

Stephen Robertson

Under the sky

Something out there, shining, under the sky?
A whole wide world for wandering, under the sky.

Mountains, valleys, moors and dales, meadows,
hills, ravines descending, under the sky.

Oceans, rivers, narrow channels, torrents,
tarns, and streams slow-flowing, under the sky.

Trees and bushes, shrubs and flowers, mosses,
ferns and grasses waving under the sky.

Islands, beaches, clifftops, creeks and inlets,
rocky shorelines tumbling under the sky.

Sea-birds, pond-birds, dippers, warblers, song-birds,
waders, hunters hovering under the sky.

People, people round the world—and I,
roaming, rambling, drifting under the sky.