

# 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.