

## To Edinburgh

Stone above storms, you rear upon the ridge:  
we live on your back, its crag-and-tail,

spires and tenements stacked on your spine,  
the castle and the palace linked by one rope.

A spatchcock town, the ribcage split open  
like a skellie, a kipper, a guttit haddie.

We wander through your windy mazes,  
all our voices are flags on the high street.

From the sky's edge to the grey firth  
we are the city, you are within us.

Each crooked close and wynd is a busy cut  
on the crowded mile that takes us home

In eden Edinburgh, centred on the rock,  
our city with your seven hills and heavens.

Valerie Gillies