Gods of Quiraing
I once stood on a day like today
In between summer and winter
And let the cold wind and rain run through me
On a Quiraing high on the Isle of Skye.
I moved into the weather
Deliberate and slow
As if to be baptized into a place
Where the rain is a god
And the wind its eight-legged charger
Running horizontal and raging
to test me perhaps
or just bless
as I stood with still, silent sheep
High on this ancient hillside

Susan Jeffs