EARTH WONDERING

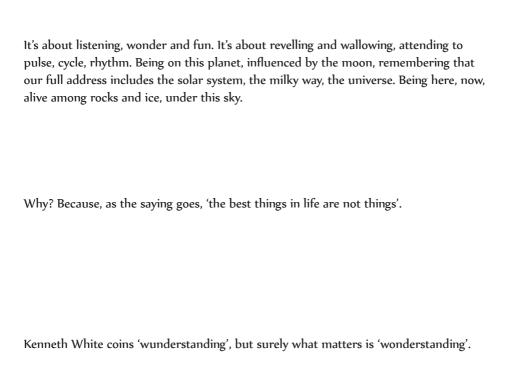


MANDY HAGGITH

WINTER

WINTER

Words - Mandy Haggith Images - Bill Ritchie Printed on 100% recycled paper © Mandy Haggith 2011 mandyhaggith.worldforests.org



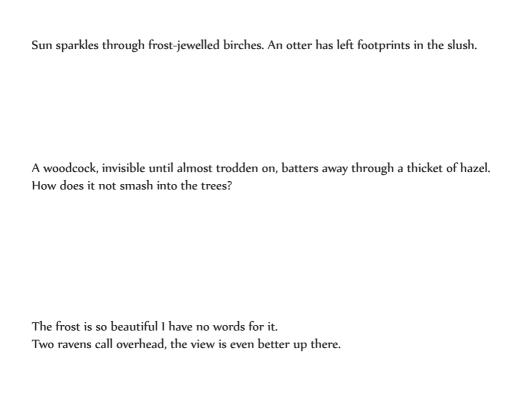


Ice-time has come, footsteps crunch through the woods, dead leaves are brittle, all the water-based lives and water-sodden dead have step-danced into winter. Ripples on the pond have frozen into bird's wings, the great span of a goose, feathers of a robin, down of an owl.

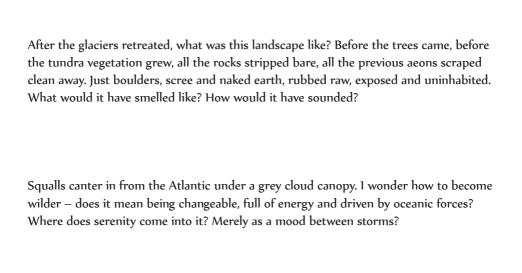
the sound of a stone thrown at a frozen lochan

a bell's swung tongue bouncing still

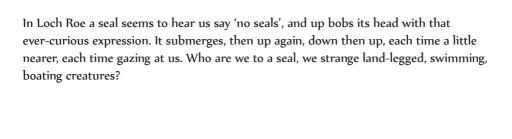
In a clear sky, the crescent moon lags behind Venus. They're like a diamond pin and a broken button on a blue velvet lapel.





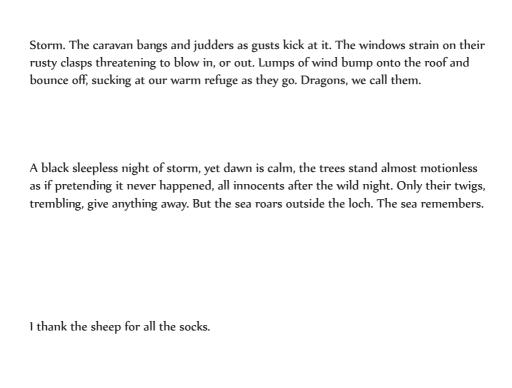


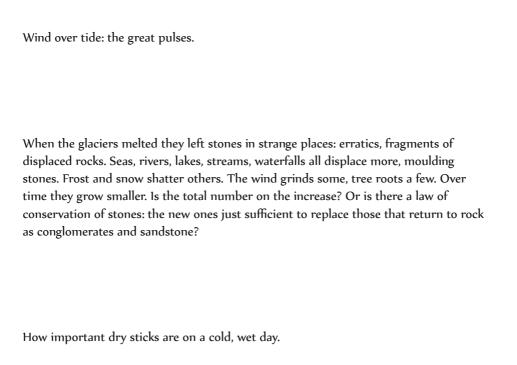
Emerson said no-one owns the landscape, but we do.



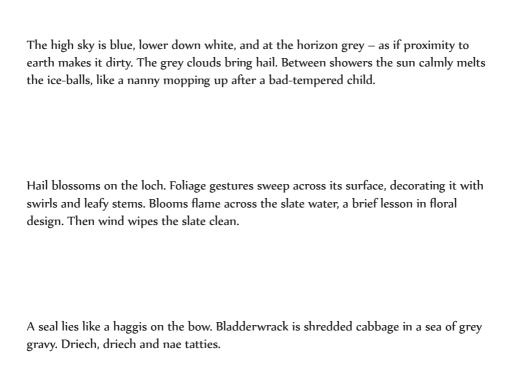
We carry a washed up buoy back to the ranger's hut from the beach. The sheep on the machair are so bewildered by our games (space-hopper, football, etc.) that they form a glaiket, staring line, moving as one. Is there anything to like in sheep?

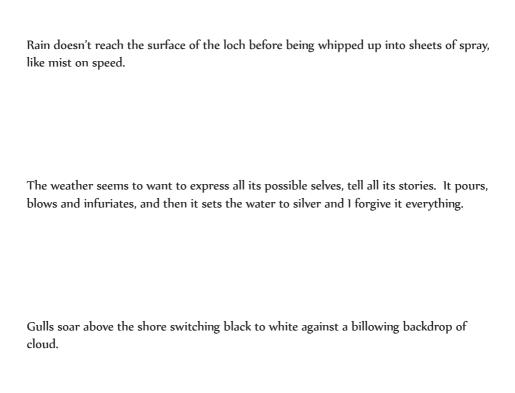
An African woman on the radio is a refugee from where the swallows winter. Birds seem to share this sphere more easily than we people do.



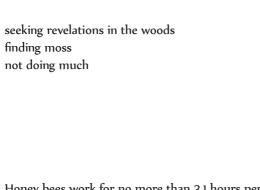












Honey bees work for no more than 3.1 hours per day.

Do less, better.

