

LOOK TO THE BIRDS OLHE PARA OS AVES

"Everyone trying to get back into 'The Garden'"
"Todo mundo tentando voltar para 'O Jardim'"



Mark Ereira-Guyer

LOOK TO THE BIRDS OLHE PARA OS AVES



Mark Ereira-Guyer

Dedicated to:

Birds everywhere, my family, my friends, our shared humanity
and futures

Dedicado a:

Aves em todos os lugares, minha família, meus amigos e nossa
humanidade e futuro compartilhados

This small collection of poems marks the passing of my 60th year.
A handful were written as far back as 2012 on travels with a dear
friend departed, and then over following years, many recently.

I do hope that they bring you a little something, as they did in my
writing of them. Some of the poems written in Ereira, are here
both in English and in my best possible Portuguese.

Esta pequena coleção de poemas marca a passagem do meu 60º
ano. Alguns deles foram escritos já em 2012 em viagens com um
querido amigo que partiu, e depois nos anos seguintes, e muitos
recentemente.

Espero que os poemas lhe tragam uma pequena coisa, com fizeram
na minha escrita deles. Alguns dos poemas escritos em Ereira
estão no inglês e no meu Português melhor possível.

@markereiraguyer
Rua Manuel de Sousa Ramos
Ereira
CARTAXO

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INSIDENESS (AQUI DENTRO)



Every Ever

An Ode to Portugal

Every time returning.

We came back 500 years later, wondered if you'd changed.
You hadn't.
Everything, almost, was all the same.

The breathing in of everyday freshness
clean winds, a lush of wild flowers.
The swallowtail's jittering unsettledness.
Light meadows heaven sent, spill down.
Holm oak trees part of the heart of our every way being.

We only left because we had to.
We returned to seek you out just once more,
Ever ready to be here again.

Ereira



Sempre que

Uma ode a Portugal

Sempre que voltar
Voltamos 500 anos depois, nos preguntamos se você mudaria
Você não tinha.

Tudo, quase, era o mesmo.

A respiração do frescor diário,
Ventos limpos, uma exuberante de flores silvestres.
A inquietação nervosa do rabo de andorinha.
Prados leves que o céu enviou, derramou.
As árvores de carvalho fazem parte do coração de todos os nossos
sentidos.

Nós só saímos porque tivemos que sair.
Voltamos para procura-lo apenas mais uma vez
Sempre pronto para estar aqui novamente.



Rota Vicentina I

Cliff-top walks with Gulls (Gaivotas) & Others

Unceremoniously November greyness is whisked off -
The stage cleared and shipshape; the Sun assumes a lead role.
A crisp blueness presses in.
Untamed Atlantic waves chug their methodical power
a rolling caress of reassurance.

A menacing mob
Giggling gulls glide,
Circumspect nods to a watchful paraglider of the skies –
Kestrels deserve a wide berth.
The gaggle pole-vaults in a thermal bounce, juddering sideways
and upwards,
an oft-repeated trampolining; then
Reappearing beyond coastal shelves carved, compacted and
complicit.
The marauders huddle with shapely sculptured Cormorants, black
and stately, on rocky wave-spattered outcrops.

No whisper of a greeting.
White, opulently rotund, podgy and always noisy;
tolerated but rarely loved.



So fast, your heart stops; a peregrine falcon falls like an arrowhead
into the deep cliff abyss.
Some dark mayhem below beckons;
a swirl of feathers, a mid-afternoon snack.

Handsome Black Redstarts dart, reluctant to weather human eyes.
Ruddy tails flash their passing adieus.
Guiding me in. Trusty Stonechat friends point the ways they know
so well.

In disciplined fashion, they meticulously measure their regularity
on barbed, rusty lines.
A sleek otter skits by, an infrequent player of daytime manoeuvres.
I gasp; check my step, replenished by my good fortune.

Like a refreshing fruit balanced on the cliff edge
Zambujeira do Mar, reels me in, shimmering, within grasp –
but still a late afternoon's stroll away.

Praia da Lavagueira



Rota Vicentina II

The Gone Midnight Bar Owner:
the shrunken Owl (Coruja), aged 54

João is a teetotalling
Compassionate man, a dedicated listener:
Back-to-back from early morning hours, to a coruscating lateness;
Strapped to his bar like Odysseus to his mast -
with pin-droppingly precious minutes leaking away
– the alcohol-fuelled sirens wail
between the latest drunken clevernesses.

Tiringly, beyond bedtime-late, night-time platitudes rumble on.

In a Jack-in-the-Box flash your life regurgitates;
the pent up, pushed down you jumps out.
You appear older than your years; but kind eyes widen, reflecting,
despite the late hour, the tedium;
and the simple love for incoherent long-standing bar 'friends'.

There's a knowing that next days and nights
will not waiver from routines.

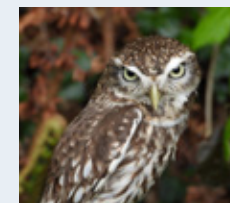
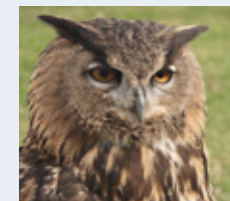
Although a lifetime in the same village,
in your small bar you offer up impeccable gentlemanly
English, hushed - coaxing of frequent over-stayers.
A warm welcome proffered to the passing hiker.
Voices rise and fall, not unlike clunky air conditioners.
Humdrum, manic and ranting.

