A CROSSING TO JURA

As the pale blue smoke of the plank ferry builds, gulls scramble; 
blades thresh quay water.

On the brief crossing out of Islay 
hills with unknown names hide in low mist. 
Oystercatchers constable a strand; flat 
pumice stones worn as rosary beads 
soak up late sun. It all shines

in the waves' cadence. 
Then we shudder. Are shackled to land.

Like a basalt colossus, the mainland 
looms out of cloud

across the sound's ultramarine iciness, where 
mountains are nodules of bone.