

From Lindisfarne

by [Ann Horn](#) in the [July 27, 2004](#) issue

The route wends rock
to slippery rock, round
seaweed clumps bared

by ebbing tide, from
ruined priory to sunlit
isle lush with flowers

and blowing grass—
hermitage for pilgrims
hastening on. At the

cathedral light filters
into Saint Cuthbert's
shrine, where sculpted

stone lauds the Christ,
who twines all storied

with his.