

The singer

Singer is to understate.
Composer, flutist, singer and piper better,
but still inadequate.

Her gigs in lonely places open valves in the heart
that everyday life has lain stiff.

Her evening performances at high watery venues
with romantic names like Fionn and Crocach
she performs her very best.

I join the audience of Assynt royalty,
the Gniesses and the Grits
and we take our seats.

She sings,
I smile,
I can do no other.

Her voice softened by the Heather,
rhythm set by lapping waters,
and wild, wild fluting calls
from pipers clad in exuberant elegant feather dress,
brings sense to my senses
and all thought leaves my mind.

mal edwards, may 2024

*(pipers clad in exuberant elegant feather dress
- Black throated Divers)*