

The Lost

I don't go there if I can help it, hardly anyone does.

It's because of the feeling, the feeling you get as you come out of the wood onto that point of land where the trees stop and the scrub and thorn bushes blend into the rocks jutting out into the sea----

They say it's because she sat there, on that farthest point of land, away from the shelter of the trees, lashed by the weather and always rocking, rocking to and fro and wailing, keening my mother called it, the sound of an animal in pain—on and on and on with only an old scrap of a shawl wrapped round her— I never saw her, she died before I was born. They found her body one March morning when the first warm sun of spring was stroking the shore—but too late to warm her frozen heart.

They say her man had gone, left the land to escape his fate, punishment for some heinous crime, I don't know what-

He never came back.

But she's still there- in the moaning of the wind and the endless tears of winter rain.

Sheena