João's days off are chaste, exploratory:
often little more than a cheerless shopping expedition
to the nearest small town.

Another love never walked in.
Only the regulars, who cherish you,
And pluck you from your solitary perch, regaling all
with repetitive tales, feats and beverage orders.
Being the same age I shuddered inwardly, although
grounded within a holding and fatherly knowingness.

Later
less than sober I fitfully slept,
my sleep punctuated in the small hours by chilled breezes;
and the charmed hoots of a neighbourly Portuguese owl.

Odeceixe



Rota Vicentina III

Stonechats

My walking travels take me always to your favourite hideouts.
Moving from the outside, in.
You bustle jerkily on towering stems -
suspiciously unsure of human traffic;
nervous sentries indecisive about your latest postings.

Like scouts showing the way, indicating from improbable swayings.
A cheering wave of grasses.
You charmingly present at random intervals.
Guiding us all in.

A buff orange warmth emanates,
your chest resonates,
sitting elegantly aside your white necklace -
the men amongst you sporting black top hats.

Paired off, you both seemed enamoured by the other -
near but afar, on your way to far off places.

I want to bundle you up, take you with me.
To remind of the frisson of coastal cliff-top paths,
warm winds, an inside-ness,
and a chilled sea like the rush of pure vivacity.

Carvalho



Cartaxos

Minhas viagens a pé sempre me levam aos seus esconderijos favoritos.
Movendo-se de fora para dentro.
Você se movimenta espasmódicamente em hastes altas -
suspeitosamente inseguro do tráfego humano;
sentinelas nervosas indecisas sobre suas últimas postagens.

Como batedores mostrando o caminho, indicando a partir
de balanços
improváveis.
Uma onda animadora de ervas.
Você apresenta encantadoramente em intervalos aleatórios.
Guiando todos nós.

Emana um calor alaranjado,
seu peito ressoa,
sentada elegantemente ao lado de seu colar branco -
os homens entre vocês com chapéus pretos.

Emparelhados, vocês dois pareciam apaixonados pelo outro -
perto, mas longe, a caminho de lugares distantes.

Quero agasalhar-te, levar-te comigo.
Para lembrar o frisson dos caminhos costeiros no topo das falésias,
ventos quentes, uma interioridade,
e um mar gelado como uma onda de pura vivacidade.



Rota Vicentina IV**King Poupa of the Hoopoes**

I know I am in Alentejano heaven when you show up,
 an exotic African beauty with a majestic headdress to match.
 Real home: rift valleys, savannah edges, thicket shadows -
 just a-skip-and-a-jump butterfly hop away.
 Others eclipsed, outstripped -
 bereft of your golden hammerhead allure;
 your Lordly poise, the richness of your feathered robes.

