

FOUR POEMS – IAN STRACHAN

CRAIG LEEK

A ragged line, bleak against leaden cloud,
Plunges steeply, where cliffs fall away
To blend with scree.

Shrill, the falcon cries above lichened rock,
Where the smooth viper, coiled near ling'ring snow
Basks below.

'Neath waving birch, the nimble hinds move as shadows
On emerald slopes, where primrose shows its face
In velvet gold.

LOCHNAGAR

Your face reveals the joys I seek
To walk alone on snowy height
Where silence reigns on frozen peak
Your mountain vastness bathed in golden light.

Corniced cliff looms above the distant loch
Buttress, gully, scarring ancient rocks
Scree-lined corrie scaling sheer, to touch
The silver crown decked with winter's gems.

Burnished slopes plunge 'neath parting mists
To Giant's Head, Pinnacle and Polyphemus
Where chilling hand pounds on ragged rims
That vanish soon in flurried flakes.

Lochnagar, your voice is stern and stark
Your aged head raised high above all men
On those who may your wildness seek
Cast your spell and timeless charm.



SILVER PEAKS

I walk on Sg'or Dubh's crest and gaze
Upon your silvery cloak,
Cairntoul, Braeriach, Beinn Mheadhoin,
Your towering cliff reminds of mountain days,
And solitudes I seek
On barren heights, in wooded glen.

On leaving, sadness lies upon the heart,
And only memory holds the scenes of past.

MOMENTS (THOUGHTS ON LOOKING FROM A HILLSIDE)

Moments spent in joy, in timeless places,
Where life is still'd to 'grave in mind,
Scenes of experience and remembered faces,
Ling'ring in thought,
Where no image shall fade.

