Eothen Stearn

The weather and the tides are changeable like people's minds



Short Pieces That Move

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For Kate Miller

I travelled to the small Scottish Hebridean Isle of Eigg to spend a week in a bothy. The island is owned by the community, and is self-governing. You could say utopian. The landscape is beyond my imagination's comprehension of beauty. An Sgùrr, she's the highest point of the island. I'm speechless at the view. Thick mist cloaks all, from the underworld to the heavens (weather you're a believer or not).

What are his earmarks?

Wee dram fae the road.
Unofficial tour.
History and gossip.
No seat belts worn here.
No police force too.
Maybe their kids will want to become bankers?
Choosing opposites.

Get lost pottering
About here for hours.
Active loitering, pondering
Then braving the outdoor shower.
Flashing myself—
A burst of neurological blood power.

Come in and light the fire!
It'll dance for you.

Charcoal forms slow where ash settles gray.
The stream crescendos, wild notes on display.
The stratosphere calls, I'm in love with the sky.
Its closeness pounds as the wind powers by.

And I feel the energy
Pulsing through bodies and land
Resources and ideas
Commons for common-man.

An Eiggite, someone from here
He told me as I chewed off his ear:
A standing stone.
An illicit affair.
He points:
You'll be staying up there.

Dyeing with Potions, Dying with Mist

Dyeing with potions, dying with piss,
Ferns weave green spells for the dykes (you'd like to kiss).

Ferns for you, pal, in this sorrowed abyss.

I'll remember you till the end.
Through and through and through and through,
I'll remember you till the end,
Through and through and through, my friend.

Savvy and fluid, an unfathomable mist.
It seeps through the lungs, dips like a swift.

Pink fuchsia boi, blue rope of hate.
Space hopper buoyant, life's gay twist.

Ferns for you, pal, in this sorrowed abyss.

I'll remember you till the end.
Through and through and through and through,
I'll remember you till the end,
Through and through and through, my friend.

Here on this earth, beetroot, indigo, wood,
Silk, cotton, urine—life's circle understood.

A ripe concoction, from birth to death's seams,
Memories billow garments, the washline dreams...

Ferns for you, pal, in this sorrowed abyss.

I'll remember you till the end.
Through and through and through and through,
I'll remember you till the end,
Through and through and through, my friend.

A hard time of year, buried down deep.
Deep in the ground, with the bog and the peat.

Come visit us, spirit! As the seasons interlace.
On our mahogany earth, in this wild place.

I'll remember you till the end,
Through and through and through, my friend.

Dyeing with potions, dying with mist.
Ferns for you, pal, in this sorrowed abyss.

And how long have you been feeling like this?
Answer from the landscape.

Dictionary when speechless

Confident confident confident confident feel humanity humanity humanity humanity loss loveliness loveliness loveliness loveliness mourn melancholy melancholy melancholy melancholy memorial pang pang pang pang proud protest protest protest protest relationship kinship kinship kinship kinship release sad sad sad sad soaked sober sober sober sober suddenness speechless voice voice voice voice... your wit.

Let the North Star shine on, an eternal endeavor.
Gems in people's eyes, constellations aglow.
A Marxist's sickle above
volcanic waterfalls below.

Where I seek to live free

breathe it in, this fresh air
until you howl out
just be
beside the sea

[repeat from top]

The weather and the tides are changeable like people's minds is part of the research project 'Material songs, a queer synthesis exploration', supported by Creative Scotland's Open Fund for Individuals. With thanks to Bothy Project.





Eothen Stearn
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Short Pieces That Move! is a Rotterdam-based publishing and co-learning initiative.

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Eothen Stearn is an artist whose work engages with craft, speech, performance, collaboration and music. She plays in the band Night-shift. The poems in *The weather and the tides are changeable like people's minds* were written in November 2024, on a week-long, off-grid residency on the Isle of Eigg. Eothen is based in Glasgow.

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