

Poetry Series

Tim Caton
- poems -

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I'm a Registered Psychiatric Nurse working on a specialist admission ward for people with learning disabilities. First began to write poetry in New Zealand in 1972. Had some poems published in various anthologies but have not yet put a book together. Be nice to have some feedback on my poetry from whoever may read any I put on this site.

She Came To Capture His Glory

Her tall figure graced the skyline
Of the ridge, slender in its fine
Afrikaans heritage, her head held downwards
Against the force of the wind, pushing forwards
Unable to unbend, her face taut, transfixed by the wind.

The rocky cliffs above St Nons bay, exhilarated her
Flinging her words away, across the angry water
Her empty mouth working silently, her hands clasping
The camera to her eye gently, sucking in her breath then gasping
Filling her lungs ravenously, filling the lens covetously.

Seagulls screeched and wheeled, the sainted well wept
Pilgrims kneeled, St David slept
His mothers empty womb a memory, drew in the curious and the sincere
Seekers of healing and history, who came to pray and to peer
Whilst she came to capture the glory, not of well or birthplace but Gods artistry.

His hand-painted sky, His hand-sculptured sea
Hung around her eye, as she wondered and wandered His gallery
Worshipping, the grey rocky coastline
Angry and forbidding, yet worshipping with heart skipping to the music of time
Awestruck and dancing, she bowed for Him who is the end and the beginning.

Tim Caton