



## Borders Country

On the moor, with lapwings and grouse for company, you can see clearly.

North lies Caledonia. South lies Northumbria. East is Berwickshire and away west, the western marches.

Down is earth, and water and rock. Downward just sadness and darkness and death.

Up is blue, the upturned bowl of day, bright with its hot yellow searchlight feeding all of life, creeping, growing, moving across the moortop. An ethereal winged minstrel broadcasts its joy in the day and its airy life.

Anchor yourself to this spot, remember this day, be you in the darkest mine or far o'er water.

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