Scottish Mountain Challenge

We wander together,
Not lonely, but a crowd,
Up to Grey Mare's Tail
And hear its torrent loud.

From granite steps we watch
The tumbling water fast
Flow to U-shaped valley,
Scoured by glacier past.

View the meand'ring stream,
And twisty road beside,
Snake into the distance
'Til from our eyes they hide.

On either side we see
Fading purple heather,
Whilst above, clouds warn of
Changes to the weather.

Through sheep dotted hillside
The splurging water, cool,
Gouges through the mighty rock
Into the foaming pool.

Above top waterfall
The rushing roar recedes,
As rippling rocky gill
Up to moorland leads.

Far off darting dipper
Frolics from rock to rock,
As silver rippled burn
Tiptoes down from the loch.

Smoothly does the water
Polish the shiny stones
We want to get across –
"It is too deep" he moans.

Above the moor we have
A view of mountain high,
Green and grey, it juts
Into a cloudy sky.

White wavelet furrows on

Loch's water, grey as slate.
Just then something happens
That causes great debate.

Bright sunlight turns to murk,
As mist it does descend.
So, will our mountain walk
Come to an early end ?

But the intrepid Six,
Determined to go on
Through bog and up steep slope
Until the top is won.

Crossing springy heather,
Over flows of deep black peat;
On green sodden tussocks
Caref'ly we put our feet.

Then up on open mountain,
It's hard on lungs and thigh.
Strong head keeps us going
To the summit high.

From there, all around us
The wilderness we view,
Sensing satisfaction,
Just proves what we can do.

D & G poets

Inspired whilst climbing the Grey Mare's Tail waterfall and LochCraighead mountain in Dumfries & Galloway.

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