

## I PLACE MY LIFE

*By* DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

I place my life  
upon this rock,  
against this sea  
to breathe, to love  
this fog-spilt air.

Deep in the rock  
beats the salt heart;  
under granite  
the grey mother  
prays in her folds,  
her ancient arms  
under the rock  
in the castle  
grey and pounding.

Against this sea  
the land follows  
a task of time,  
the beach is white,  
the threshold waits,  
and the castle  
turns to air.

I place my life  
upon this rock,  
my hands hark  
to mew and cry  
of sea-birds' lives  
at the going  
down of the rock.