

Walking Together – A True Story

He helped me on my way
as I was lost and it was dusk.
He looked an honest older man,
grey bearded, in a long grey coat –
the sleeves were of the Lombard sort,
old fashioned, and he wore a hat –
broad brimmed and black, tied down below
his chestnut face which creased and cracked
around his eyes. A wand of white
he carried. There is no more that I can tell
except to say his speech was sung
and in another different tongue
and he was only three feet high.

The path appeared. I started off
then turned to thank him, but he'd gone –
he'd vanished. There was nothing left
except this wand I'm using now
to heal, give succour and to help
all those I meet who've lost their way.

*Bessie Dunlop, of Lyne in Ayrshire
Burnt in 1576 for witchcraft and communing with fairies.*