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## Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides

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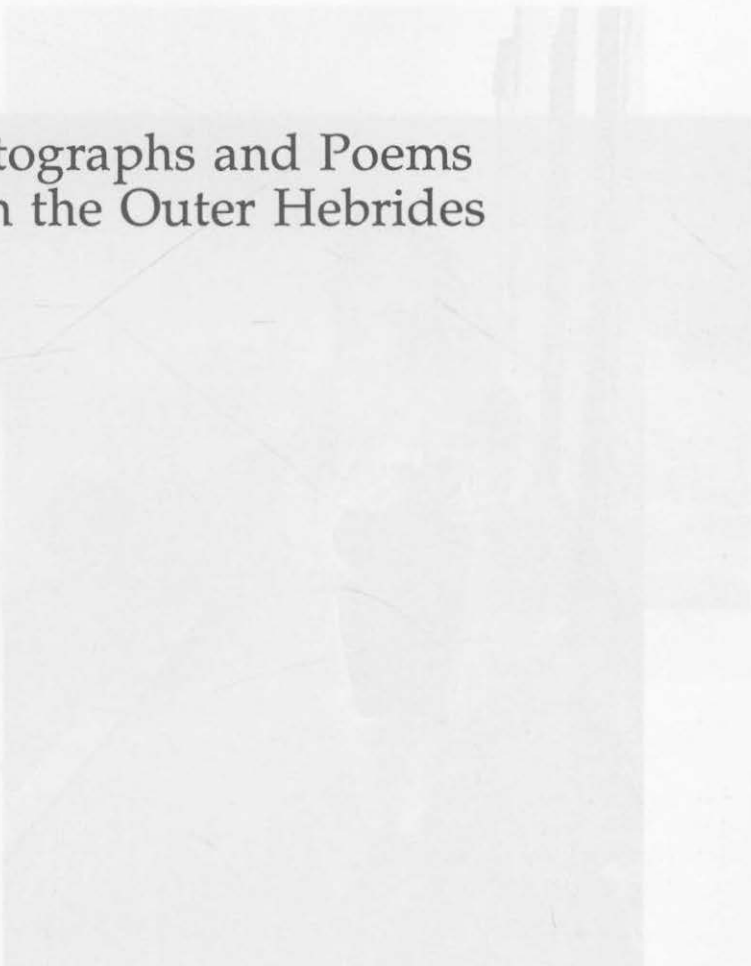
## Photographs and Poems from the Outer Hebrides

### 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

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Photographs and Poems  
from the Outer Hebrides

## James Charlton

THE PH

On the  
 a Dribble  
 a stick in

When I  
 you jump  
 the hole

In school  
 with the  
 so time

It might  
 slumped  
 with you

you was  
 and it's  
 too late

FLEET

A boy  
 at the  
 jumps  
 stuck in

When  
 this one

of a pointer  
 Ought? The Name's Key  
 Ki-Suma

and  
 tonight  
 the



Stornaway Girl

John Maclean



Storm at the Braighe and for Rhenish Point

*John Mackinnon*





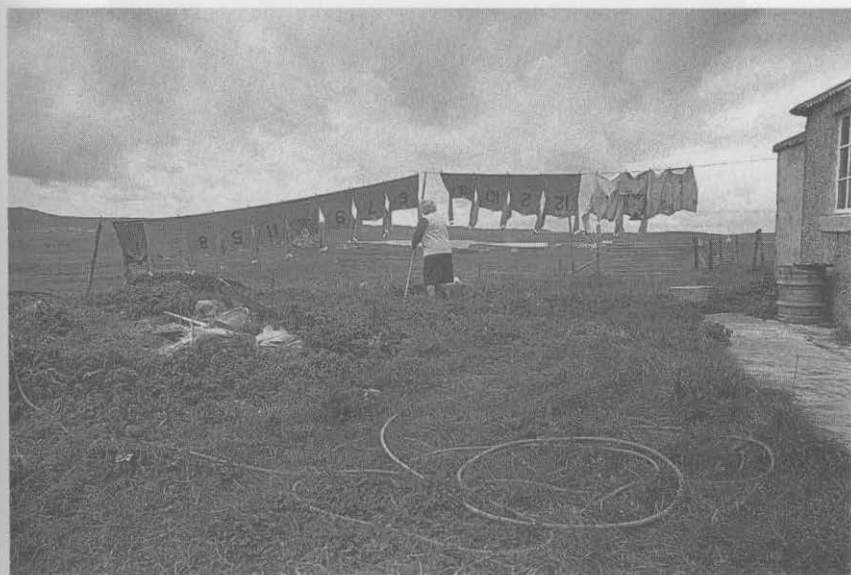
*Miss MacLeod does her washing, Shawbost, Lewis 1952*  
On yacht 'Solus' bound for Rhenish Point *Ian Stephen*



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 Ardglass, 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, Ardglass, 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 lo'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*