

Loch Lyon

We are affected strangely by any place from which the tide of life has ebbed.

Neil Gunn

/ My heart is a stone wall breaching
the water's surface/ in a spring of drought.

My heart is a set of hand shears left on top
of a wall / in the middle of another century.

My heart is rusted blades / coming up for air.
/ My heart is a reservoir for hands that gripped

/ for collaborations between muscle, wool,
steel / for the warm grease of lanolin / family.

My heart is a stride that covers hillsides
/ my heart a reservoir for backward glances

like the woman and pony who bend to drink
/ a thousand questions on their tongues

/ like my heart / thirsty.