

Between Loch Uidh Tarragean and Loch na Dail (upstream)

Every measure has its starting point,
its balance of momentums.

Here the river escalates abandon,
quarries a pool with somersaults,
cajoles the sun
to roll like glittered salmon.

Two sandpipers fling upriver,
voices flickering the sky.

The river pivots: cast
from sunshine into vertigo
she goes unloosed as avalanches,
gasping.

No. 2 from *River Sketches*, Joanna Wright