

Capdown

"The Blue Rampart"

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But for you the Cuillin would be
an exact and serrated blue rampart
girdling with its march-wall
all that is in my barbarous heart

But for you the sand
that is in Talisker compact and white
would be a measureless plain to my expectations
and on it the spear desire would not turn back

But for you the oceans
in their unrest and their repose
would raise the wave crest of my mind
and settle it on a high serenity

And the brown brindled moorland
and my reason would co-extend
but you imposed on them an edict
above my own pain

And on a distant luxuriant summit
there blossomed the Tree of Strings
among its leafy branches your face
my reason and the likeness of a star

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