

Glean Affraig

Colossal.

Mountains crown the
horizon. Sprinkles of sunlight glint
across the mountain's crest, then spill softly into
Gleann below. Bronze and yellow colours setting into a
Mellow glow. River blue, reflections white springing back
majestic sunlight. Ripples whirl and wonder, cascading in a

Rhythm that could draw you in and carry you away.

Back to where it all begins.

Further on the trees stand tall

Silent watchers over the Gleann.

And you wonder-

How can one thing stand so tall and for so long?

Yet... still it rises

Unchanged by wind or wandering time.

Mist drapes on its shoulders

Like memories we once carried too.

A quiet strength

Older than footsteps,

Older than names,

Mirrors something steady beating in us.

Below, the river keeps in journey

Patently shaping stone,

The way moments shape us without being seen.

The Gleann breathes and its rhythm folds into yours

A shared pulse,

Soft and unspoken.

Stand there.

Small beneath the endless rise,

Yet still a part of it;

As if the mountain's height,

The rivers calm,

The trees long standing watch,

Are reflections of your own becoming.

And for a moment

You cannot tell

Were the landscape ends

And you begin.

Lochan Uaine

My day started a dour one;
A sock missing and no hat in sight.
I threw on my jaiket and boots and alas,
No sun. I set off on my journey across
The path, closer and closer to the visitor centre
Beginning my trek to the beloved lochan,
The clouds
Broke and drookit I became.

Rows and rows of scots pine stood
Proud against the clashing grey sky
Puddles began in my boots, "it would be good,
Have to see it to believe it; a supposed loch of viridian."

Grass and bush surrounded me - no emerald insight.
A slope began to form beneath me,
Up and up I went until down below began to show
A patch of green greeting beige.
Mezmerised,
I slowly descended towards the glass like beauty
My feet reached the soft welcome of the wee beach.

Peace rushed through me -
My day once dour, now delight -
My eyes would not divert from the loch ahead,
I tried to capture the sight of the beautiful Highland loch.

The River's Mouth

Mist weaves through the
Pines, an' the brig at the Linn o Dee rises
Like a stane gatehouse.

Granite, cauld as memory,
Grips the banks while the river rages below;
Black-broon torrent white froth like teeth,
Fiadhaich agus beó.

The roar is aye speaking,
No juist watter, but stories - joys flung
Tae the wind, griefs whispered in the dark,
"The Dee kens us a;" the folk say.
An the rapids rummel seems tae answer,
Cha diochuimhnich e gu brath.

Heather scents the air;
Gloamin paints amber glints on brocken.
An still the river pulls, an' still the brig tholes -
No challengin, no bendin', just endurin'.

Water rages, stane stands.

In the echo an the spray, a
Truth comes quiet as breath:
The world may roar, storms may scream,
Ach tha sinn fhathast 'nar seasamh.