

## *Loch More*

On the banks of Loch More there is nothing  
but the empty stretch  
of infinite moorland  
and Autumn

and me on this shore.  
In this silent land  
where I thought to come to scream,  
to rant and rage and tear at this world  
and wounds inflicted, unfair and deep,

and pluck at these scars,  
To bleed and cry out;  
bloody, cry out:  
defiant, cry out  
"Why?            Why?"

But the wind takes my breath  
and blows it away  
on the silent stretch  
of a curlew's wings.

Away from the murmurs and rustlings  
of the dearly-beloved-gathered-here-grass  
and broken hearts of heather;  
across the pathless lands  
into forever and a memory of mountains  
like faded pride

as my rage is sucked down to lie  
in the soft and warm bed  
of the peat of this moor  
of these wild lands  
and their wildly-scented fields of grey.

Now take this love  
and blow it away,  
like a leaf in Autumn.

In this silent land I have come  
and am free;

on the banks of Loch More  
there is nothing.

*Gareth Alun Roberts*