

Up the hill

Clear,
sky blue.
Walking solo,
Duchess clearing
Defining the landscape.

Streams singing,
Changing tone and rhythm.
Rush,
Tinkle,
Hum,
Gambol.
Pouring,
Roaring
down.

Streams silent.
Wind takes the melody,
Birds butt in.
Nature's orchestra.

Old dog joins in,
Slowing the step,
steady,
but not to chat.

Highland train clatters through the cutting,
To the head of the loch,
Duetting with nature.