

Eagle, Sgurr Thuilm
By Jim Turner

Your eyes, your gold flaring eyes held me, still.

We met, of course, when least expected. Chance.

My bog-dull thoughts were trundling, heavy, 'til

Swooping, you stole them with a piercing glance.

Still, I stood, while the air fizzed and droned

And insects smelt sweat and crawled. A bead hung,

Gathered and then with a rush dropped, stoned,

Towards a ground to which I barely clung

Where a heady reek of heather and peat

Swam and swirled up to meet the steel grey rock

Where you stood, still. The crawling noise, the heat,

I lost in your calm cool gaze. I stood, stock

Still.

Your head shifts. A gold rimmed wingbeat

And I'm left, stunned in the thick reeking heat.