

Ruined Broch (Clachtoll)

A landscape of salt and peat.

Rust water flowing down to the sea;

the Atlantic swell roars.

Clachtoll.

Time has worn down the stone,

bleeding to the hunger of abrading waves.

A ruin lies in scattered slabs,

land and sea collide

at the end of all worlds.

White horses dance,

rearing their heads in defiance

to Sgeir na Tràghad

at the edge of this world.

Turn to the stone and see millennia cutting

across this land, myriads of peatscapes

and abandoned skeletons of houses

amid outcrops that cry out

between sea and sky.

At last, all the pieces,

the whole pattern of time interlaced.

And once from the high summit,

the solitary figure would watch the dawn come up,

Knowing this landscape of bitter soil

and sha t te re d stone would outlive us all.