

## The Ross of Mull

by [Kenneth Steven](#) in the [November 3, 2021](#) issue

The year's door shuts. The last red berries fall  
and leave the rowan branches bare and dark  
when in the night the wind begins to lift.

The sea booms white and huge;  
a ledge of snow hallows the ben's bare head. And then  
it's still: stars breathe the blue-black sky like brine.

The only colour left next day is grey  
except when sudden sunlight comes to glow  
the granite headland out across the sound,  
firing the rubbled rock a bonfire orange bright  
so all there is to do is stand and watch  
as though some miracle were being born  
and God was speaking through the stone once more—  
that strange and still small voice of calm alive.