**Matt Stockl (AH) Ullapool High School**

**Shore**

(From a series of three poems on the theme of the shore at Loggie, Wester Ross)

This the grinder
This the churn
This the rock tumbler, sand paper bed.
Silt
                Slate
    Gravel
                Stones
Rest
For
A
Space

Then stand                shift

Then break down                lie flat                twist turn toss.

Under the shells, pebbles, pottery
The shrimp

        Flip

                Weirdly

Those grey transparents, devoid of sun, oiled and greased
Crying sickness and flickering

Where do they go
When the tide comes home?
When silt is churned,
Rocks
    Tumbled
        Peace
            Gone
                Sun
                Gone
                Land going
Gone.
Back down of course, where they always go.
Perpetual holidaymakers
Of the damp

Black
Summer