

Resurrection 1959

by Jack Hastie

Get pissed on daft Friday evenings
in the Clachaig or the Kingshouse.
Put up a tent by Jacksonville
or doss in Downey`s barn
under an old overcoat
without benefit of airbed or sleeping bag.
Pump up a brass primus
and fork baked beans round a mess tin.
Saturday mornings;
abyss below my heels
on the Rannoch Wall.
Austere blue spaces
soaring to infinity
from the saw-sharp cat walk
of the Aonach Eagach.
Once
in blind silver mist
that stung like aftershave
cutting love bites
in the beautiful, milk smooth throat
of Twisting Gully.
These were my ultimate places
my ladders to Paradise.
Get guttered on dirty Sunday nights
down the brutal, gridlocked Lochside road.

Monday mornings
numb awakening
to my endless premature re-burial
among the standard minute values of machines
that tell the hours of nights and days
of weeks and works
season after season after season
to the horizon of my years.

Every good Friday
a resurrection.

The summits and the routes
were like spirits
and I stepped among them
as an equal
like a risen god.