

## Mountain writing competition 2020

### Poetry 2<sup>nd</sup> prize

#### Beneath Beinn Tharsuinn

By Urias Hughes

**“I am originally North Wales but have lived in the Highlands for a while and love hill walking and being outdoors as well as writing.”**

There was the burn beneath Beinn Tharsuinn where  
the moss, the ferns grew thick and green in the  
lull of a gust's cold embrace.

The peatlands were laid out before us like a rusty  
map of earth and stone and the pulsing veins of  
water were like sour kisses giving life where  
the soil's love was thin.

There was the ruin too like an echo of days past; lichen  
songs on the moor, wind-bitten, where a young  
rowan raised herself from the peat.

And we ran together.

Light-stepping across the rough ground to the bones  
of that house where only the wildflowers can tell its  
history.

You taught me the lessons of earth, of stone, of time  
and here the clock seems to  
stop

while the water keeps her steady flow  
at the burn beneath Beinn Tharsuinn.