

## Unst 2004

### Muckle Flugga

Clear pale northern sky.  
In the cold bright summer wind  
Gannets furl and dive –  
A hope of resurrection  
For this weary city heart

### North Booth

The silence deepens.  
Must be salt in the driftwood  
That makes it crackle –  
A time of resurrection  
For this weary city heart

### Blue Mull Sound

Still water late sun.  
After a whole day of rain  
Peace comes at low tide –  
A place of resurrection  
For this weary city heart

*Heather Lyons*