

## 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