

Anne dear,

This is a copy of a poem written by Daddy's mother as she lay sleepless one night during a typical Yucca storm. Just goes to show that people often do feel very deeply about things that they have to accept, because they have no alternative. How she must have longed for a garden, on that windswept treeless island + how one senses the depth of the mind, that was compelled to tolerate the narrowness of the life imposed upon her. When as she says, the only run was a death or a better.  
Poor, poor, soul.

Oh Isle of the white crested wave,  
Oh Isle of the turbulent sea  
Oh Isle of the white foaming spray  
Thou low lying Isle of Yvie

I am sick of thy bare rugged rocks  
The monotonous white of thy sand  
The steels with their white flowing manes  
As they wildly leap up on the land

I am sick of the sameness each day  
The name is a death or a birth.  
Can the mail be landed today?  
Is the wind from the south or the north?

No tree to welcome the Angel of Spring  
As she skips o'er the "machair" so bare  
No flowerlet or shrub to awake as he touch  
Ah naught but the dairy is there

I long for the sight of the heath  
The Hazel, the Birch & the Broom  
I long for some green leafy dell  
And the Hawthorn's delightful perfume.

The fledglings have taken the wing  
They have sought out a sunny chime  
When the last leaves the storm battered nest  
The Hen Bird may lie down & die.