

techniques. From the bottom a good track provided a simple descent to the hut.

Here I met with some old acquaintances from the world of crystal hunting, the so-called Strahlers. We enjoyed a fine Aperero, discussing the day's activities and examining their latest finds. With time ticking on I packed my bag, for I had to depart east along the Simplon Höhenweg to Rosswald, which was to be the starting point for the next day's expedition to the village of Binn via the Saflischpass. But not before an excellent dinner, a little local wine and a view of one of the most spectacular Alpine sunsets I have seen. All together it had been a grand day.

The Moonlit Mountain

A mixture of dreams, moonlight, mountains and reality

Roaming along a broken path
I might never reach its end
Astride the silvery mountain top
Where moon and mountain blend,
Shadowed only by sweeping clouds
Breaking my thoughts again.

This moonlit path across the tops
Showing straight and clear
A way for me to follow on
With stars to let me steer,
The path's an endless way it seems
And the distance bright and clear.

Oh for a life upon these tops
In a land of thoughts and dreams,
Moonlit night, and soft wind's touch
My senses sharp and keen,

They fade, I rouse, I waken up,
Beneath my nice warm down,
Ah well, get on yer breeks and polish yer sheen
It's time to go to town !

Robbie Middleton

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