

A' Bhean san Loch / The Lady in the Lake

I heard of late
Of rippled lake
And swimming kelpie spells:
Cast in the day
In such a way
That heals the soul submerged:
And raises spirits rising
From depths of water heaven.

The seventh milestone
Holds no mystery
For elder wise ones, surely?
Sixty, seventy, does it matter
When as once the water cleansed
The innocent and pure
And washed the human happy.

In shadowed loch
The light is clear
Like brightest stars
In skies of black.

le Niall Gordon, 2014