

## **Doom Bar**

Shells entwine with the seawrack, tidal sand  
holds firm beneath the prow of a boat driven  
before a storm, pilgrims spared a death without  
pity on the rocks but snared by the Doom Bar,

pulpit in the parish church scallop-covered, how  
many have passed through, the journey ahead  
no more than hope, all paths a mystery, where  
demons lurk, and bogs could mire you down –

what of our old Cornish saints, Enodoc, Minver  
and Pedroc – surely it's enough in these times  
to follow a simple life – do we need a saint  
beyond another shore – enough to till an

unyielding soil, roots in the earth, no need  
for boots, all journeys done, God lies in the  
wind and sky and silence – and yet, and yet,  
restless in our stillness, could he lie beyond...

listen, there are murmurings of a greater glory,  
beyond the sunset, where lies an earthly paradise,  
saints have left no relics, all is green and lush –  
and even the birds sing psalms.

Chris Collier/August 2015