

## Abhainn Osgaig (upstream)

Rain pulls across the hills,  
considers the river,  
smirrs the jigsaw bits  
of shoreline.

Dwindling birches lean in  
from the moorland — marginal  
sedge, stubbed-out reeds in the shallows.  
There, the river tips off its ledge  
and sound falls away —

but here she unfolds like a fan.  
Grey becomes quiet and light.  
Peace, ancient, settles like rain.

No. 5 from *River Sketches*, Joanna Wright