

## THE GLEN, MOONLIGHT, PEAT AND MORE

We left the pub at some late hour.  
Aingel and I about the last to leave.  
She stayed at the Glen Head,  
    a couple doors down,  
    and was comfortable making her own way home.

Of course, I thought ...  
What is there to be concerned about in the remote, rural North ...

So off I set ...  
    the pavement soon giving way to two worn tire ruts with grass growing between.  
    That's how you got around in these parts ... mostly on foot.  
    Which was perfect ...  
        on a chill moonlit night ...  
        a forever dampness clinging to the air ...  
        smell of peat fires giving a feeling of having always been here.

Down a slope on the right, the lane led over the Merlin River bridge,  
    its waters inky black, even in the height of sun,  
    fuschia-covered banks now alive and dancing in the light of this cloudless night.

I stopped atop the bridge ...  
    the sound of rushing water ...  
    faint whiff of peat ...  
    mountaintops ringing me 'round ...

I've never felt such peace,  
    or sense of place,  
    this distant glen.

And I could still feel Aingel's waist in my hand  
    as we danced a final reel.

I soaked in every breath, every drop, every scent ...  
    then,  
    filled, sated,  
    certain ... yet, of what, I did not know ...  
    I turned  
    and with such joy in my heart,  
    wound my way home.