

## TWO POEMS

## WINTER

Winter casts its snowy cloak  
Wide across the silent land,  
Soon transforming lichened rock,  
Where naked birches bend  
To kiss the velvet folds,  
Draped in curving wreath;  
And silver moulds on icy floes,  
Where frozen river winds beneath.

Glowing cliff looms above  
Shattered limbs of ancient pine,  
That writhe in snowy sleeve,  
Weirdly etched in azure plan.  
Life is stilled, while creatures lie  
In sleep, till storm has gone;  
And yet the slender buck treads slowly  
Through the wood in darkened outline.


IAN STRACHAN



## I LEAVE TONIGHT FROM EUSTON

I shall leave tonight from Euston  
By the seven-thirty train,  
And from Perth in the early morning  
I shall see the hills again.  
From the top of Ben Macdhui  
I shall watch the gathering storm,  
And see the crisp snow lying  
At the back of Cairngorm.  
I shall feel the mist from Bhrotain  
And pass by the Lairig Ghru  
To look on dark Loch Einich  
From the heights of Sgoran Dhu.  
From the broken Barns of Bynack  
I shall see the sunrise gleam  
On the forehead of Ben Rinnes  
And Strathspey awake from dream.  
And again in the dusk of evening  
I shall find once more alone  
The dark water of the Green Loch,  
And the pass beyond Ryvoan.  
For tonight I leave from Euston  
And leave the world behind;  
Who has the hills as a lover,  
Will find them wondrous kind.

ANON.



*Footnote – The second poem was contributed by Frank Connon who enjoyed reading it at the home of Dr George Lumsden of Peterhead and who obtained a copy for the Journal – Editor.*