



Mountain Writing Competition 2024

3rd Prize: Poetry

***Gorton*, by Gordon Bell**

It's not far to Gorton
In the sharp night,
with ringing boots
on concrete path
the silvery wink
of one-eyed cats
and the star white
on the bealach
of Achallader
It's not far to Gorton
in blue-black light
bleached planks stark
on the drunken bridge
the burn dried out
from it's last great binge
and the star bright
on the glowering ridge
of Achallader
It's not far to Gorton
in menthol air
with searing lungs
in rasping chest
limbs chilled cold
that dare not rest
and the star glares
on the darkening crest
of Achallader
It's not far to Gorton
in candled nights
of fitful doss
warm yellows dip
through brittle glass
chilled silver slips
as the star lights
on the topmost tip
of Achallader