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Louise Green

Brighthouse Bay

Writers' Walks



Louise Green

Louise Green's career has always been connected to the written word as a lecturer, editor, writer and poet. Most recently, she qualified as a facilitator in Writing for Therapeutic Outcome - whilst holding to a learned belief that all reading and writing is inherently therapeutic.

From 'Instructions for the Sea-glass Cure'

*Don't ask me what you can make with it
because the gathering is the gift:
the taste of salt left on the hands, the smell
of the ocean, hair blown into tangles
by an off-shore wind; the soft susurrations
of glass weighing down the pockets.
The hours passing uncounted, as you wander
the coves and strands of Scotland's shores.*





Writers' Walks



The Walk: To Peace of Mind via the woods to Brighthouse Bay, Kirkcudbright

The walk I've chosen was the walk that restored my peace of mind, gave me back my faith in nature, and healed me after a period of trauma. I was stalked, publicly abused, threatened by anonymous letters. I wonder if anybody except a fellow stalking victim fully understands the emotional legacy of stalking. Like other stalking victims, my own sanity was questioned. My husband and I were forced to give up the jobs we loved. Eventually, I ceased to leave home on foot.

After nine months the abuse ceased abruptly. We sold in a hurry, put everything in storage and fled to Dumfries and Galloway, to the static caravan we had bought earlier that year as a refuge. But sleep was still hard to find, and the stress of the last year had taken its toll on our relationship. Although PTSD was never diagnosed, we were both on anxiety medication. I kept thinking of our tormentor's threat to 'come to visit you in Scotland'. I checked doors and windows obsessively, still woke at every sound.

Being indoors was becoming a strain, so we walked. We walked west through the woods, along the cliffs towards Carrick, the Isle of Man clear on the horizon; through leafless woods, boggy and silent except for crows and gulls. At night we heard owls hooting, foxes barking. When the wind dropped, we could hear the sea. During the torment of 2022, I had been unable to write. But in those early days of the New Year, I began to absorb my new surroundings, and to write. Early poems still carried a sense of anxiety.

The walk I remember best is the one that began in those early New Year days, the walk I credit for finally bringing about peace of mind. It's the walk through the woods from the caravan site slipway to the far side of Brighthouse Bay, Kirkcudbright.

The walk is best begun where a path leads East from the slipway at the bottom of the caravan park. A little way along there's also a right-hand path to 'the wee beach', a bay hemmed in by rocks and a tiny strip of sand. High winter tides cover this beach to the edge of the woods, leaving behind a trove of beach-combings: plastics and fishing-tackle, a mysterious number of shoe-soles, flattened drink-cans. You will find interesting bits of timber, shells, stones, a rarely, whole sea-urchin. But you will also find sea-glass.