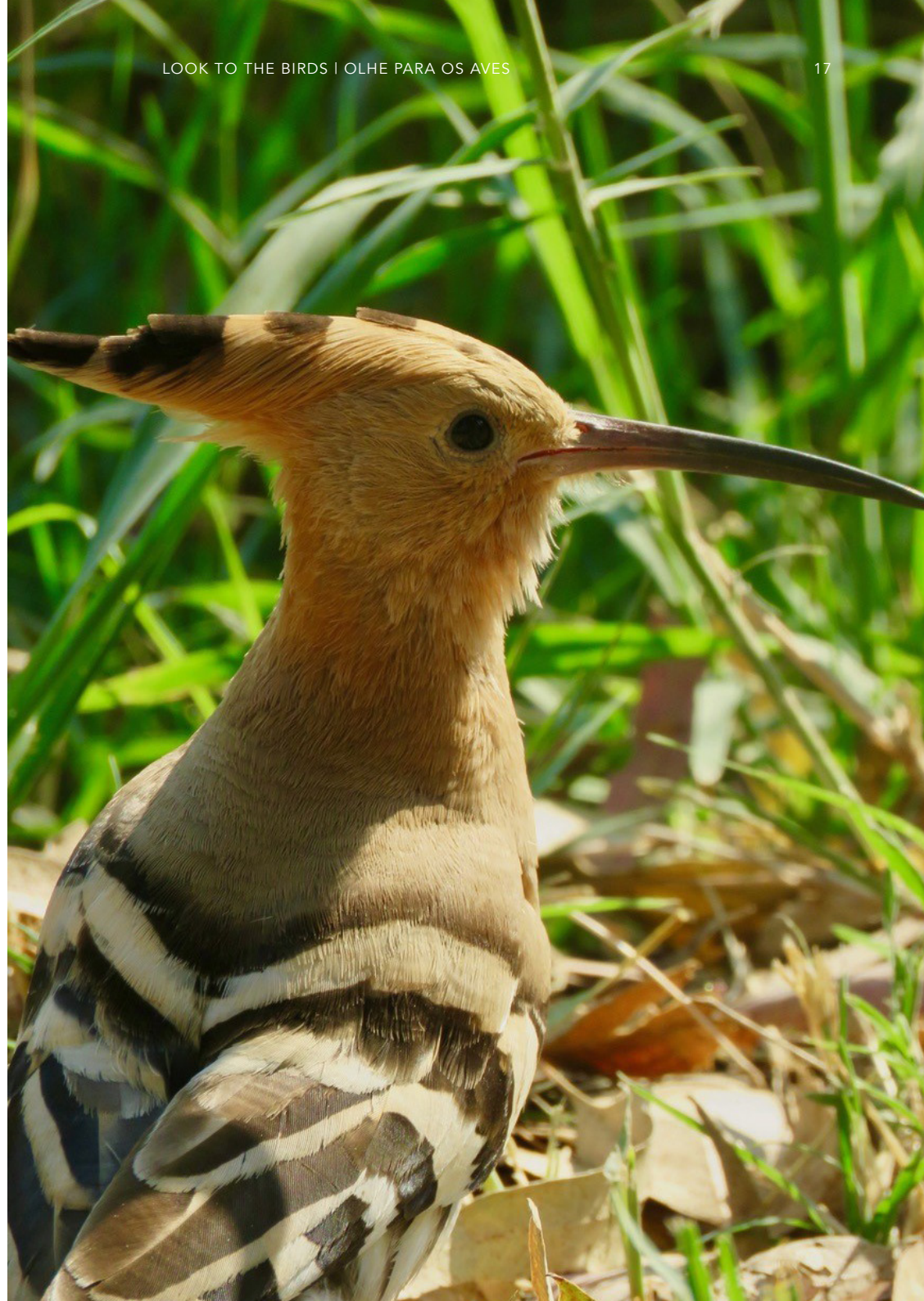
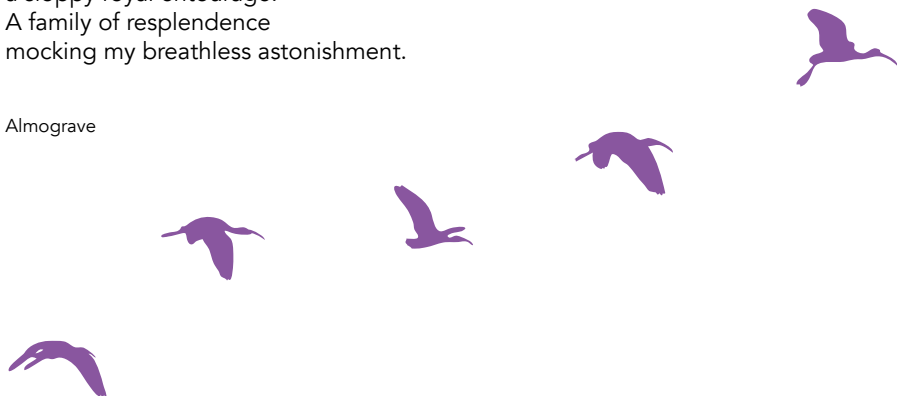
Perching regally - I can hardly exhale in case it causes fright,
 hypersensitivity to tilting heads.
 A Godly magician carries you off, and aloft.
 Saggy, less stately, undulating flight
 surely borrowed from those further down the pecking order.

A passion like this, once ignited, struggles to be contained.
 An admiration unrequited.
 Rooted, unflinching
 Holding breath for just one more bedazzling glimpse;
 your slender scooped beak, and zebra plumage.

Now on the ground in statuesque pose
 You permit one more shy noble appearance,
 before exiting the woodland stage.

Luxuriously pursued by, as yet unseen,
 a trio of august Hoopoes acting as a belated after-thought,
 a sloppy royal entourage.
 A family of resplendence
 mocking my breathless astonishment.

Almograve



Rota Vicentina V

Nameless Portuguese stream, misplaced in Brexitland

Rendered homeless, fleeing the Grand Hotel Abyss on a fickle
changeable weather day, more uncertain and fearful than
companionably inhabited.

A rain greyly reigns down, speaking of its reluctance.

At first, avoiding inspection.

At times, barren, rocky and dispirited.

The rubbish-strewn swollen stream offers up fanciful yet arid
opportunities for reflection,
even wane Narcissus' face would wear a tarnished brackishness.

In the new season of barbarity a relentless grubby torrent of spite,
a rusted tap gratingly stuck on spluttering, unending half-flow.

Ugly words to match the febrile lack of clarity.

Not spate river-like, still enough water to drown us all.

Overlooked, unloved and littered.

A posse of Azure-winged magpies cackle by.

Their trustworthiness equally disputed.

Impossible to escape the dirty diatribe,
the noxious tirades of imposters with demurring jaundiced masks
for faces; and toxic lies - such bald-faced untruths -
much bigger than all the muddled, discarded
detritus despoiling the stream's forlorn attempts to sparkle.

A becalming jolt,

a shot of electric elegant ultramarine catches the air,
our very own Guarda-Rios treasure.

The sparingly present Kingfisher of dreams.

Sorely missed amongst the Daily torrid hiss.

Is there now no warmly lit-home
where return provides comfort -
the dank darkness shut out?



Rota Vicentina VI

Golden Oriole*

I am in the warm middle of absolutely nowhere
I call, you are there
We are friends always
We knew that it would last
More than a fistfight, angry words
A dispute.

