



**BENT GRASS
ON DORNOCH BEACH**

THIS chill morning, an east wind
Pulls at the bent, bowing down
The rows of dull, rattling wands
Below the blurry line of sky and hill.
Tight, they hold their roots among the
sands.

Some early walker has scraped his name
Upon the beach, showing the need is real
To leave behind some mark, permanent
or not
In fine or unfine nib. Each man likes to
claim
That he alone was first to tread his spot.

The bent, however, provides an image
Of more value. At the sand's edge
The hollow stems, in bare winter brown
Hold court. Absent a year ago, they
having taken grip, will not lie down.

Hector F. Mackenzie.