

Out on Loch Eanaich



Refuelling.



On the stalkers' path.



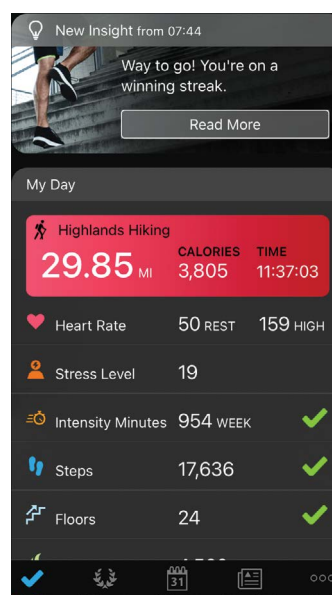
Cresting onto the plateau.

impenetrable headwall with a cascading waterfall. The path, however, tracks up towards it and there is a little scrambling before you emerge above the waterfalls onto open ground. It is a slow climb towards Carn na Criche; however, once you crest the rise the full plateau stretches out before you. The skies are clear and strikingly blue as I make my way over to Einich Cairn for a late lunch stop. I retrace my steps, taking in the Wells of Dee and sipping the clear cool water. I take an empty bottle from my pack and fill it with the clear, cold, pristine fluid; what better to open the flowers of whisky later. I descend back to the loch; the weather has changed and a wind whips waves on the shoreline. I take shelter in the flysheet and brew a hot drink before packing up.

The bike out from Loch Eanaich is fast with a super single track route part way down that hugs the river; despite this I end up arriving back in Aviemore after dark but with a couple of hours to kill before the night train back to London.



At the Wells of Dee.



The Wells of Dee

I walk
This high
desert plateau
I have trod
the stalkers' path,
Scrambled
side by side
with falling water,
Footsteps
over windswept grassland,
sparse
green moonscape
beneath my feet.
I have touched
the edges,
Looked into
the depths below,
Gazed to horizons
beyond my reach
But within my mind,
This desert
desolate
But alive.
I have sipped
from the Wells of Dee
and I thirst no longer.