

Passing Loch Eriboll
By Jim Turner

A wind frets at the shore

While high above Cranstackie draws a veil

Over grey shoulders of crumbling rock.

On the water white horses roar

A brief, gleaming defiance as their tails

Streak, then fade in the dark shadows of the Loch.

We pedal, pushed on now by a wind

Which, swithering over the great angle

Of Sutherland swings north and tugs, teasing

Shreds of cloud that clutch and cleave to the hill.

They blow off. They sail, alone, past a bay,

Past the red rocks where we bask and watch spray

Peel from sunlit waves; they pass out to sea

Where horses still rise, fade and cease to be.