

and into the bitter winds of STORM GARETH

swathes
of
logging *brash*

orange marker-
flags
– still in place

over debris

deep ruts

a mutilated land
(scape)

quaggy desert

picking a way
heads bowed
into the weather

holy fools
tragic-comic fools

wind

sleet

rain

driven

hard

on

the

wind

we

become

as

aliens

in

a

wasteland

edgelands

a
summer
pasturage

a
shieling

lost

overwhelmed

among

trees

no *pastoral*
now

no *song*

a few moss-
covered rocks

the
remains

a last
toe and finger's
grip on this
land

here

in this *drookit* land

we pause

read the signs

(note the details)

mourn too

over the passing