

Sunset from Brimmond Hill

I love the turning of the year
The slow slide of the sun along the horizon.

Sleepy December, long shadows at noon,
On Brimmond Hill, the tinsel of frost.
Sunset by half past three,
In the deep south, a molten ball slipping
Behind the Hill of Wirren.

Equinox, the far high hills still white,
But daffodils by the door.
And the sun curling through the sky
To drop in fire and gold, west
Beyond the solitary cone of Morven.

Midsummer, green days and white nights,
The sun flirting with the horizon,
Dawdling till past ten,
North of the lion crouch of Bennachie.

And then to turn again,
The long journey south begun,
Stepping back along the edge of the sky.

Past Ben Rinnes, the Buck,
Through the rusts of autumn,
The long line of the Hill of Fare,
Mount Keen, Mount Battock,
Clachnaben.

To begin again,
North with the hope of the New Year.

Lydia Thomson