

## The Day We Came Down Bruach Mhor

*for Mike Tucker*

The day we came down Bruach Mhor, Mike, Charlie, Johnny and me,  
Escaped from life for a fleeting day, at peace with each other and free,  
The stony path up Ben a Bhuid, corrected, styled and curving.  
No longer scarring heather slopes, no longer without planning.

The lads we met when half way up the snowfield to the top,  
Conversation stopped our tracks, a little bit of shock.  
“We’re going up here and then Ben Avon, completing our Munro’s,  
Three this week and two the last, we’re in the final throes”.

I asked them what they’d done last week, they said, “They’re at Braemar”  
But naming them or knowing them, that was a step too far.  
Just looking down and ever onwards, the plod up to the top,  
No time to chat or meditate, no time for a friendly stop.

But Mike and Charlie and Johnny and me, we’ve plenty time to huddle,  
Beneath a crag, or a rocky ledge, or to investigate a puddle.  
“Fit wye div frogs come up so high, it must be quite a climb?”  
Mike’s questions always to the point, his humour quite sublime.

The day we came down Bruach Mhor, Mike, Charlie, Johnny and me.  
We found the plane and had a stop to sooth our “descent” knee.  
Finding bits of ragged metal, pondering on its fate,  
But thoughts by now about our comfy car, back at the roadside gate.

*Robbie Middleton*