







A chorus of shot.  
The dogs driven on.  
And a hind of the high hill  
brought down.

**Part seven: web**

With my feet and my lungs  
I think the ground's contours:

bare rock      high slopes  
soft hollows      heather corries

The germinating hill  
murmurs gentleness to calves,  
to stags with their antlers hardening  
at bramble time

Ben Dorain      past and future mountain  
cast your net      of possible selves:

On the sun-soaked southern flanks  
the young hind and her echo-footed stag luxuriate,  
married by weather and world

rockface quartz      layers of schist  
garnet      semipelite  
the bedrock      the hidden heart  
sedimentary      metamorphic

She's in her fertile prime – fat reserves  
for winter, glossy coat, calm temperament.  
Breath of meadow grass and milkwort

bent grass      tufted hair grass

cotton grass      purple moor grass

This is Heather Corrie.  
Those who know it well  
love it in the ways  
of rowan, alder, ptarmigan

fur on thorn      pellet of short-eared owl  
rabbit skull      crumbling sheiling wall

High on the ridge  
    the wind  
leans in and blows  
    through fluted  
crevices,  
    the chanter of the hill

magpie moth      mountain ringlet  
northern eggar      northern dart  
  
emperor moth      green tiger beetle  
heath bumblebee      four-spotted chaser

The music of the wind-gaps  
    summons forth  
the lads of the glen,  
    drawing them  
to the slopes where they know  
    the herd will be,  
where their mortal songs  
    ring out  
on gun barrel pipes

sheep grazing      moor burning  
barbed wire      soil erosion  
  
railway curled      round the western slopes

viaduct      A82

estate roads      grouse butts  
winter deer food      (micronized wheat cubes)

crane flies      sheep ticks  
black slugs      deer flies

turbines      superquarries  
pylons      hydro lochs

conifer forest      conifer forest  
conifer forest      conifer forest  
conifer forest      conifer forest  
conifer forest      conifer forest

What other wealth is there  
than that which is drawn out by the dew:  
scents of dogrose and wild raspberry?

tormentil      bog asphodel  
round-leaved sundew      starry saxifrage

roseroot      juniper  
devil's-bit scabious      thrift

a hundred names      each one  
a narrative      in bud

crowberry      bell heather  
butterwort      creeping azalea

The deerslopes teem with tender leaves  
and we in turn draw our food  
from the teeming river

herding the night-

fished ones  
by torch  
towards  
the great  
roaring

where pine-  
sharp spears  
are held in  
grinning fists

wildcat      grey wolf  
pine marten      brown bear

In calm pools the unhunted trout  
harvest flies and larvae,  
their flitting plenty

litany      cartography  
topogeny      potentiality

Darwin's entangled bank  
MacDiarmid's 'Scotland small?'

Ruskin's Crossmount studies  
Blake's world in a grain of sand

You are more opulent than sea or wood.  
You are no wilderness.