Our cold Fenland roots, too much beer for young hearts.
We grow up nonchalantly, uncommitted to the usual routes,
trajectories point elsewhere.
Back to Portugal, down-under. Destiny bound.
We are still here, brothers locked in a swirl of our beings -
offering, yet again, to buy the last salutary round,
a more than a once-in-a-lifetime generosity.

A Golden Oriole – glimpsed but once or twice.
I'll keep looking out for you
as I walk to the south.

* To my mate Hugo
Praia da Azenha do Mar
November 2016



Papa-Figos

Eu estou no meio quente de absolutamente nada
Eu chamo, você está lá
Somos amigos sempre
Sabíamos que iria durar
Mais do que uma briga, palavras raivosas
Uma disputa.

Nossas raízes frias de Fenland, cerveja demais para
corações jovens.
Crescemos despreocupadamente, descomprometidos com
as rotas habituais,
trajetórias apontam para outro lugar.
De volta a Portugal, down-under. Destino vinculado.
Ainda estamos aqui, irmãos presos em um redemoinho de
nossos seres -
oferecendo-se, mais uma vez, para comprar a última rodada salutar,
mais do que uma generosidade única na vida.
Um Papa-Figos – vislumbrado apenas uma ou duas vezes.
Eu vou continuar olhando para você
enquanto caminho para o sul.



Fisherman

Stock still kingfisher

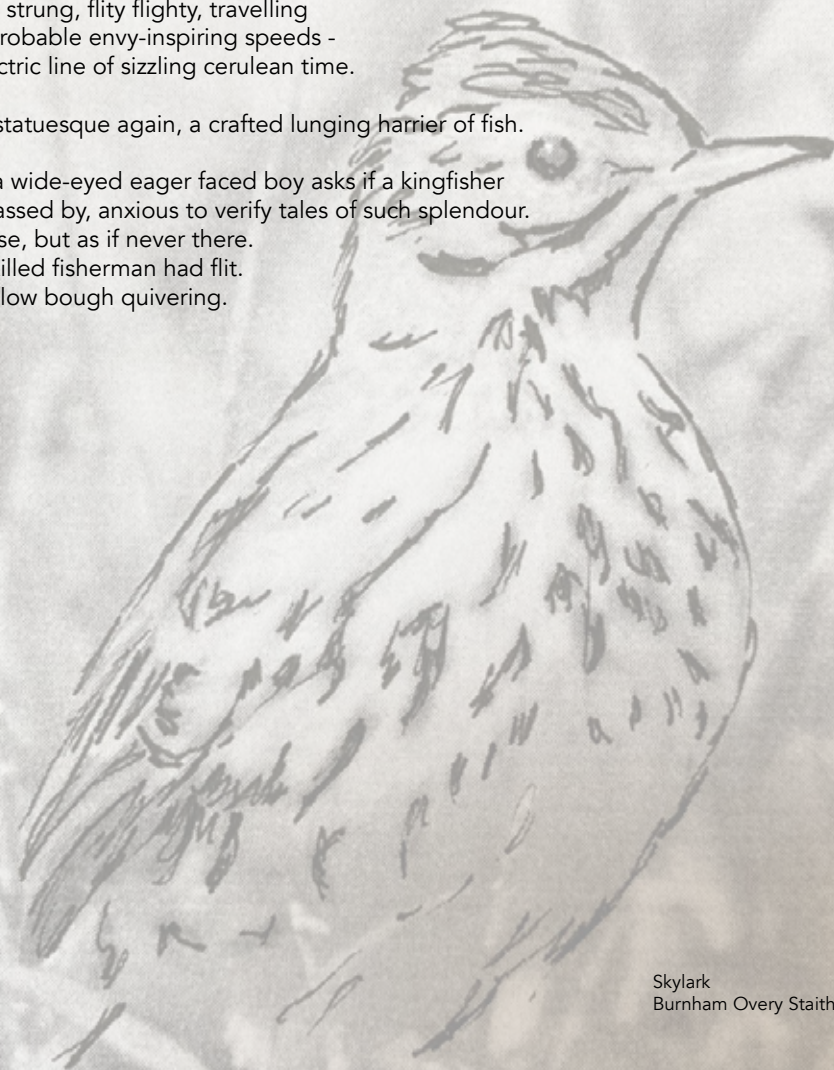
Rarely overlooked in regal lapis lazuli garb.
Oblivious of discourteous intrusions
nonchalant of prying eyes.

Highly strung, flity flighty, travelling
at improbable envy-inspiring speeds -
an electric line of sizzling cerulean time.

Now, statuesque again, a crafted lunging harrier of fish.

Later a wide-eyed eager faced boy asks if a kingfisher
had passed by, anxious to verify tales of such splendour.
So close, but as if never there.
The skilled fisherman had flit.
His willow bough quivering.

Mértola



Skylark
Burnham Overby Staithe

Pescador

Estoque ainda o Guardo-Rios
Raramente esquecido em trajes reais de lápis-lazúli.
Alheio a intrusões descorteses
indiferente de olhos intrometidos.

Altamente tenso, voador, viajando
em improváveis velocidades de dar inveja -
uma linha elétrica de tempo cerúleo escaldante.

Agora, novamente escultural, um peixe-boi feito à mão.

