

## Loop-Walking (Fragment)

To begin and return over the threshold of the front door.

Placed in a spatial and temporal bardo, the daily loop-walk unspools. An opening into footfall recovered locality. No map, no compass, required.

On the shoreline, listening in to the language of tides: lip-lap-lip, cadences of ebb and flow, wind on water variations. Underfoot, the crunch of tidewrack — a line not made by walking.

The audible is not always visible. At times you can hear salt in the air.

Burnt-orange lichen choruses sing in circles on rock armour.

At the tip of the Ballast Bank, watching the weather arrive like a slab anvil dropping on the Forth. Pebbledash of percussive rain. In days of bright sunshine and languid air, the estuary as glass, when all collapses into a miscible surface of sea and sky.

Occasionally, eerie tendrils of *Nessun Dorma* drift up the river from a cruise ship, squatting in Rosyth dockyard since lockdown. A haunting ode to absent passengers, as if to reaffirm existence in stasis, and a time to come again.

A heron descends, barely moving air, pausing time, intent on seeking the littoral margin.

Low tide at the harbour, where runnel streams weave desire lines through silt. Songs of seasonal geese-speech, gulls, curlews, and terns. The bardic yells of rooks rummaging the shingle — crow knows.

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The loop is tied. Scrunch of footfall on the gravel path, an avian pipe organ of wheezing wood pigeons on the roof.

The creaking door.

Over the threshold — once again.

(250 words)