

# The Loch at Harray



We glide out, dip the oars,  
barely disturb the water

or each other. Light opens  
the end of the loch,

the reeds, and the bubbles of flies  
shaving the dark flat surface.

Breeze lifts your fringe, soothes skin.  
The trout avoid us

in the shallows, but we see  
them cruise. Our bloodstained

hooks lie untouched. September;  
we might not come back again.

The sun cools even as we slide along.  
Soon it will be the equinox,

a long dive hard to imagine.  
The loch turning into a cold place –

white metallic. The grey fingers  
of standing stones on the ridge

pointing to a smudged sky. Nothing  
has been quite as clear for months.

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