Mais tarde, um menino ávido de olhos arregalados pergunta se
um Guardo-Rios havia passado, ansioso para verificar histórias
de tal esplendor.
Tão perto, mas como se nunca existisse.
O habilidoso pescador havia voado.
Seu galho de salgueiro tremendo.



'Girassols'

Kingfishers of the fields forsaking the usual azul hues,
 donning golden cloaks
 Napoleonic charms lend you your name.
 Sunshine splashes skipping from high grasses.

A merry replenishment and assertion of bold companionship,
 you weave a perfect presence.
 Sunflowers tracking earth's movements standing ready
 for late afternoons to arrive;
 boldly aware of presence but not overwhelmed by it.

Kings and Queens of fire launch off, a dash amongst
 ripening fields of tomatoes.
 Roaming from home, jaunts across Saharan skies you
 breathe in the summer dryness,
 whitening light sharpens your festooned beauty.

Golega



Joyful party of Jays (Gaios)

Joyful jays, sky dance, cackle, tumble unhindered as they elbow out the larks.
Not to be messed with, these half dozen, screeching and jostling, blue-wing tipped bird gangstas.
They let slip unfashionable worn out feathers, stale acorns, winter's gloom.

Others from this bountiful band boisterously skip through the nearby pine trees, honing their team-building skills before leaping into the Sun-kissed freshness of Spring air.
Branches used like taut diving boards.
A playground of huge skies for we-centric-ness.
A quietening.



Pine tree ruction.
A drawing in as all the other birds swallow their song.

The posse breaks into two large family teams,
moving across meadow and field for the sheer exuberance of active play.
One group of Jays act like a super keen advanced search party seeking out the most gaiety to be found -
is it in that clump of trees, or that tall woodland further off?
They skirt about.
Scolding each other as indecision sets in.

The less enthused group seem pleased by their holding back,
yet steadfast in their joy and calling more loudly,
a me-too-ness builds.

We all want the delights flowing from the season's festivities.

Ereira
March 2020

Rewilding Coa

An imaginary greeting of sorts,
a Blue Rock Thrush imperiously flicks his head upwards -
ushering the misplaced itinerant into a wild divinity;
holding tight adoration for this bright boulder-strewn Coa Valley
with its twist of Judean wilderness.
They are There, but few are sure, Where.

Clouds hug a rare vulture as it takes the wind's free ride.
An eagle passes immeasurably by.

The dark river gently fractures the land,
giving itself over to solitude - meaning no harm.
Like an ageing parent it cradles a sadness born from too many
former friends lost. A stilled silence luxuriates.

Nature's fragments grasp precariously onto baptismal moments.
Re-naisance forms an orderly queue.
We re-wild this valley together, and treasures emerge from
deep hibernations.

Spat out, trespassers take care. De-spoilers beware.
Wolves still pore the ground here. They lick their wounds clean.

Blueness pours out touching wide-open skies, an embrace,
a cloak of feathered warmth.

Fear not, one day that jubilant Rock Thrush will be right here -
all boundless joy and hearty welcomes.



Rewilding Coa

Uma espécie de saudação imaginária,
um Melro Azul treme imperiosamente a cabeça para cima -
introduzindo o itinerante deslocado em uma divindade
selvagem;
segurando forte adoração por este brilhante Vale do Coa repleto
de pedras com seu toque de deserto da Judéia.
Eles estão Lá, mas poucos têm certeza, Onde.

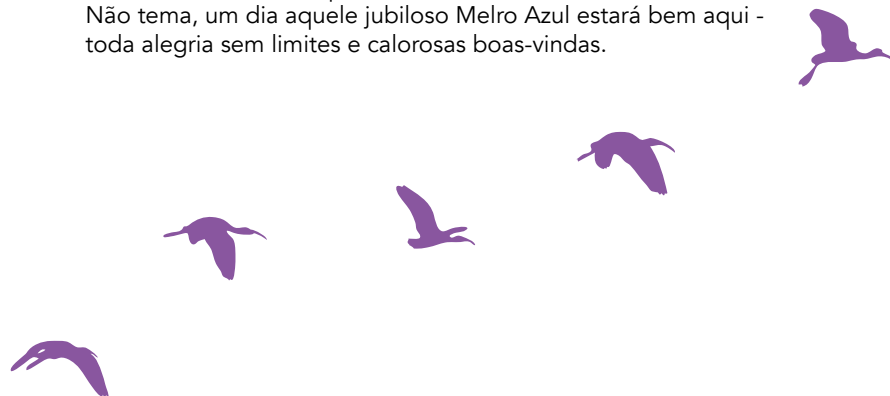
Nuvens abraçam um abutre raro enquanto ele pega carona com
o vento.
Uma águia passa imensuravelmente.

O rio escuro fratura gentilmente a terra,
entregando-se à solidão - significando nenhum dano.
Como um pai idoso, ele embala uma tristeza nascida de muitos
antigos amigos perdidos. Um silêncio apaziguado exulta.

Os fragmentos da natureza agarram-se precariamente aos
momentos batismais. O renascimento forma uma fila ordenada.
Nós tornamos este vale selvagem juntos, e tesouros emergem
de hibernações profundas.

Cuspido, invasores tomem cuidado. De-spoilers cuidado.
Os lobos ainda vasculham o terreno aqui. Eles lambem suas
feridas limpas.

