



# Hymn of Entry

(for Sophia Nugent-Siegal)

Falling: the mist aspiring to be rain.  
Rising: something in the breast of the finch on the teasel,  
Something in the heart of the hare, the stone hare  
In the stone wall. Once it was a leveret  
Thrumming the grass in April,  
Bounding up the boreen and through the gate,  
Hunched in the bracken by the mossy ruin.  
But there are lines you don't cross out here,  
Paths the Gentry stream down when the moon is up.  
They come out of the barrows in the thin places,  
They flow down from the forts and knock the piled stones.  
Sometimes you hear it, the high humming of the legions.  
Then, you stay inside, you light candles and pray.

So that was the leveret: turned to stone  
He sits on the field line, chin upturned to sky.  
They all seek hope, even those who now are stone,  
Even those in the wrong place  
At the wrong time.  
A lot of lines are crossed out here,  
A lot of people live with hearts turned to stone.  
A lot of people look up to the sky.  
They pray when they think that no-one can see them.  
They want the return of things  
That were never theirs to keep.

Me, I spent too long looking for answers,  
Looking for someone to blame,  
And so my heart turned to stone  
And I joined my neighbours and the hare  
And the dancing maidens on the ferny summit  
And I was angry, so angry.

But then there was a day when the rain came,  
The rain came from a bowed cloud,  
From blue and orange and green and violet,  
From uncreated light, and—look—now  
There is a gap in the wall. The hare is gone.  
It seems that stone, even stone can run  
Like blood and tears in rain,  
That every rock aspiring to be river  
May one day find the light.

This is senseless talk, I know.  
But poetry should not make sense, it should make  
Patterns: sunlight on the water, cloudbanks  
Splitting, casting over mountains mist and rain  
And white and fathom, until gaping we are swallowed  
And in some strange sea we drown.

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