

## Day Break in Tarbert

The har is deep and dark at dawn.  
Cutters cling to the crests of cliffs,  
Turn to Tarbert,  
Pick paths through shallow allies  
With bounties from the Sound.

Cold fish spill in silver slicks  
On wet concrete. Custard-yellow fishermen  
Tramp toward the day's first Scotch.

Mackay is in his shed  
Resuming the rhythmic snicking sound,  
Loom-arm lurching in precise step  
With centuries. Outside,

Sun infiltrates the dark,  
Mist melts,  
Cobwebs pick out pearls,  
Machair blushes brilliance,  
Light lifts.

Pegged delicately to the line  
Cross-cutting the slice of sea and sky,  
A shirt is bloated by the wind.

Mary warms the double bed,  
Looks at the still-indented pillow  
And thinks about the wake,

As her eager wains run wildly  
To print first tracks into the sand.

The curtains in the house are closed,  
The waves wash endless on the shore.