

one year on — recalling Knapdale Forest

a
shit
beautiful
landscape

brutish
in
parts

stumps
discarded logs
brash

churned earth
rutted
and
mangled

broken
and
left

just a
wiff of petrol
and pine sap

but
then
the
wind

from the sea
across this land

fierce
treacherous
gusts
squalls
followed
by
shallow
breaths

deer ticks

bank vole

snipe

osprey

a hind

sightings

each
in
their
way
a
gift

figures traced across damp
rock
the *artful*
wearings away of time's
wilder shadows

deer
their shit among
patches of primroses