

No More

Anne L. Forbes

When we move down south
to the flatlands of Cambridge
No longer will we have
the peace and quiet of Glass,
the beauty of the hills;
in March the slow motion flowing lines
of gulls following the Deveron up and up
to their special heather nesting grounds.

No more my daily morning walks
up the hill behind our house
seeing cattle and the sheep
and the little lambs in May.
No more the golden Gorse and Whyn
giving glory to the roadside and the hill,
nor the overlapping time of white
the flowers of Hawthorn, Aspen,
Rowan, Daisy and puffs of Dandelion.
No more watching deer delicately picking
their way through grass below our house
while buzzards sore above.

No more Huntly Writers appreciating
what I write, nor Deveron Arts
with many talents from far afield
bringing enterprising projects to our base;
nor Huntly Farmers' Market, and HDDT
with electric bikes and cars and many runners;
nor the splendid cycle shack.
No more bus number 10 to Union Square.
No more seeing Ben Rinnes peak above
the hills as we drive up from Huntly town.

No more working with Glass hall committee
planning fine events, knowing many come to help,
to watch, to take part and to enjoy
the talent shows, the drama group,
Huntly Castle and my Gordon play,
the tasty soup and sweets

and Margo with the detail at her fingertips.
Now its autumn with colours coming
and thoughts of gathering at the cross
remembering those who died in WWI.
No more admiring skeins of geese
flying in their v formation honking as they go
Flying south like us.

It will be sad to leave all this
and many friendships too.
We'll not forget but always value
what we've had up here, so
thank you Huntly, thank you Glass.

Keep it up!

(October, 2016)

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