Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides

John Maclean
John MacKinnon
Iain Macleod
Ian Stephen
Sam Maynard

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi

Recommended Citation
Maclean, John; MacKinnon, John; Macleod, Iain; Stephen, Ian; Maynard, Sam; Sutton-Hibbert, Jeremy; Murray, John; Clark, Thomas A.; Macleod, Anne; Mackenzie, Rob; Montgomery, Mary; and Macleod, William, Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides, Kunapipi, 15(3), 1993.
Available at:https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol15/iss3/15

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au
Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides

Abstract
Stornaway Girl, Storm at the Braighe, Side Slipping, On yacht 'Solus' bound for Rhenish Point, Mussel Raft, Loch Roag, Johina Macleod does her washing. Shawbost, Lewis 1992, Sea wall at the Braighe, Pilot Whale stranding at Dalbeg, HOGMANAY, HARRIS FESTIVAL, IN STORNOWAY, OFF ARDGLAS, SINGING IN THE ASH-HEAP, A'CHLIATH

Authors

This serial is available in Kunapipi: https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol15/iss3/15
Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides
James Charlton

Stornaway Girl

John Maclean
Side Slipping

Iain Macleod
On yacht 'Solus' bound for Rhenish Point  

Ian Stephen
Mussel Raft, Loch Roag  

Sam Maynard
Johina Macleod does her washing. Shawbost, Lewis 1992

Jeremy Sutton-Hibbert
Sea wall at the Braighe

Iain Macleod
Pilot Whale stranding at Dalbeg

John Mackinnon
HOGMANAY

in evening Gaelic
I picked up
the knot Fionn used
for leashing
hounds that sought
stories beyond time

in schoolday English
I was taught
to call it a cat’s-cradle
a looping exercise
to finger time away

yes, I rocked in that cradle
but now that time becomes tight
I am strung
in a metaphor’s slip-knot
dog to cat
across the swivel of midnight

John Murray

HARRIS FESTIVAL

tangles wrap rock
fade but insinuate
glaring pattern

tape or rope bleach
to seep out reds
can’t match dulse

Ian Stephen
coming down the slope
letting the heather hold me
the hill falls steeply away
as I fall from myself
arms and legs weightless
heels dug in
I am this delay
a pause above the glen

when so much blue
spreads over green
a notion of blue
informs the green

when tones of grey
hang over the green
the foil of grey
darkens the green

the clear lines are obscured
the stone that was dry is wet
the face that was dry is wet

Thomas A. Clark
IN STORNOWAY

It’s raining. Grey summer tears
spatter the tourists,
children in the street
flush in winter uniform, blue
jeans, dark skirts. First day
back at school. Another
summer

overhead, a plane drones
wistful in the stratus, tossed
in drifting air, brief insect in a
wider world, above the island
wavering

sea drifts blue to green to
distant Coigach, flanks the
Summer Isles, Assynt’s bones,
scarred, exposed

dark skirts cover
what they cannot hide

Anne Macleod

OFF ARDGLAS

The sea’s some kind of grey off Ardglas, the air
and the sky’re giving up height on plates. Left
Stac Geal has the widow’s swell on
and a lapful of china from the light. The rocks’ve
gone some strange loose flesh colour with the gulls.

You know it well enough, Ardglas, the spur
single-tracked and the ribs fenced. See
the bearded cars white-settling, sheep in closed
session, children trading cigarettes and saliva
in the lee of the Free Church manse?

Here’s lazybeds collapsed and a mattress
of potato. Here the awkward oilskin’s caught
only itself on the byre hook, dripping pullets,
and nothing has the time of Murdo’s loom.
Something of my forehead’s in the scene.

Rob Mackenzie
SINGING IN THE ASH- HEAP

wearing faded black canvas on her feet
she called sandshoes
never taken to the only sand she ever saw
to run in
on Sunday School outings by the Atlantic
or when vanloads of visiting relatives
from away
made a strange thing called a day of it
at the seaside
which didn’t have fairgrounds and ponies
like the pictures in the books

and dug the toes of the faded black into the brown
tan orange landscape
debris of months of peat
roughed about with egg shells and potato peel
and matchsticks and fishbones
and shooed the hens away
and made up tunes
to pass the time
in patterns to match
rain ridges in the ash

Mary Montgomery

A’CHLIATH

on the lot’s incline
a man labours
a frame pinned
with iron pegs

there
is the rod and
metre of his work

still the mercy moves
tender
beneath him
on this southern slope
on this spring day

William Macleod