

## In My Thoughts And Dreams The Scottish Highlands



Closing my eyes I see,  
Spectacular mountains and rough , jagged rocks,  
Verdant, green trees and long, lazy lochs

I perceive dapples of sunlight,  
And white mist.  
Holding secrets, dangerous secrets.

I smell the fragrance of sweet heather  
Roaming around like a light feather.  
And the stench of warm soil,  
Covering the land like foil.

I detect the howl of the Last Wolf,  
Loud and clear.  
Shuffling and snuffling  
Climbing shadows  
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By Saranja