

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

**Erosion**

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

My feet were younger then, fleshy pads  
When the dust comes, the summer months stick between the toes  
The straps leave stripes, the stripes are white  
The white stripes circle the skin.

The ground of course is cracked  
Skin of the cliff  
It gapes  
Absorbing the seeds, absorbing the rain, the wind  
Seeking cause to split further, cut deeper

Down  
Below  
Where the waves  
Where the spiral stones  
Where the broad flat granite sits expectant  
Looking up.

The sea wall curves out looks down  
Sheds monumental tears  
Before stepping back into the hills.

In our house, at the back, in the concrete a door  
Led down they said  
Down.  
Wormcasts through the sheer.

A tunnel for the smugglers  
The museum men.  
Those mannequin models in greenhouse glass  
Looking up like the granite past the history walls  
The place by the pub that sells heritage.

The tunnels twist, writhe, meet in the middle  
Welcome the seeds  
Welcome the rain, the wind  
Until the flowers and air own the centre, expand.

The sea wall curves in, breathes out.

Meanwhile my feet grow hard  
Solid as the smuggler's effigy  
Expand and erode.

New skin forms and falls  
New blood inherits the space inside  
New stripes circle the old.