

Mountain writing competition 2020

Poetry 3rd prize

Ben Mor Coigach dawn

By Karen Macfarlane

“I live in Perthshire and spend as much time as possible in the north-west highlands, usually with a notebook and pen in my rucksack.”

At the southern fringe of her kingdom,
Ben Mhor Coigach holds court
at dawn. A stole of white cloud,
soft as ermine, is draped
round one sandstone shoulder.
The sun, her consort, joyfully crowns
her craggy brow with gold.
The sea, her lover, casts up
strings of living diamonds
sparkling at her feet. The diamonds dance
on the waves, chased
by two swooping terns, bold thieves,
themselves eyed by a cutpurse skua.
The east wind, court jester, bounces in,
tugs and twists the ermine cloud,
twitching, frisking, fraying, until
it's gone
and the mountain stands
unclothed, free and serene
to bestow her blessing
on the day.