

MARK D. HART

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Skellig Michael

*Irish monks inhabited this steep rock  
(sceillic) island for six centuries*

Hold fast to that sturdy rock that will not fail,  
not to the frail *curragh* of your bones.  
*Seek first God's Kingdom.* On this island crag,

halfway to heaven and hoping to grow wings,  
up with the gulls and puffins, one is liable  
to hear angels, even old Michael himself.

Beehives for honey of a rarer sort—  
the mind's clamor calm above the ocean seethe,  
a thousand seabirds shrieking with the dawn.

Holing up here was not to despise this world  
but to taste the sweet, inner meat of freedom  
once the hazel nut of sorrow has been cracked.

And then, to hear the music in the stones,  
fledge from those corbelled nests and finally fly!  
The wind's trumpet of glory flares in my ears.

HERON TREE  
26 July 2015  
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## ABOUT MARK D. HART

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Mark D. Hart is the author of *Boy Singing to Cattle* (Pearl Editions 2013), and his poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *Poetry East*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Rattle*, and *Tar River Poetry*. He received an MA in counseling at Seattle University and a PhD in theology at Boston College. He is a licensed mental health counselor, a Buddhist meditation teacher, and a religious advisor at Amherst College. He lives in Amherst, Massachusetts, and can be found online at [markhartpoetry.com](http://markhartpoetry.com).

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