

Landscape, Outside and In

by Norman MacCaig

We may leave the place behind, but the song of the landscape continues long after.

My rough ground lies under,
my scrub trees rise over
a tangle of grass half drowned
in a dazing wash of bluebells.
Four things, making a perpendicularity.

Beside them the loch water provides
the horizontal. It itches
with waterboatmen
and dimples with trout.

On top of all, on the high branches
I'm divided into birds, all singing.
How often do all my selves
sing together?

You pick up a piece of wood,
a water sculpture; and we go to the car
and make for home.

We've left behind the bluebells
and the water. But all my selves
are still singing. They make no sound
but you hear their every note.



Corrie, Isle of Arran