O azul se derrama de céus abertos comoventes, um abraço,
um manto de calor emplumado.
Não tema, um dia aquele jubiloso Melro Azul estará bem aqui -
toda alegria sem limites e calorosas boas-vindas.



NICARAGUA & GUATAMALA



Mombacho Blue

A dormant wound within a world unhealed lying within lascivious lushness, the stern majesty of Mombacho volcano.

Striking heroic poses in all directions, a shimmering vertiginous darkness dwells, swirling in moist rasping mists and mischievous clouds refusing to join their kin far below.

We climb well-trodden trails lazily awakening before us.

Giant Guanaceste trees hold their vastnesses fast in crumbled, reluctant earth; non-bitter soil giving coffee growers a wry smile. A resplendent flash of blue speaks of life, fragility, a redolence of inner lightness, pressing against our sense of forward motion.

The corpulent butterfly hugs Mombacho with its warm, short bursts of tickling and enduring sagacity.

Tentative brevity in its being; and a blue-richness more blue than even the best of Nicaraguan midday skies.

Unsure of the flittering time in front of us, we too linger fleetingly in past glories.

Sleeping volcanoes know the wisdom patience offers up, and the endurance of regal azul-encased butterflies.



We seek out the shade, refresh weary feet and contemplate our passing impermanence.

The smells and promise of coffee pulls us forward, the majestic cerulean butterfly lunges towards summits leaving only a bejewelled wake for future imaginations.

Mombacho, impervious and unflinching.

We glance back, one last time, as if to check on ourselves and what continues to go before us.

14 December 2012



Closer

We stay close, reflecting cantankerously on what, so far, we have learnt. We share toothpaste, fluids, routines and passing years. Past histories and narratives merge with inspirational synergies; inexplicably quirky. We fill our hearts although the sacrifices retain little poignancy. Blood remains unspilt.

Yet, for sure, our sense of self engulfs us with a meaningfulness well beyond our years. Few know of earlier times or care to enquire.

The middle passage of choppy waters beckons like a pirate's dark paradise hidden well, beneath the skyline's canopy; and of course, this is a destination of sorts.

It reviles too much deliberative discovery.

Like Mayans we recall amassed past calamities, a simple lesson or two. Imaginings of ancient civilisations brought to pass by rapacious and imprudent over-indulgencies - bringing our musings into fresh relief.

They sacrificed themselves, and still remain spurned.

Closer still the drum beat of everyday, the closing time of new beginnings. Mayan warnings swirling like half extinct freshwater sharks of yesteryear; we dip our toes in deeper. Unclosing our minds, knowing we will do so much better than what went before.



Ceiba, a tree worshipped by the Mayans

Roots stretching deep into the underworld,
clenching dark soil,
forever parched and wary.

Fresh solicitous shoots.
Incrementally troubled by the mermaid's 'Growth Fetish' siren
calls; the stolid trunk
indelibly yelps out fears, the years of its solitude.
Embraces are lost in your Herculean folds.

Whilst our Ceiba lives for the now,
Unfazed, certain of past glories – it's learnt hesitancy, nervousness
- hungrily checking the weather reports.
The hottest years lurk yonder, heat waves stalking in the forest's
precipices. Front pages feign an oppressive surprise, with talk of
significant (but oh so extreme) weather events.
Throttling green growth hitches a ride on each bough; vice-like,
threatening to overwhelm towering structures.
Demands for constant bright light, bottle-feeding – a constant
insatiability.

We stand below amazed, rooted to the spot marvelling at transient
foolishnesses.
The light trickles through.
The soft exotic birdsong delights.
Murky top branches are spied like some distant place not too far
away. Reaching the heavens for salvation, future rains
to nourish succulence and fevered subterranean imaginations.

Many cherish you, some in my tribe disparage you as a chimera
or at best,
A forgotten, or forgettable relic.



ELSEWHERE



Conversations with Israel's national bird, the Hoopoe

As yet unseen, but as always, there.
The light was succulent, crystal clear.
Late afternoon temperatures pitch perfect, a Holy Land
scene indeed,
much like a salvageable Garden of Eden still hidden away in
the nooks and crannies.

Turning up when least expected, leaving too quickly.
My tip-top favourite, a Hoopoe hops down.
Coming so close I thought you might just want a casual, almost
passing Embrace; a hug after long absences.
Or simply to perch on my outstretched hand, but the rustling
leaves on the ground near me, once shaken and stirred by your
slender hooked beak, offer you up a tasty morsel, a dried fruit.
You gulp down a found treasure, and glance satisfyingly.

On this leafy Yarkon riverbank we trust each other.
A surety of maturity in a bustling Tel Aviv park.
You eye me quizzically, nodding your elegant headdress,
nonchalantly swaggering a zebra plumage.

If I stood stock still, and listened to hear, maybe we can strike up a
conversation - do more of the same as we have done forever.



A night at a punk rock concert seemed quite out of the question,
somewhat dated and perilous for non-chicks like us.
A precarious walk on plunging cliff-like paths with queasy legs
from late night drinking bouts,
a touchingly laughable flight of fancy.
How about Belizean rainforests holding their rare and boisterous
Scarlet Macaws? A slightly wayward migration for an Eurasian
Hoopoe; a mere youthful extravagance.

