

That “promises to keep” gubbins

The edge of Corrie Kander
the day before hogmanay.

Hardly a climb,
more a stroll with altitude.

But the sky is a bell
and the air is 10 below.

He has stamped down the mountain
just like old McCaig told him.

He sits down to rest
at the edge of the cornice.

His head hits the rucksack
and the eyes just shut

and his body, for an instant
gains possession of itself.