

The Holy Mountain

Oral Marrs

The
Holy Mountain
I
left
the sea
behind and
climbed Slemish
mountain and saw the
buzzards circle and the brown
Irish hare I skirted the steep slopes
above an ancient plain of green fields and
dry-stone walls swept by a storm grey sea I trod
a rugged path and tracked a frightened hare 'til haunted by
a spirit I stumbled in a trance It whispered ancient words familiar yet
indistinct echoes of revelation suspended in time and space I struggled to the
top and stood in Taboric light surveying a mighty plain and beyond a ceaseless sea
God is above below beyond and yet within His radiance revealing the sacred and profane



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