Perhaps best, to soak in the remaining minutes we have left
being just right here.
Our chat cut short, startled by unwelcome loud passers-by.
You fly
The peaceful river, and they,
Barely notice.

Tel Aviv, 25 March 2017



The Negev yonder

Let's fashion a country, archaic but new.
Elastic boundaries with concrete walls, leaping surefooted Ibex
like us tethered and longing for the freedom of earlier, less abrasive
and fastened, days.

Southwards existence lies, the deserts draw in close, a warm
delicateness enveloping in their steadfast vastnesses.
A pioneering spirit with deep creative edges, self-guiding and
assured.

Ridges jut, few seek to lay in such sandy foundations.
A home to nurse into being, precious watering to nourish fresh
life, hardy trees.
Hot sun to lick the Kibbutz fruit, unlikely hardy blooms emerging
pristine from parched earth.

March 2017



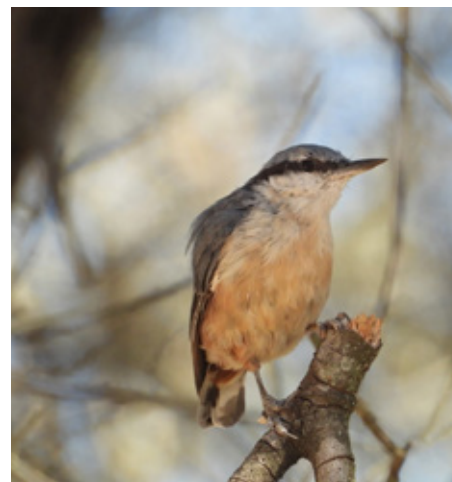
Nuthatching

Theatrically, it appears, it is so much here.
Bounding around mighty oak branches like it has coiled springs
Propelling it forward, upwards and to the side: Nuthatching.

Squat, hunkered down with mascara black eyebrows, subdued
blue-grey coat and buff, warm orange glowing tunic.
Dressed for the daily exertions of extraction - finding a tasty
morsel from the Oak's larder.

Admiring its pugnacious persistence, the tell tale gentle knocking
as it journeys leapingly up,
Bouncing along towards more mightier reward-laden treetops.

14 May 2017



KNOYDART



The Indoor Stuff

Less good at the indoor stuff
always edging out of the door
for outdoor experiences - the soft rain,
flick-of-the-switch skies, a blue dazzle or grey slab,
deep loch wetsuit swims, hidden birdsong.

Stay still, contain the now-ness, look outwards, a lightness
seeps inwards to light up the heart of homely
pursuits.

The inner birdsong reaches in.
Schubert matches the mood aimlessly
the greenest leaves drip a sun warmth.
Pen, paper, paints and a few
playful hours stretch out,
elastic but finite, a tautness of time,
filling until full, an inside
pushing to come out.



River Swim

If we return, tomorrow, never
the river will rush on, cold but not painfully so,
peat-tarnished, airy, alive, bubbling, forever.

Scrabbling across mossy, sharply-polished rocks
seeking foothold, jittering wagtail steps.
Gaping sea trout flaunt gymnastic routines,
flighty prey prance in spindly strides,
in a dark gloom, for eternity sunk.

We move forward, stoic, flexing.
A baptismal cleansing.
Enlivened, re-born, re-turning always.



Follach Waterfall

Riverine-sculptured, well-mapped attraction
 Pulling in
 Life's energies expelling fears.
 Knoydart's mountainside cup flowed over
 Stewed tea-dark pool captures rusty boisterous tears,
 our water friend's wedded goddess.

Hurtling down the Glen, rivulets, streams and burns
 tugging the moist mountainscape into a sacred one-ness.
 Lordly Ladhar Bheinn glints and grimaces in clouded
 confusions, then peers -
 witnessing chilled yelps, lit upturned faces
 plunging into the waterfall's curtain of effervescence
 and cold spittles, now sun-licked, bellowing irreverence.

Sodden in a soup of marvelling warmth, gently congratulatory
 Newly sprouted Larch and Scots Pine shelter
 Pushing out, pointing homewards -
 A fresh solitude, crashing Follach waterfall in primordial glory.



Inbetwixt Lochs Nevis & Hourn

The Seven men whisper a promise
Hold tight to shared bounty. Deep roots
mizzle-forged in an Ice Age wilderness.

Sea-loch-rich, sun-kissed uplands - God's taloned
eagles skydroneing.
Candelabra-style stags spied.
Stone-still herons, forever-hungry cormorants plunging the
depths. Held within the Rough-Bounds.

Quenching mountain waters empty into profound chasms.
One side, a once fish-filled Heavenly generosity
broken by dolphin leaps, an otter's tail.
Jerky grey wagtails preen, stake claim at Inverie's tranquil
headwaters.

The other, Hellish, an ungodly mean depression of deepness.
A fiendish doss-house of treachery,
Brocket's Cross marks the way.

Inbetwixt, a dancing liquid green
the Munros nod a lushness
sunlit flickers, touching their high sloping foreheads.
A sacred waterfall, a stray swimmer's enticement.

A place loved offering up so little, to stay a life so brittle.

Beauty feeds the heart but not the stomach.

Together breaking bread, supping ale, the wartime Sevens'
stories fresh like open wounds, something snaps.

