

Candidate H evidence

“I was within and without”

When the camhanaich sneaks in to rouse the landscape,
I am wrapped in a blanket of silence,
surrounded by the melody that belongs to nothing and yet everything.
Awe permeates every single cell.

Calligraphic cliffs stare blindly at the infinite sea,
saluting, searching, brooding,
dreaming about the lost partners
they can never reach again.

Hazy, haughty Highlands stand proudly.
These granite giants yearn to tell a story of Caledonia down the centuries,
but their words are ciphered in ribbons of clouds,
whispered by a persistent but elusive wind.

Thurso, Tay, Tummel writhe like veins with the vital water
betwixt the Scottish wilderness. Such power, such potential
begins inconspicuously from a secret source in the hills,
till it fans out as it is refracted through the estuarial prism.

Strewn land is stitched together with threads of bridges
passing identity down through time,
by hundreds of anonymous hands,
each placing its own pebble on the national cairn.

I saw an eagle, scouring through the pendant welkin,
muscular wings jet him majestically
to patrol with percipient eye history, culture, traditions, our land-
a kite tied to an invisible piece of string.

Centuries old Shetland crofts are fused to the peaty landscape -
ink - soaked into blotting paper.

The Caisteal Suibhne is not
Alexander Stoddart's sculpture carved in rocks.

Lighting is an exquisite symbiosis between the Sun and the Moon
'balanced on a pair of scales in Cernunnos' hand.
Fleetingly the fireworks of Aurora Borealis perform
an enticing Dance Macabre as a show of respect.

Those blinded, imprisoned by their glaring glass screens,
have a distorted view of Mother Nature.
They think themselves civilised, sophisticated
but their bare feet will never make a connection.

Lives are letters in the glass bottles drifting,
perpetually, desperately, aimlessly.
Others are momentary footprints on the golden beach,
resonating with the rhythm of all consuming, callous tide.

I am a sailor from the gelid waters of the Baltic,
in the vicinity of dynamic delta of Vistula.

I am a sister of Conrad, a friend with Wojtek the Bear
adopted by this wilderness of thistles.

Bereft of speech, I watch the erudite stars peppering the sky
like countless sand grains in clepsydra of national identity -
uninterrupted, concordant and enlightened.

"This is my own, my native land!"