

Scottish Weather

Beneath the weight of fickle skies,
The heather breathes; the bracken sighs.
Sudden sun, then clouds crowd in.
Shadows chase, rains begin.
A breeze arrives, slow, then fast,
Each moment fleeting, never meant to last.

Our weather speaks in moods, not voice:
Gentle; fierce; brooding - her choice.
We watch her dance, perform, unfold.

Mother Nature. Uncontrolled.