

Thoughts by the Shelterstone

By Linda Beaton

Loch A'an
glittering tear of Cairngorm
wept deep beneath the rape
of man's developments.

Here her spirit can find sanctuary
away from argument
and erosion's sterile tide.

Above a frozen landscape
stencilled by a plovers
lonely cry,
a thread of gold illuminates
inside a storm sky.
But as the fingers
of a yellow sun
shrink winter's mask
to ashen strings,
she will rise
from its withering chrysalis
into a fragile Spring.

But a champion tilts
above the legions
round her shore,
juxtaposed
to man's indifference.
Mute guardian
of the chronicles which testify
to a far more noble
countenance.

For through the centuries
he has prepared a rest
for the wanderer's untainted pilgrimage.
Laylines thread with love across her bones
and mapped in chronicles
for our inheritance
as pearls
strung inside a stone.