

From Craigievar, with love

Come in, rest up – you've made it
To this warm, familiar place
Now at last you can exhale
Now at last you're in your space

Jean's baps, Galloway honey
Start each magic day anew –
If you've forgotten what it's like
I'll remember it for you

What city life erases
I'll restore to childish glee
Light you up like midnight's glowing flecks
That sway upon the sea

Wonky stones send you slip-sliding,
Eau de garlic fills the air –
When you find driftwood and rose-shells
I'll remember that you're there

So let the blue swing fly you
Like a golf ball 'cross Colvend
Let beach fires burn marshmallows
At each wind-danced, sea day's end

I know kisses under raindrops;
I know giggled secrets made;
I know the hand warming your fingers
Might keep holding yours always

Like the path to Bogglehole,
Life is long – but though you roam,
When your car-tyres crunch on gravel
You will know that you are home

So when you leave 'cause Life is calling
With its Life Things you must do,
Just let these memories free like birdsong:
I'll remember them for you