

(2) Ueno

Maspie Burn & Maspie Den  
West Lomond

singer of ancient songs

the old forester's bench

a stone's throw west

all this dogs mercury speaks

for how long there's been woods here

a yaffle in the trees

green woodpecker's

got the giggles

the mausoleum's

deliberately roofless choir

tunnel – only once

you've reached complete darkness

does the light return

visible translation

Yad's a single thread or tress

Maspie's undercut

sandstone banks and flat bed

scoured by the spate

twinned with Roslin's

gullies and columns

debris either side

wind has uprooted

what the axe spared

after you – no, after you

say the wee pools

beyond Craigmead

the path taken

looked not to advance at all

today is about walking

writing's another time

now it's just you and me, hill,

apart from a few sheep

and all the skylarks

the wind at the top

comes as such a relief

slightly hazy

can't see south

across the Forth

chocolate, three satsumas,

and an Elstar apple

yellow patches stitched

on the Howe's

undulating cloth

the road travelled

shakes back white across the moor

Susan C. Mackay

3–11–82

18–8–95

quicker down than up

the escarpment

primroses

strawberry flowers

the unripe blaaberries

I'd like to return when they're

ready with the kids maybe