

D E I R D R E   C A R T M I L L

from *Inbound*

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I follow the banks of the Nevis River.  
Waterfalls raze through stones,  
scar the slopes. Two falls converge

in a volcanic bubbling of white foam.  
The spray hits my face and the noise  
dulls my fear of walking alone.

Dizzy with hunger, I'm compelled  
to keep moving forward, to follow  
this single track to its dead end,

knowing I've missed the fort  
but lured by the sullen stillness as the roar  
subsides, then rises at the source

streaming down the south west crag  
from Ben Nevis's hood of mist.  
I scramble over moss, dodge snagging

branches as the sun stabs the slopes.  
I skate across the mud to the fall's edge,  
dip my fingers in to feel its pulse.