

Shadows — Targets

traversing a way — reflecting a way: KNAPDALE FOREST

spade

and

trowel

set

by

we walked

our separate ways

meandering

like *tick* trails

on a deer's

hide

point

to

point

tiny

black

specks

adrift on the land

before our

eyes

over days

*we traced finely
wrought lines*

slipped

and

stumbled

in this brutal land

surveillance technology

*— turned away from mili-
tary usage*

towards

these

ancient grounds

and places —

our guide

our

movements

at

times

lacked

poetry

at

times

too

proved

ungainly

traversing a way

through the land

near spectral presences

just days
to the Spring
equinox

Glasgow