
Northern Insomnia

Passing out of rain into dull cloudlight,
Through heather, a field of sleep, and rock,
Into the discovery of water
And with it the recognition of wind.

Dark water, water showing,
In a basin cut lengthwise below a hill,
Nothing of the sky, a sheepish gray,
Nothing of the eye's desire for rest.

And much of wind, a thinking wind,
Writing a line of froth across the surface,
Line after line, parallel and wavering,
Not chopped in caps, but fluent and obsessed.

A wind thinking, "If I had a body
Like this one, from courses dyed by earth,
If I had a body like this body,
It would be black water like this loch."

Dumb clouds, the sky held back its rain.
Thinking wind and water stained by peat
Showed a place already full of night,
A negative inscribed with wakefulness.