

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