

**Stephen Robertson**

**In the cloud**

After the climb,  
the moor is gently undulating, the path  
well-marked, flat wet stones  
set into wet turf.  
Beside the path, every so often,  
a wet standing stone.  
To the sides, as far as we can see,  
wet heather, wet bracken, wet moss, wet  
hardy grasses, and sometimes, dimly in the mist,  
wet sheep.

As far as we can see?  
A few yards only. As we climbed  
out of the rainy valley, we climbed  
into cloud. We walk  
in a bubble, a damp and fuzzy  
igloo-tent-cocoon, both future and past  
veiled, invisible, lost in the mist.

Forty-some years ago, when I first walked  
this path, it would have been  
a little scary—no sense  
of where we are, of how far we have come,  
of when we should turn.

Now, on the glowing map, the glowing  
blue dot reveals the now, and traces  
of past and future both.