

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.