

National Poetry Day in Scotland

3 October 2013
WATER

The Whale-watcher

And when at last the road
gives out, I'll walk –
harsh grass, sea-maws,
lichen-crusting bedrock –

and hole up the cold
summer in some battered
caravan, quartering
the brittle waves

till my eyes evaporate
and I'm willing again
to deal myself in:
having watched them

breach, breathe, and dive
far out in the glare,
like stitches sewn in a rent
almost beyond repair.

Kathleen Jamie

The Whale-watcher, Kathleen Jamie
From *The Tree House* (Picador, 2004)
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