

POETRY

Surrender

It's all a leaving behind of sitting in bottle-necked traffic,
Getting out of the car and stretching towards the breeze,
On this softly illuminated July-night on Narin Beach.

The sea-water has mirror-glazed the strand and gifts
Twin-sisters to the sandy-coloured dunes with their spiky green hair.

Breathing-in the salty, sea-weedy air and breathing-out
Gratefully whilst looking over to Inniskeel where stones and rocks
Tell the tale of holy men's ancient prayers.

Like the sea-gull playing catch with the spray on the waves,
I desire to wander over, called by the give and take of
High tide and low tide, of praise and silence, of in-breath and out-breath.

It is their turning-point, their tipping-point that
Becomes their centre-point. Tide. Prayer. Breath.

The rhythm surrounding me draws forth the rhythm within.
And anchors me in my centre-point,
The Creator of Rhythm itself.

Elisabeth Öhlböck

