

Thualami.

*Dark blue shading to turquoise, its white margin curls up the sand and shingle with
the run back rustling the sand grains back down to the depths.*

*As I lie in bed at Flynish, a sunny day with friends absorbing the peace of Tiree
looking for flowers, waders, butterflies and standing stones behind us*

Regular, soothing,

I hear it, I hear it.

*Below the radar bell, white against the blue heavens, whilst puffy clouds whip
across then gather over the hills of Mull, our island spread below us,
thatch and black house, sheep and cattle, white sands fringing every bay,*

in my mind's eye

I see it, I see it

*At Flynish amongst the skerries are oystercatcher and seagull, the seals come and go, as
we watch - and watch - for the elusive otter,*

*and as we turn inland into a different world - just steps away - the equally elusive
corncrake's rasping call and the twitter of twite amongst the thistles*

call us and keep us from our beds

I see them, I hear them

Space and Silence except for Nature's merging sounds

Enclose me but liberate me

I thank them, I thank them.

