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Beached

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

The shore holds no water here
In a greed to contain it pushes further
Grasps harder
Receives nothing
Consumes the land and turns it to dust.
It houses no fish
No shell
No coral
Only bugs.
Spindle legged needle feet glass eyed and blade lipped

That time we left the car out
Out here
Left the window down for the night.
Mosquitoes flooded the upholstery
Rolled out in waves
Each a clatter of blades, hypodermic cluster
Paper tempest preaching violence without prejudice
Bloodlust without bias
Hunger without malice.

Back on the sea plain winds roll and break.
Red-salt and sand ebb and flow
Reaching out for dry land, closing on desert.