

Mountain Writing Competition 2022

Joint 3rd Prize, Poetry

Beinn Amour (Mountain Love)

By Julie Cottrell

Julie is a Clinical Psychologist who, in her spare time around three teenagers, enjoys walking in the Scottish countryside, reading and working as a volunteer for Pancreatic Cancer UK.

*I sat at the cemetery and tried to find you.
I could not.
I could not see you. I could not hear you.
Some flowers. Mostly grey.
I could not feel you.
I could not feel you!*

Numb.

*Inhale. Awkwardly.
Chest tangled. Sore.
Look around.
Nothing.*

Grief, you are lonely.

*I walked.
I walked and walked and walked.
I think the hills of Scotland get steeper.
And more beautiful.*

*That breeze is just wonderful.
Just. Walk.
Breathe.*

*A sunbeam kaleidoscope beams through the clouds.
Oh hello, there you are!
Thank you for joining me!
Walk with me? I have so much to tell you!*

*Getting steep! Keep going!
Feels great.
I got a new job today. Did I tell you?*

I see the summit! Nearly there....

We can do this.

We did it!!

Shall we sit here for a while?

Let's sit on top of the world. Just look at this place.

Hair blowing.

Green.

Exhale.

Ex. Hale.

Pause.

I feel the warmth of the sun on my cheeks.

Like your warm hand on my cheek when you would gently wake me from my sleep.

I open my flask and smile.

I can feel you.