

grafarkirkja

but for the guidebook
we would've missed this place
camouflaged by the turf
above and around it
dwarfed by the mountains behind

people worshipped here
for less than a century
which somehow
doesn't feel fitting
even now

I wonder about
the congregation
people sitting
shoulder to shoulder
in tightly packed pews

a place where privacy
was no doubt scarce
everyone knowing
despite your yearning
to keep your business quiet

in this vast landscape
life might still feel small
as closed in
as the turf packed walls
in which you prayed
because you had
little if any choice

I used to think I must go
to a bigger place
for life to expand
so I moved to a city
far from home

only then did I realise
that horizons grow
from within not without

the world can be
as tiny as the blades of grass
on this turf roof
or as wide as the valley beyond
the mountain behind
the sky above

every day
can be different
or the same
the joy of it
is the choosing