

A Few Words about the Wood

- **by the Friday session participants**

I had a seat on a log a red squirrel came

I followed him (or her) and found badger paw-prints

Lichens are thriving in the fresh air

Organic candyfloss/dried-up seaweed

Makes lovely soup (so they say)

The broom the broom, the bonny, bonny broom – just near by

You can hear them snap as you pass by

A Rowan tree decaying, far gone

Maybe planted by Mag (or was she Mags?)

In the days she lived here with husband Alec

A forester on the estate

She used to get her milk from Lower Park

Where Cath Fraser lived – until her death the other day

Here under the log shelter Bryan recalls digging the founds

Kelsea up to her oxters in the hole

Tarzan, the French pony, hauling the logs

The half-hidden plaques hanging from the branches, elusive

Woodpeckers, hedgehog, badger, owl, red deer and more

One reads “in spring red squirrel play catch in the trees”

The soup was braw today – it sure sticks to your ribs

And counters the cold air – our thanks to Barbara!