

Na seasamh meadhan a' ghàrraidh  
beagan crùbach, coltach ris an Naomh Frangan  
biadhadh nan eun agus a' toirt fasgadh  
do na beathaichean as lugha mun cuairt.

Ann an òige an earraich, tha a h-èideadh  
a' deàlradh gealltanais le cùbhraidheachd:  
geal fìorghlan 's bàn-dhearg neo-chiontach.

Caithidh an sàmradh a chleòca gorm  
timcheall a cumadh torrach, falaichte  
ann am fillidhean a h-ulaidhean luachmhòr  
tlachdmhòr dhan t-sùil, milis don bhlàs.

As t-fhoghar tilgidh i a-mach gach bacadh  
a' sgaoileadh a tìodhlacan gu fialaidh  
toirt toileachas do dhuine is do bheathaichean  
na talmhainn is adhair, le pailteas ga chaomhneadh.

Nis 's e 'n geamhradh a tha ann.  
Tha i na seasamh, rùisgte, dh'fhalbh a beairteas.  
Ach fo choltas a' bhàis, tha beatha ùr mu thràth ag obair  
ag ullachadh ràithean nas torraiche ri teachd.

Oir tha eòlas agam, a dh' aindeoin nam buillean  
a dh'fheumas tighinn... tillidh am blàth  
cho cinnteach, cho cumhachdach, cho milis.

Ruairidh MacLeòid  
rorymofg@gmail.com

Standing in the middle of the garden  
slightly stooping, like St Francis  
feeding the birds and sheltering  
the small animals around his feet.

In the youth of spring-time, her attire  
exudes promise with fragrance:  
the white of purity and innocent pink.

Summer casts his deep green cloak  
around her fertile frame, secreted  
in its folds her beguiling treasure  
pleasing to the eye, sweet to the taste.

With the autumn she throws off all restraint  
spreading her favours generously  
delighting both humankind and the beasts  
of land and sky, with plenty to spare.

Now it is winter.  
She stands naked, her wealth all gone.  
Yet beneath the similitude of death, new life is already  
preparing yet more fruitful seasons to come.

So I know, despite the blows  
which must surely come... that the blossom will return  
as surely, as powerfully, as sweetly.

Rory MacLeod  
rorymofg@gmail.com