

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.