

The Saddle of the Sea

By Margaret Kelly

As I sit and look upon the saddle rock
The waves at its foot like a frilly frock
Bringing comfort and reassurance of the world's continuity and
endurance
How many have sat and admired as it rode the sea and never
tired
Sometimes a sea of peaceful beauty or, at others, a storm-filled
fury
From Brackna, Sandport, Port Mor or the pier
It may seem to some cold and austere
But to the man who toils the sea, a welcome beacon it must
surely be
If it could only its story tell, of the changes wrought by ebb and
swell
Being at once the bountiful giver and a purveyor of death,
making us shiver
But its power and beauty are like an addiction and I wallow in
its glorious perfection
As I watch a wave, another chasing, a salty taste upon my lips
and pulses racing
This wild and wind-swept coast will forever be the place I love
the most
And, in my heart, it gives me pleasure to close my eyes and
view my seascape treasure