

## Flower of the West

Runrig

Sunburst. The morning moar. The  
light of God. The heart of  
youth. I look around me. My eyes  
find their rest on this garden  
the flower of the west. Sunrise.  
The colour frontier. The ageing  
light. The sight that knows no  
fear. I look over Orinsay to the  
Trumisgarry shore. To Aloter.  
And the road to Ahmore. The  
silent skies. An innocent heart  
Holding the moment away from  
time in the dark. All I see. All  
I know. Is touching the sacred  
earth warming the hallowed  
ground. I survive the childhood  
universe and I step the naked  
heath where the breathing of the  
vanished lies in acres round my  
feet past Loch Scadavagh Loch  
Fada and the flatlands to the  
east where the dark blue mass of  
Eval meets the rising Rock of  
Lee. Between the Crogary and  
Mairi I started to descend Loch  
Aongais on my left hand side I  
look across to Clett. Collies  
barking on the outrun Dunlin  
dancing on the sand. Breakers  
show round Corran Vallique and  
empty the Atlantic on the  
strand.