

**Corrymeela Writing Group**  
**Thursday 5 November 2009**

I am hand  
I am held

I am an autobiography  
I am a binary conundrum

I am jumping around  
I am lying about

I am flying so high  
I am skipping the surface

I am  
lost / alone / fearful  
homeless / hurting / hopeless

I am  
loved / joyful / home  
happy / certain / settled

I am  
/ transformed /

He is the lighthouse for my motion  
He is the anchor of my boat

He is the skilled lifeguard  
He is the king of the ball

(And He is the one who knows it all)

You are  
a key  
that  
swings  
on a  
chain

a room  
with no  
windows  
or bars

Please cross out as you see fit:

I am here / I am there  
I am early / late  
I am hostess / visitor  
I am busy-bee / roosting bird  
I am the Sunday papers / keeping fit  
I am stone of mountain / king of ocean  
I am a giant / I am a giant

You are cells  
splitting to many  
You are. You are. You are

I am the first breath from the womb  
(from the hard worked earth of this land)

I am the tide-change of dawn  
(a matin's sigh of hope)

I am the meitheal of eventide  
(vespers upon dappled sands)

I am the living being of an island  
(I am. I am. I am)

I am the woman from the country  
of silence and bombs

I am the word inside  
a space where nothing is written

Wading birds' wings  
Flutter the day's last note

The sound of waves has changed  
and faintly underscores the end

*Amen Amen*

Everything is lesson:  
the catapulting moon

the hook in the line left dangling  
dawn's opportunity

*Alleluia Alleluia*

He is the father at home  
I am the son away  
He does not play games often  
I am the one who loves playing games

He loves going running  
I love walking by the sea  
He likes to read books  
I like to watch TV

I am the silver ocean  
I am the white cliffs of Rathlin  
I am the strong wind that carves  
I am the seaman sailing homeward  
I am the mother, here

I am the mother, hen  
I am the ages past to come  
I am the bird soaring above  
I am the silence of the snake  
I am the croak of the frog  
I am the heart of the giraffe  
I am the feet of the elephant  
I am the dog barking  
I am the bird who twitters  
I am sound stopped in the ear

I am the girl who says nothing  
I am the park without a swing  
I am the Christmas without a tree  
I am the car that cannot go  
I am the old man in his rocking chair

I am the woman in the wood  
I am light rain that soaks  
I am all you are – and are not

I am the beauty of her sunset  
I am the hand she strokes you with  
I am alone with her thoughts

I am a piece of barley  
in a thick vegetable soup  
stirred and eaten by a Shrek-like creature  
(unaware) innocent of its own power  
Gulp!

I am a little black dress  
But I am brightly coloured

Who is this  
blinking and  
staring at me,  
who I can  
but cannot see?

I am your reflection  
I am your smile  
I am your tear  
I am your today  
I am your yesterday

Who is this  
blinking and  
staring at me,  
who I can  
but cannot see?