

## The Tinkers' Heart

The sweet spot, where a trinity  
of minor roads converge.  
A white quartz heart  
of twenty-six bright stones.  
This bonny constellation,  
laid by traveller wives,  
invites us back to bless a child,  
marry, commemorate our dead.

What need have we for walls?  
Altar: this drystone dyke  
arrayed with sacraments  
of lichen and a wren's nest.  
Font: that hazel-rimmed lochan.  
Wild *Amens* are grasses blowing,  
seeds dispersing, fragrant pollen,  
stories spoken; our liturgy of  
harvests and berry fields.

A buzzard calls your name  
into the wind; cacophonies  
of praise and lament until  
all is sacred, still.