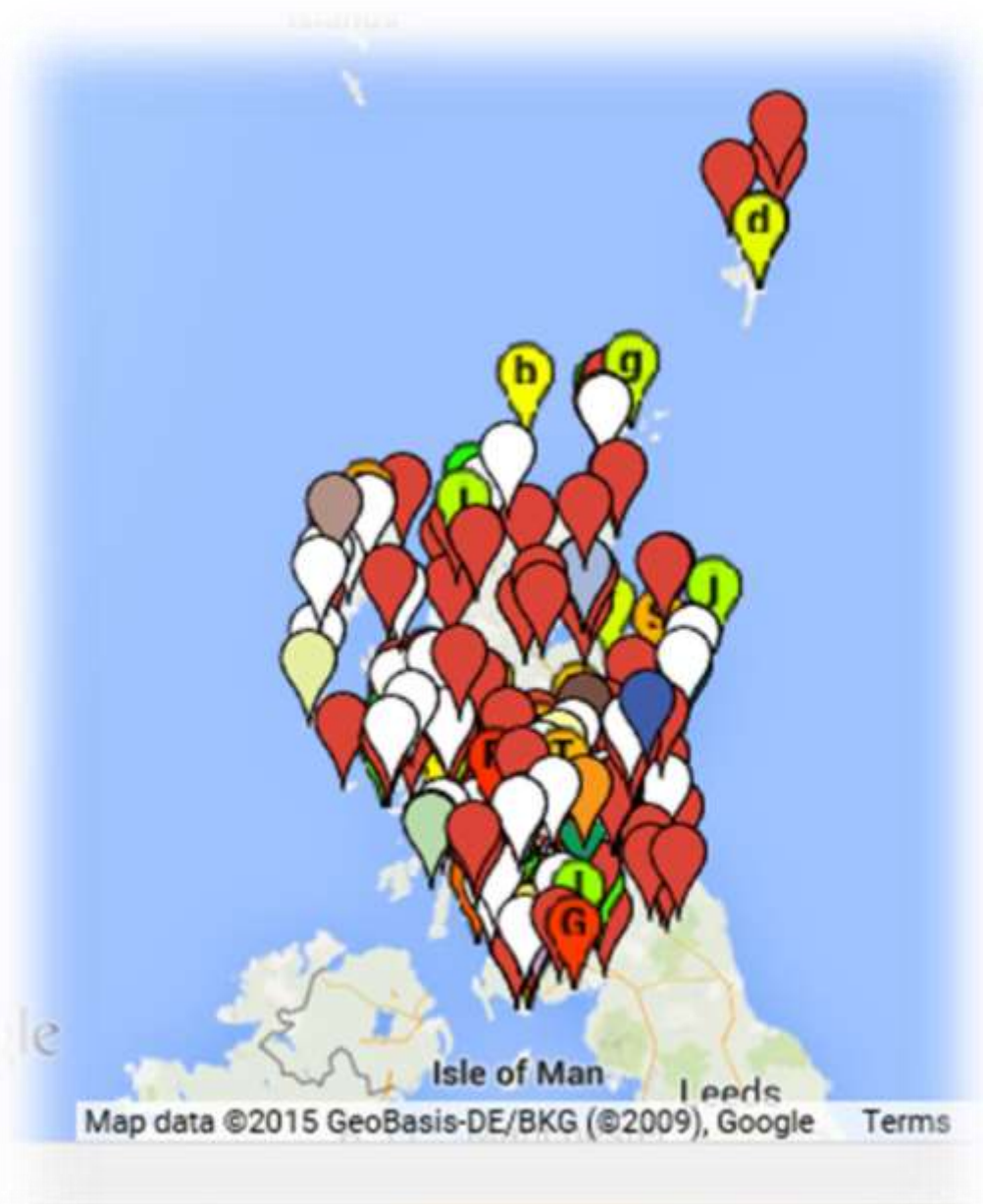


an archipelago of poems



selected shorter island poems from
StAnza's Poetry Map of Scotland



Iona, by Rachael Clyne

Redpoll

At the Bishop's House on Iona

Oi cheeky chops
are ye lookin at me pal
wi yer wee reid bunnet
perched upon yer heid?

Is it Aberdeen ye follae
wi thon scarlet
ready tae nut anybiddy
that crosses yer patch?

Haud yer wheesht, awa wi ye
sing yer *twisk twiddly dee*
on anither tree, awa frae
yon bishop's hoose.

Rachael Clyne



From Eigg looking towards Rum, by Mavis Gulliver

The Postie's Washing Line

Eigg

When I think of Eigg
it's not the bulk of the Sgurr
or Rum's Coolin's
dominating the western horizon;
but the scent of primroses,
the constant willow warblers' song
and, on the dune edge,
strung between two driftwood poles,
a chorus line of socks
dancing
to the blue Atlantic.

Mavis Gulliver



From Beàrnaraigh na Hearadh/Berneray, Harris
looking eastwards along the Sound of Harris: by
Peter Kerr

Caolas na Hearadh/Sound of Harris...

Berneray, Harris

over the calm mirror of dawn

islands float on thoughts

warmed by breath

rising from

the east

Peter Kerr



Loch Scridain on the Isle of Mull by Seth Crook

Memo from the short eared owls on the road along Loch Scridain

Questions —

they sit upon the stobs,

perch upon the poles.

If only they would flap away,

or drop. Mice and shrews are easy,

likewise the frogs.

And we don't hate the scampering,

hopping things.

We all must eat, make do.

But questions give us

indigestion.

Seth Crook



Hoy Cliffs, Orkney, by Jane Baston

Yesnaby

Starts with affirmation.

Blushed cliffs pushing heavenward.

Guillemottled sea stacks

Stromatolites and squill

Impress my memory still.

Jane Baston



Tobermory, by Noel Canin

Tobermory Tide

Soft washing current,
rough sand and dim
dark rocks,
a foam of transparent lace at
the sea-edge.

Crusty fishing boats
carry in the tide,
the tender rain,
evening.

Later,
small round waves
roll themselves to shore
turning as a woman might
when leaning to kiss a familiar
and beloved face.

Noel Canin



The Maze, Tiree, by Lesley Jackson

The Maze, Tiree

It was the whiteness of the shell
the sweep of wet beach, the spread
of dark rocks holding it down.

It was the lean of the grass
the wrinkled sea, all the talk
about a change in the weather.

It was the forgotten plastic bag
the burnt out car, the stains
of oil and rust that lingered.

It was wild primroses on Kennavar
in morning sun, the way we live,
what we have done.

Lesley Jackson



The Maze, Tiree: painting by Patti Lean
photograph of painting, also by Patti Lean