

David Canning

## Trespass

Now, what is the source of our grief?  
To be confined to the narrow way,  
not slip to the other side of the wire,  
digress from the evangelical confines  
of the permitted path narrowly  
edging the brow of the hill.

It will not do to hover over margins,  
the Kingdom is up in the wilderness  
among the purple heather and grey rocks  
of Kinder Scout, in the profane questions  
we permit ourselves to ask: why  
should we not walk here?

I still seek the laying on of hands,  
the words of him who freed us  
from priestly rules and money-changers,  
but when up among the clouds I pray:

*Our Father of the black earth,  
hallowed be the moors,  
their desolation, my passion, redeems  
in the sunlight and in the rain.*

I believe there is beauty in straying;  
at the summit I feel no guilt.