

Flower of the West

Runrig

Sunburst. The morning moar. The
light of God. The heart of
youth. I look around me. My eyes
find their rest on this garden
the flower of the west. Sunrise.
The colour frontier. The ageing
light. The sight that knows no
fear. I look over Orinsay to the
Trumisgarry shore. To Aloter.
And the road to Ahmore. The
silent skies. An innocent heart
Holding the moment away from
time in the dark. All I see. All
I know. Is touching the sacred
earth warming the hallowed
ground. I survive the childhood
universe and I step the naked
heath where the breathing of the
vanished lies in acres round my
feet past Loch Scadavagh Loch
Fada and the flatlands to the
east where the dark blue mass of
Eval meets the rising Rock of
Lee. Between the Crogary and
Mairi I started to descend Loch
Aongais on my left hand side I
look across to Clett. Collies
barking on the outrun Dunlin
dancing on the sand. Breakers
show round Corran Vallique and
empty the Atlantic on the
strand.