

Words from a Mountain Makar

by Tony Jack

Streap

I hear the hills calling my name
Time again to leave my hame
We're waiting for you, I hear them call
Standing proud, so mighty and tall
Through the Glen, I feel the dawn rise
Candy floss clouds, float up high
Hike in wonder at such a magnificent place
As morning blooms, exposing its face
Heading North, Streap ahead
An eagle takes flight from resting bed
Catching thermals as it soars up high
Simple beauty, you cannot buy
Stag ahead on rugged ridge
Majestic, with its pointed crown
Snorting, grunting, stares me down
Descends valley below, bucks follow, gallop in full flow
Sun rises high, soak up its rays
Target reached, I look out far and away
It's time to head down leave this hill behind
Grateful of what I've been given
On a day that's all mine

Bunkhouse

If only I could bottle this all up
My secret that no one else knows
This bottle would have to be clear
So I can look inside, watch the show
See you all laughing, drinking, all your smiling faces
Sitting round the big table, contented at your places
Telling tales of your travels, mountains climbed,
Over great food, cold beer, a glass of wine
All these memories we create, all lost when we move on
If only I could bottle this all up, so I can look inside,
Watch the show before I'm gone