

Neil Gunn Writing Competition 2025/26

Adult Poetry entry

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“A landscape that retains the light and is there waiting to receive you on your dark dead days.”

## ***Light, Light***

Below the hanging cloud

Loud glowing, unrestrained light.

A swallow snagged

On a fence; helpless against

A thing more solid than air.

I lifted it for a moment,

Cupped it in my heavy hand to

Untangle its wing.

Its raindrop weight was

Disturbingly beautiful,

Its marrow a kind of sunlight.

It was the levity

I wished for;

The boundless spirit

Of the wide sky.