

Retirement

By David Scott

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I'll go into a wood, a barn, a room
and not come out until my heart
is settled back on God the pivot,
I the balance. A chance for poise
to get my giddy head becalmed
into stillness that absorbs. I wonder what?
Things I dare not write for fear
they might be so, the illness worse,
or better.
I'll enter into converse with my soul
and hope again to learn a love for others,
and of others love for me.
To stop doing one thing, and discover
what refuses to be laid aside.
Nothing new perhaps; just former things
attentively revived.

David Scott, *Beyond the Drift - New and Selected Poems*, 2014, Bloodaxe Books