

Chanonry Point

rigs
floating in the grey smear of mist
squeezed between the blues of sea and sky

cormorants
skim the surface like arrows
melding into the black of the swell

smoke
on the far side of the firth
smudging the tree tops

a gull
in its first full year
brown speckled
feeding in the sift of tide

Fort George
whispering from squat walls
over to Arderseer
and back to Drummossie Moor

pebbles
rounded by a million ebbs and flows

me
in the wash of the North Sea
soaking
in
everything