5-1-2009

North Uist, Hosta

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NORTH UIST, HOSTA

Dustin Kunkel

I came amongst the cows on the way to Hosta beach,
Old maids and mothers and fresh yearlings sniffing
At me,
Trying pieces of seaweed on the beach,
Spitting them out with grunts.
I said, “peace be with you, sister” to an
Especially large one with eyes dark as any girl’s,
I thought of you, dad,
Wished for the day to come to walk these hills and heather
With a father without purpose
And break through the wind coming
Over the hill’s lee, see, the waves of Hosta
Fall in curls driven
By the veiled moon,
We will sit here in the throne rock
Looking West like Columba and feel
The burn press
Peaty waters into the pillowed waves, see!

Here on the edge of the world, the
Tattered edge crying
I find you weaving
New strands, see!
You have only to pull
This thread and I’ll
Come home.