

Episodes - East ToWest
By Roderick Manson

1. The Dornoch Firth's glutinous mudflats like me,
want to keep me in their naked anticipation of the incoming tide.
I turn my back on their need.

2. The inevitable road is hard and dry -
tarmacadaming the soles,
liquefying the cloth that greases my skin.
Midsummer twilight at the fire of years.

3. Alladale glimmers hospitably;
the bothy denizens, curious like wildcats,
drinking for the dawn's oblivion.

4. Spaghnum sponges cotton dark;
ptarmigan's gravelled greeting grallochs
Carn a' Choin Deirg's monolight sprawl.

5. Maze-like trencheshold the col
before the crescent lunar rampart -
a rigid highway to hidden stars
and Carn Ban's balded pate.

6. Waves of millenia on crazy-paved peat
guarding the bare flanks of corries
more vertical than height.

7. The vampire mist sinks teeth in Seana Bhraigh.
Bloodless the view from the whisky summit.
Wanton in the distant afterglow,
one coy glance from my own long past.

8. A tottering terminal glide of time
descends by fragile degrees

to the west of silence.

9. Echoes of the shepherd,

Loch Broom's saline recessional

to ancient future twilight.