

Festive Triptych

By Roderick Manson

1. Ben Vrackie (11.35 p.m., 24/12/08)

Between the cloud-blanket

and the lucent river-mist

lies the mountain

and its mirror-lochan

reflecting an ochre cloud-band

and my innominate fear.

2. Schiehallion (11.55 p.m., 31/12/08)

The sky a colander

shines stars through the straining holes

as if to light the coal-cellar dark

(without effect).

Strange that in a land of darkness and ice

I fly.

3. Carn an Tuirc (10.05 a.m. 1/1/09)

I trudge through cloud,

grey-mirroring the wafer-snow,

which sits as if unwilling to make the effort

to find something better to do.

It spits snowflakes at me

more out of habit than active malice.

A still life in whiteout –
all mine.