

High Blanket Cloud

close by the WILD ATLANTIC'S EDGE

still air

below

the gulley's  
ridge

steep  
pitching  
ground

a

snipe

calls

a trapped landcape

tussocked  
vegetation

from

somewhere

behind

freeze-thaw bolders

sparse larches

loose shale

estuary

logging track

birds

two voices rise

deep rutted/  
overgrown

ticks

call

talking of the land

their points of  
origin

its features

stories

lost

deer trails

to the

among young  
birches

distance

yet nothing found

Bàrr an Dainh