

## **Anno Domini**

On the side of a hill in Bannockpace  
there's a beautiful but awkward place  
where the scent of the valley of purple heather  
is mist to those here gathered together

where rabbits in their innocence  
infringe our most instinctive sense  
where a bird can lie with wing half-torn  
unheard from dusk till early morn

where the wind cries out for a sleeping nation  
and the flowers weep in desperation  
where the headstones bow in sympathy  
and life is put simple:

Born/Died <year> A.D.