

## St Benet's Abbey Horizon

Far below the bird's soaring  
wing  
we wend our way onwards  
as pilgrims on paths and  
rivers  
have passed before this  
moment  
Every step gone in a tick of  
time

I feel a mighty stillness here  
I'm small amidst the vastness  
here  
a sense of wonder as I  
wander here  
peace of mind and calmness  
here

Tinsel rustle in the breeze  
of restless grass and reed  
Distant dog bark blown,  
spectral.  
Chirrup and chatter of tiny  
birds unseen  
and, at my feet,  
scurries in the shadows

I feel a mighty stillness here  
I'm small amidst the vastness  
here  
a sense of wonder as I  
wander here  
peace of mind and calmness  
here

Mute swan serenity  
on a ribbon of silver water  
Insistent hollow burble of  
river boat motors  
toiling  
Yet still  
daily cares diminish beneath  
this widest sky

I feel a mighty stillness here  
I'm small amidst the vastness  
here  
a sense of wonder as I  
wander here  
peace of mind and calmness  
here

The red brick mill  
and ancient gatehouse  
always still and looming  
And upon a Norfolk hill,  
jagged lines of wall  
How the mighty fall

*Colin Howey*