

Silt on the Nairn

Silt on the Nairn, with the land-blood bleeding
its clear resinous sap

(Look on the land like winter and amber).

Beneath the bridge at weeping water,
beneath the anchored boats and tackle,
the heart of the land flows wide
'till the grief of a mile of sea resurges
and the Nairn is staunched by the tide.