

Glory

By S Miller

The bruised and burning evening sky hung silent to the west
on frozen heights the mountains blushed to every snowy crest.
Icy chill sank in the glens and mixed in fading light
with shadows, as the dog star announced the coming night.
Dusk, then dark, spread and thickened, with every minute colder.
Not one word moved between us two perched there on Starav's shoulder.
Serene amid the gloom below Loch Etive slender stretched.
A jagged limb that reaches far to ceaseless waters fetch,
From crowding hills which closely press her narrow waisted sides.
Such brawny granite massifs her graceful reach divides.
Till at her elbow rise Cruachans looming keeps
From where among more gentle braes Loch Etive seaward sweeps.
West beyond the isles the sun is all but gone.
It's heat was little felt today for all it brightly shone.
Only now when radiance removes to leave still night
Do we appreciate how much it had deflected winter's bite.
So clear and pure the air today seemed new to breath and sight
Its clarity enough to reach a million stars tonight.
We climbed these heights in perfect time to witness first hand
The day's halcyon beauty enchant this mountain land.
The clarity that gave us views of sweeping, crested wonder
Is formed into a memory that time could never plunder.
That I will carry with me from now into old age
As faithfully recorded a any written page.
At work or on winters night, beside a homely blaze.

Revisiting the glory of mountain days.