

February on the Moss

I am sat on a branch in a squat stalwart pine tree  
in the boggy soak of Flanders Moss

the smell of the unawake land floats in the half still air  
carried on the distant tractor burr  
and the rain spits nearly frozen drops  
*tip tip tip tip*  
onto the parapluie of green above me

in the grey brown distance, its white houses not quite twinkling,  
Kippen is slapped onto the wet rise of the hill  
and above, the mist folds like a grey veil  
parted only by a muted smear of sun

to the West, beyond the heathery tangle  
and the slices of fawn grass  
and the purpling leafless birch  
and on and on till the unseen edge of Menteith  
there is nothing  
but wet beauty

Charlie Gracie

from his collection [Good Morning](#) published by *diehard* 2011