

RHYTHM



Dympna - On your Anniversary

You sat in the corner scanning the world about you,
you saw it sway, dance, whisper and shout.

Yet you always eased into a place of comfort despite the chaos of the night.

Unperturbed, your rhythm held the tune - never was it lost to distraction or fault.
for to see the world as you saw it was the act of an artist or poet;
you gave generous expression but in the giving nothing of you was ever stolen or betrayed.

In the lanes of Lissycasey you found your soul among clan and tune
revelling always in what was old and true - it was there that you found the depth that you
breathed into things.

You rose above others with your skill and elegance, acknowledged by all but you,
and with a charming glint you cautiously dodged the well-crafted compliment.

The cloud came and in its shadow you struggled for light.

The God you believed in seemed deaf to your need yet your voice continued to penetrate the
darkness with darts of anguish and love.

Your tunes no longer just rest on the ear but tear at our soul;

Your memory evokes the pain of passing and the oh so shortened privilege of our knowing,
seeing, hearing and sharing what is the tender beauty of your art and of your soul.

We'd love you among us still to lilt and to laugh, to dance and to delve
and to be held by that rhythm that always carved a tunnel into our hearts.

It had a way of making us feel at home while far from a familiar door.

Be at peace now sister, wake us up to the limitedness of what we call life and draw us into the deep
and magical rhythm of the place where you dwell.