

Country Poetry Corner

Uist by Lindsay Waddell

I stood and viewed the ancient ruin
With its walls the stone now strewn
I wonder when? I wonder why?
Did they leave, or did they die.

Two thousand years, perhaps it's more
Since their eyes they viewed this shore
Was it like it is today?
Who can tell; only they can say.

There would be rocks, there would be
pools
Yet these ancient people were no fools
They built, they crafted with their hands
They made the best of meagre lands.

If we were put back to their frame
Could we do the very same?
Could we make those delicate things
The tools as well as fine bone things?

It's easy for us here and now
The engine with its infernal row
Not the slog as days of old
When women toiled and men were bold

When raiders landed on the shore
Called to fight and bar the door
As for some they did not raid
Simply came to ply their trade

And there are those who've had a look
Put their thoughts in many a book
No doubt they've done their very best-
How much like me is simply guessed



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