

## A DISTANT CENOTAPH

The dancing wind, rattling through rusting barbed wire fences

Remembering Winter storms

Skimming the waves

To ring the tidal bell.

Placed for now

Yet looking as far forward

As the iron-age house looks back

Whispering through dry-eyed stone walls

To honour Neil Gordon

Killed at sea

Wrapped together with his friends

“In their death they were not divided”