

## Gàirnealachd

Air a ghlùinean sa ghàrradh  
a' cruinneachadh ùir  
mar ùrnaigh na làmhan,

a mheuran mar bhilean  
ag altachadh bhriathran  
gu gach aiseirigh bhliadhnail,  
gach blàth na mhìorbhuil,  
gach solas chaidh ghineadh à dorchad.

Ann an fionnarachd an oisein,  
fada bho lasraichean-teine  
no sùilean sluaigh,  
chì e gathan grèin na òr-spruilleag  
air dhuilleig Eden,  
drùthag uisge na  
boinneag fala, 'fosgladh  
geata a Ghethsemane fhèin.

Lionadh e a làmhan le ùir  
is dhòrtadh e air a cheann i,  
ga bhaisteadh fhèin, smùir  
agus fallas a ghnùis,  
a' tilleadh a-rithis,  
a' mùchadh a chinn, a chuimhne,  
gach peacadh rinn gach athair  
no mac màthair riamh air thalamh  
air an glanadh air falbh.

Lìonadh e a shùilean,  
a chuinnleanan, a bheul  
le blas nan gràs.

Dall mar a chiad latha,  
aithnichidh e a ghlasrach  
mar thèarmann,  
'ga bheòthachadh.

## **Gardening**

On his knees in the garden  
gathering earth  
like a prayer in his hands,

his fingers like lips  
giving words of grace  
to each annual resurrection,  
each blossom a marvel,  
each light with genesis in dark.

In the cool of the corner,  
far from the fire-flames  
or the public eye,  
he sees a sun-dart as gold fragment  
on his leaf of Eden,  
a droplet of water as  
a bead of sweat, opening  
the gate of his own Gethsemane.

He fills his hands with earth  
and pours it on his head,  
baptising himself, dust  
and sweat of his brow,  
returning again,  
smothering his head, his memory,  
each sin committed by a father  
or mother's son ever on earth  
washed away.

He fills his eyes,  
his nostrils, his mouth  
with the taste of grace.

Blind like the first day,  
he sees his rough land  
as a refuge,  
reviving him.