

The last of the sun

Scissor-cut crags rise sheer
against the sky, cattle straddle
sloping fields, sheep graze

at an angle, daredevil starlings
wheel for home as the last
of the sun paints buttered light

on the windows of houses
stacked higgledy piggledy
across each climbing level

among the trees of Castleberg
where drystone walls weave
patchwork over the hills.

The sky gives in to dusk
and below I breathe the spikiness
of rosemary, hear a blackbird's lilt.

The garden's chilly now
time to go indoors
to artificial light.

from **Beyond Satnav**