

DOTTIR

If she had lived she might have asked,  
*How did the world begin, was it like  
the fires and lava from Hekla?  
Where did the flowers and birds come from?  
How did we get here? Do we all have to die?*

This is a riven land, ocean fires, ash and magma.  
Here at Myvatn there was miracle, they say,  
three hundred years ago: fires burning up the sky,  
farms and buildings lashed by dragon tongues  
of incandescent rock. The priest prayed,  
the lava stopped, the church was saved.

There is a new church now, so white against  
the black basalt. Garden flowers are fed  
by fertile soil and the long light of summer.  
On her grave lie pansies with sad smiles.  
Such a short life and Life from fire,  
so long in evolving.

*DOTTIR  
SOLVEIGAR OG SIGFUSAR  
I VOGUM  
f 18.8.1912 - d 19.8.1912*