

A' Meòrachadh

Thug thu bàta gu muir
Gus d' anam a mheòrachadh.
Ann am brudar ciùin
Beanntan eagalach,
Tràighean farsainn,
Muran a' seargadh,
Ciaradh an fheasgair
Mar bhriseadh cridhe.
Na ràimh leis a' cheist
Carson 's càite?
Na h-eòin a' sgiathalaich
Cearcaill gun fheum.
Sgòthan mar sgiathan
San iarmailt
A' maoidheadh
Air cuimhneachain mhì-rianail
Mun cuairt tràighean seargach
Ann an sguabadh nan stuaghannan
'S lùbadh na talmhainn
Gach rud air a leigheas.

Togaibh ur cridhe
Fuasgladh air gach nì
Ach an dorchadas fhèin
A' caoineadh 's a' caoineadh
Gu socair, gun tàmh.

le Marion F. Mhoireasdan

On Reflection

You take a boat to sea
To reason with your troubled design
On the calm frame of the water
Peace in your vision:
The smouldering hills
Formidable sands
Marsh grass withering,
The sun a wilting heart.
The oars enquiring where and why?
Mad cry of the birds in aimless orbits.
Shields of clouds treading on the day.
Misting capricious memory
Mastering the white worn strand.
And all that waited solving is resolved
In the spreading of a wave
In the tilt and tumble of the land.
Cheer to the heavens.
Nothing comes amiss:
But the gnawing of the slow night.

by Marion F. Morrison