

SUNRISE OVER LOCH LEVEN

by Karen Elwis

Dawn is not far off now.
Loch Leven and the Lomonds
wait, suspended in time,
as the landscape is swallowed
by suffocating silence.

The loch lies still,
a silver slate of water
surveyed by Mary's ghostly regal presence.
She paces the ruined ramparts,
watched by a flock of sleepy
pink-footed geese,
unseen by the molten sleeping
giant who has lain by the lochside
since Kinross-shire
first took shape.

Imperceptibly, the land and sky merge
in the orange, silver and black
of centuries of sunrises.
No other colour exists in this
mysterious, transient era of
half-morn, half-night,
half-dark, half-light

till gradually shades of grey
and peach and salmon pink emerge. Cobalt
cloud peaks masquerade as mountains, and
still there is no dividing line
between sky and earth.
The nascent day is so fragile,
so hushed, so perfect

it must surely shatter as the sun
rises, rousing the long-dormant
giant.

