

Another Day

Another day another walk
Another day upon this rock
Another day in Covid's grips
Another day and still no trips

Another day for us to pray
Another day to change our way
Another day to really try
Another day yet still they die

Another day of families split
Another day we take the hit
Another day the kids will play
Another day our friends will stay

Another day we'll win the race
Another day we'll roam this place
Another day we'll hear birds cries
Another day the sun will rise.

The Ocean is a Part of Me

As I sit here on a boulder
Staring out to sea,
I wonder when this ocean
Became a part of me.

The rhythm of the waves
Crashing on the shore,
Bring peace upon my soul
Like I've never felt before.

I slip into my costume
Feel sand between my toes,
Walk slowly to the waters edge
Where currents ebb and flow.

Slowly strutting forwards
With the horizon straight ahead,
My senses all in full alert
As I plunge to the seabed.

The taste of salt upon my lips
The sound of swooping birds,
The sight of patterns in the sand
Inspire my love of words.

The icy water attacks my skin

Invigorates me to my core,
Blood courses through my body
As I glance towards the shore.

As I leave it far behind me
A shipwreck looms above,
Creating daunting shadows
Upon the sea I love.

To swim around such history
Is an honour I am bestowed,
Windows, port holes, rusty chains
A historic story told.

Shoals of fish and sea urchins
Starfish and lions mane,
Seaweed reaching to the light
A kaleidoscope for my brain.

Now I leave this world behind me
And head towards the shore,
I walk back up across the beach
The sun warming up my pores

As I sit back on my boulder
Staring out to sea,
I wonder when this ocean
Became a part of me.

A Mindful Walk

As I amble slowly along the beach
One morning, early spring
I listen to the starlings
As they chirp and call and sing

There feet so small and spindly
Patter through the burn
Celebrating as dawn breaks
A new day takes its turn

Hundreds of geese fly over head
Crying as they go
Heading out across the sea
Over lonely Scapa flow

I crouch and search for buckie's
Today their is no rush
The smell of sand the sound of sea

The sweetly singing thrush

The sun it rises to the east
Setting Roseness all a glow
Ignites the sky in fiery reds
As the day begins to grow

The sea salt spray caresses my lips
The cold it chaps them too
It circle my ears and bites my nose
Springs not quite here, that's true

I spot a bud upon a bush
Curled tightly in a ball
Perhaps the colds a distraction
And spring is here after all

Now to my left the Hoy hills rise
Like Gods reaching to the sky
So dark and moody, enchanting and grey
See where great eagles fly

Upon the grass there was no sound
No crunch beneath my feet
But now below on shingle shores
I grind a steady beat

The sea is like a mirror
So calm and peaceful today
The announcement from the resting rig
Floats through the air my way

The seaweed it is stronger here
Attacks your sense of smell
The pungent reek of rotting ware
Washed up in the swell

I head up from the beach now
My path of pebbles dissipates
My view replaced with fields of green
And tracks with stiles and gates

I pass a busy, noisy road
As cars go thundering by
The rumble of tyres on the tar
Is far from the blackbirds cry

I cross a farm road end
Here water trickle out its hymn
Snowdrops burst out of the ground
Another sign of spring

I stops to look around me
At this wondrous place called home
Green fields, blue seas for miles and miles
All there for me to roam

The day it was just dawning as I set off on this walk
I took my time,
There was no rush
No looking at the clock

I tasted salt upon my lips
Heard birds, saw geese fly by
Felt shingle crunch beneath my feet
Smelt seaweed as I passed by

And now the day has broken
I feel ready for what lies ahead
There's a spring within my step
My walk has cleared my head.