

## Bethany

I read ,, (present tense) ... Or read ... (past tense)

Poems of love

Which used words like my pulse,  
My heart, my treasure, or intent,  
my desire, my vision, m'aisling ...

But which also spoke of power,  
of a form of harshness  
arisen from nature  
the wind, the mountains,  
the rain and sea,  
of heather, tho an image of beauty,  
whose second meaning is fury.

And I thought, first, of you.  
Then others, too,  
But first - of your face and form,  
of your certainty that you belonged,  
And I heard in your voice,  
Saw in your posture, so erect.

As you described, how here on this earth,  
You had found your place,  
equal among humankind,  
yet with the power to breath  
into others, belief in a future,  
without being blind to the rigors which lay ahead.

And I stopped. Stopped reading – to let that pulse of emotive thought  
Shower me with all that it meant.

And I sat. Alone. On this breezy, chill morn,  
The wind whistling thru the partly-opened window,  
And wrote this letter to you.

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I woke this morn, went to the kitchen to sip coffee and read, a current habit. I chose a book, *AG TNÚTH LEIS AN tSOLAS* - a book of poems, written in Irish by Cathal Ó Searcaigh. The title means 'longing for the light'. And the above is what happened before 8am.

PS: I hesitated to send this to you lest you find it inappropriate or insincere. But I feel a need to say what's on my mind - all fully innocent and real. PPS: m'aisling = mo aisling or my vision.