

holly  
*ilex aquifolium* cuileann  
rowan  
*sorbus aucuparia* caorann  
juniper  
*juniperus communis* aiteann  
lodGepole pine  
*pinus contorta*  
corsican pine  
*pinus nigra*  
willow  
*salix caprea* geal-sheileach  
Scots pine  
*pinus sylvestris* giuthas

tormentil  
*potentilla erecta* cairt làir  
lady fern  
*athyrium filix-femina* raineach moire  
spleenwort  
*asplenium* raineach uaine  
sphagnum moss  
*sphagnum* mòinteach liath  
pearlwort  
*sagina procumbens* mungan làir  
lichen  
*crotal*  
wood-sorrel  
*oxalis acetosella* feada coille

crossbill  
*loxia scotica* cam-ghob  
warbler  
*phylloscopus trochilus* crionag ghiuthais  
robin  
*erithacus rubecula* brù-dhearg  
Goldcrest  
*regulus regulus* crionag-bhuidhe  
stonechat  
*saxicola torquata* clacharan  
chaffinch  
*fringilla coelebs* breacan beithe  
siskin  
*carduelis spinus* gealag-bhuidhe



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letterbox

path

track

letterbox  
WWLB075

planted apart / their  
willows scatter their first

on the wing warblers fly music  
west wind carries catkins to the campsite  
warbler hides in the spruce the willows

glow yellow, with spindly leaves tormentil  
by salix from the unsuspecting willow a

Drive slender willow branches sway fragile  
me the path the sea washes colour near the

the old temple's, so still on the mossy hill  
stripe-winged chaffinches call from spiky

secrets Archie's grave corner cup-marks  
on constant patrol pines surround the forest

padlocking the forest as if it was its own egg  
my feet sink in moss soft as sponge green moss tangles its delicate

disheveled feathers crossbills peck away  
at the cones on a Scots Pine letterbox WWLB077 cone scents waft through Langais to the old croft in the

forest needles carpet the pine's canopy crazy-haired & crocodile spleenwort pollen bursts out in every  
direction like grains of rice wood-sorrel's small scots pine stands tall howling winds blow the siskin to the top

of Ben Li pine trees hay in a box of pins glass to my arms fallen needles scatter like daggers from the pine  
corridors of dead pine needles nipping like tiny ants red-tipped pines/ cast golden flecks of pollen jade spleenwort leaves

slither pinched and crinkly letterbox WWLB078 flittering through foliage a red-breasted beacon lights up the forest robins above the trees  
the towering canopy's not silenced by winter the holly's restless with red berries like Christmas baubles pearlwort crouches among the grass sparkling

with dew robins sing gracefully looking for any berry they can find amid dead spruce young hollies thrive in the sun nowhere to be seen a robin's hopped here  
in the snow white pearlwort bursts in the undergrowth pearlwort's a forest rarity scattered here and there some robin's dropped a red berry in Uachdar winter

robins puffed up like red apples perched on the branch the robins call pierces the silence a tree survivor the lone holly has threatening leaves barked in a brown  
coat trees whisper secrets as old as themselves letterbox WWLB079 a gust cradles the chaffinch song all the way to Haklet late August in the Outer Hebrides

horses eat soggy grass at Flodda the wind tastes a bitter flower people put sorrel in their mouth with a shock hidden in spruce chaffinch warning calls echo  
hot royal colours a chaffinch on the rowan eating berries a golden nugget flutters past me flying up to tall pines dwarfed by spruce the juniper's clothed with

dark berries rich prisms shimmer red, blue, gold, brown in the chaffinch's feathers deep green juniper hung with light shining dewdrops the juniper's candle  
branches glisten though it's soggy underfoot the sour watery taste of wood sorrel hides under my tongue the wind steals a brown chaffinch feather for

Rarnish a juniper sways the gale grabs black berries short and thin with succulent berries – but is juniper a tree? a grouse skulks in strands of grass  
not knowing it's famous wood sorrel greens a fallen tree at Uibhist a Tuath Eabhal curves like a tsunami at Lower Town geese quacking in the

field over the wall there's wind in the pines letterbox WWLB080 starlings swoop high and low without a care blink and you'll miss it – you  
can hardly hear the goldcrest's song a delicate rowan decorated with magical red berries the little rowan drops fistfuls of brown leaves

lady fern reaches out fingers in all directions the goldcrest sings on a green horizon full of sun colourful fern cushions swing  
slowly on the wind fern-like leaves protection from evil red berries up for grabs saw-leaved the rowan feathers a perfect

nest for robins lady fern in the undergrowth I slip in the bog twigs snap in the shadows a blackcock shields its eggs  
geese peck the soft ground by Blacksmith Bay late summer afternoon the sea's flat and still floating boats

off the island the breeze flicks red leaves from the rowan to my home at Kilauley winter winds blew  
the goldcrest to Balivanich letterbox WWLB081 seeing Eabhal from High Town I want to slide

down deep in Langais forest stonechats on dark pine time stands still on pines and rocks  
soft lichen hang on for dear life enclosed in pines eyes screwed light at an end

arched Corsican pine branches frame the view rough lichen grows on the  
pines like an old man's beard rustling in the tree clacking stonechat

amaze me a coat of black feathers streaked with colour in  
the sun sun reflected the starling's not so plain as

first glance furry lichens curl dar, gle witches'  
hair down beside me grey flecked

with white lichens spin webs  
on the spruce trees

walking within is a map of Langass woodland. Seven letterboxes have been installed alongside seven tree species. For each of these trees we identified a further seven flora and birds. Each letterbox contains a rubberstamp poem composed of the names of the twenty-one species (in Gaelic, English and Latin).

walking within: conceived by Alec Finlay; with poets Ken Cockburn and Colin Will; guide by Rebecca Hall; design, Alec Finlay and StudioLR. This word-map is composed of verses by students from Lionacleit Secondary School and Carinish Primary School. 'seven birds' derived from English bird names, composed and performed on clàrsach by Rhodri Davies; poems read by Catriona Black; recordings by Andy Mackinnon.