

Brewing up, Ardnamurchan
By James Turner

The stove whispers to itself and a sharp
Smack of meths lingers in the windless air.
Before us a world reels; islands darken
And slowly rip back from the reddening flare
Of the sun which jealous, burns
As we sit still and stare.

The pan roars quietly. Lifting the lid
You watch, willing bubbles to get bigger.
I watch your skin. Fiery light sets your cheeks
Ablaze and tiny shards of rock shimmer,
A silicate glitter caught in sweat,
Suncream and midge repellent smear.

I take the cups and let enamel cool
My palms where hot needles burn. All day black,
Smoky gabbro, petrified lava, rough,
Seamed, cracked has worn a fire of rock
Into my hands. As you pour tea
The blood red sun dies in your cheek.

It's darker now, clothes flap in an onshore breeze
And through the haze of heather, sweat and heat
The scent of tea clears the senses. You turn,
Say nothing, but gaze 'til our eyes must meet.