

We travelled west in wonder
seeking the sun's setting bed
till we came to the ocean,
but the waters were too wide

We came back here,
settled high in the cool breeze,
comfortable safe
among these giant boulder-stones

They are my aged familiars
I shelter between them
resting quietly, awaiting
till one day you know my story

We raised up these boulders
these interlocking erratics
we turned and inclined them, we propped
chosen ones to the sun's rise

We marked and scored them
grooved and carved them
burned and split them

Our marks are still upon them

Learn what they say
of our lives, our deaths
Learn of our ways
between these walls

Our stories are there
Ever evident
eager to be found
Look close look

I rest here still,
calling for five millennia
to those who want to
find me, to know me

High in the cool breeze
under the Burren Forest
you will find me
Waiting for you

Ken Ramsey

Photo of the Calthouse dolmen from Bards from the Woods