The Knydart Land Raiders mark out their inheritances,
strips of Eden to ignite family warmth,
childhood wonderment - the fullness of a dream.
Chasing away clearance horrors.

Let not abundance be parceled out, usurped by injustices,
crumpled up by nature-defying laws and deeds -
No one rich despoiler can purloin it all?
Our common treasury, the goldenness of eagles will implore.

Nevis = Heaven
Hourn = Hell
Lord Brocket = Nazi Sympathiser

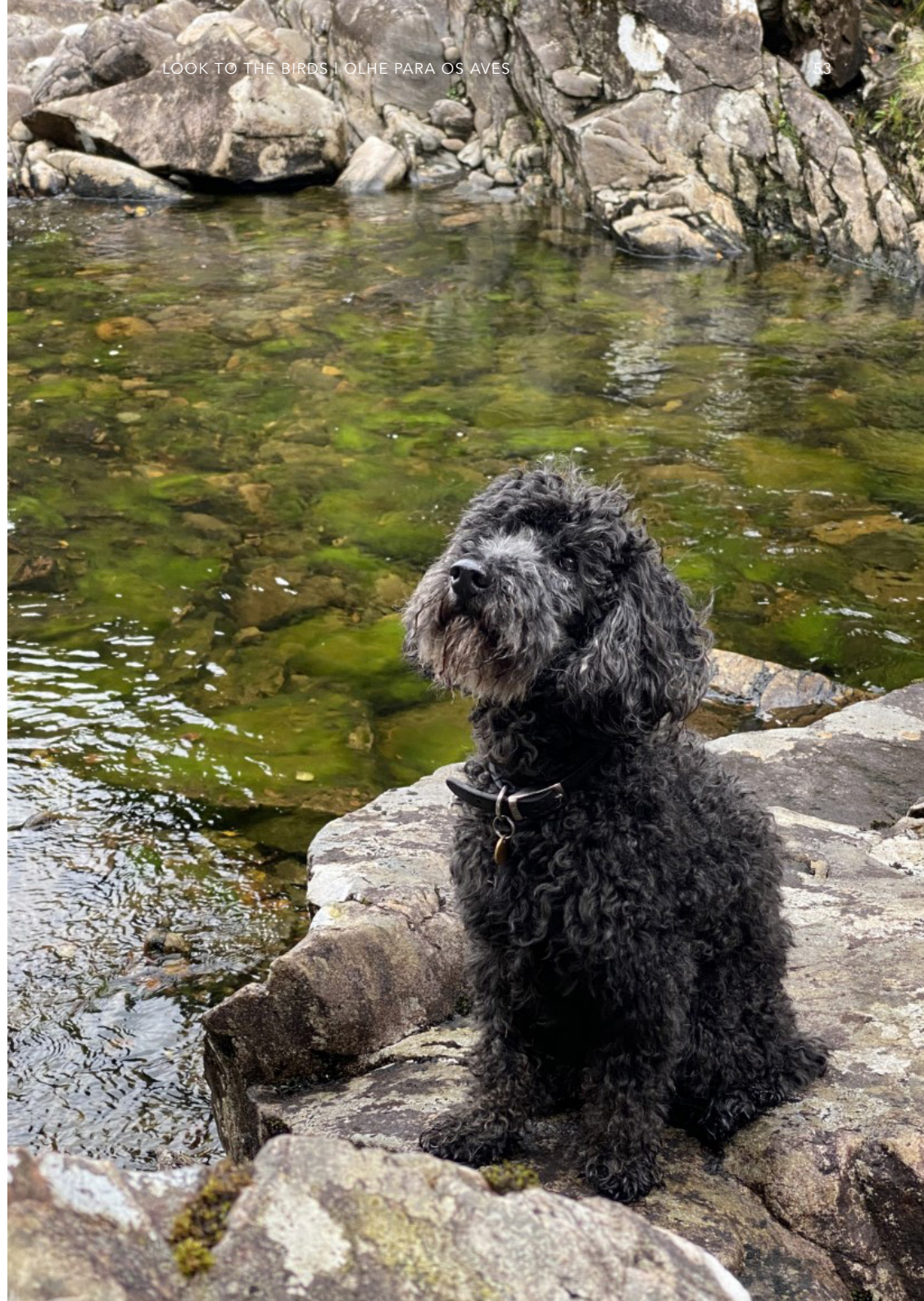
Scallop Rescue

Hauled from the depths of the loch's floor,
first found, netted, carted by Mallaig fishers, bound for swelling
seafood restaurant tables – then by chance overlooked, discarded
within the rough web of encrusted, discolouring nets.

Bereft of friends, siblings, her wider scallop family, marooned on
the blustery Quayside - best take on a studied indifference to such
indignities. Contemplate rescue, rather than any fresh hell.
Found again, scooped up by some amateur fluted shell collector,
released from the nets' coarse folds.

Seawards, by Inverie ferry, now to whatever next,
for a resting place forever more on a fridge shelf,
or fry up of gulped down perils.

For completeness, a-coming home tale of life-force merriment,
our lonely mollusc lovingly restored to Loch Nevis, embarking
from a strange (for this scallop at least) shore – to re-imagine a
migration back to former attachments.





Theodore Ereira-Guyer

