

The Fairy Pools of Skye
Emily Curtis

I walked through island bush and over
rock and soil older than I could fathom,
earthy moss, and twigs, and burnt yellow weeds,

I walked below the grand Red Cullens,
their rocky ridges sharp and intimidating,
poking into the clouds, parted by water,

I walked along the river known for its fairies,
touched its icy spring, turquoise from submerged copper,
heard the fountains purr as their waters sprinted downward,

I walked over damp rocks, makeshift stepping stones,
doing my best to cross without losing foot,
enchanted by the flow of the vibrant blue over mossy rock,

And I kept walking when I reached the other side,
inching myself closer to the pools of eden,
knowing with each step I had found paradise.