

The Glens of Angus

by Steve Finan

The wind pilots armadas of stratocumulus shadows across the slopes, undulating with the land. Strangely, this swells my chest. This is mine own country, where the Cairngorms hunch their rough-hewn shoulders against the elements. You can die here. But the Clova air is an elixir. The winds, carved sharp by the crags, throw themselves like spears at the lost. Yet the nights can be so still even the stars hold their breath. History is easy to picture, wars mostly lost by tactics that screamed bravery but fell to disciplined bayonets. Aye, Scotland may rise again, but the hard scree in the Glens of Angus will remain.

