

Mountaineering Writing Competition 2022

3rd Equal Prize, Poetry

Coire an Dubh-lochain

By Malcolm Duckworth

Malcolm is a mountaineer, member of the British Association of International Mountain Leaders, photographer and former Mountain Rescue Team Leader.

*The longing
Driving me North
I come for the silence
Silence demands reverence
The soft noise of my soul
I come for the sound
The rifle shot crack of rock
An ancient glacial echo
I come for the north wind
Boreas
Tangled in the dark rocks
I come for the chasm of deep time
To take stock
For absence, to be lost
I come for the vast night
The blowing darkness
The pressing blackness
I come for the stars
Their reassuring compass
Light from before time
I come for the aurora's sheen
A green arc
Bleeding into the stars
I come for the snow moon
The glacial stillness
The elemental whiteness
I come for the awakening
Dawn light
Lost in the obsidian black loch
I come for Polypod's Groove
Its snows verticality
Dark matter gravity
I come for the cosmic algorithm*