

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3

Robert Nisbet

The Train to Oban

It was behind her now, the bullying,
the city, the negation. The future,
touched with its mark of the illicit,
lay with the journey to the Hebrides.

North of the Clyde and north again,
in osprey-nesting countryside,
her spirits expanded in Highland air,
in a rapt and beckoning peace.

Then past Loch Awe, a darker lake,
more chill. The morning clouded,
leaving her with a sudden sense
of deep water.

But Oban, when she arrived,
and in a new sun the next morning,
was a joy again. There was a certainty
of the front's great hotels,
the silver fish cascades on their stall,
and the sight of the Claymore, ready
to sail away, sail away.