

1st prize, poetry

Suilven

By Pippa Little

Pippa Little is a Scots poet who fell in love with Suilven when invited to Glencanisp after winning the Norman MacCaig Centenary Poetry Prize.



A Viking helmet
named by seaborne Norsemen

yet seen from my window
you seem more womanly –

domed, sky-dipped
and warmed in evening colours:

I grieve the path I never followed, from lodge
to stream, rising through the gap

in the famine wall, and on to Caisteal Liath
where the world falls away:

I dream
my feet on the stone of you

as so many footsoles far
in time and farther still in distance

came and were more
than their small encumbered lives

for that one in-breath
catching fire, in your

hold of high blue air
letting go