

BARRA LANDSCAPE

Here is the energy of the island
caught fast. The wind zipping
cloth into weird and grotesque shapes,
swelling fat legs of fishing overalls -
voluminous bodies in orange and blue
straining horizontally out to sea;
tablecloths, pillowcases,
large bras, big pants billowing
curvaceously, shirts and dresses
twisted, one arm stretching
impossibly towards
a cloud strung heaven.

Beneath,
a croft sits, squat in the hollow.
Its drystone wall guards
secrets silently, in shady nooks.
The hills forbear to
eternity;
in stillness, the long grass
leans roughly.

Yet still, telltale signs of life:
scattering the landscapes
rusty poles support plastic lines,
heavy duty pegs hold down
the wild spirits of living souls.
They flap, fly, fill and zap.
Their energy tethered,
they ride high -
multi-coloured flags of humanity.

Jane Muir