Lapwings

Men cut down the wych elm for the housing group who said their clients didn’t like the mess of leaves it littered on their gardens, or the shade it cast across their loungers and their barbecues. (And this is Scotland, right. Not Melbourne. Not some blue Floridian poolside where you have to ring police because a bear has climbed your fence.) Scotland. Where an upstairs flat might let you look into the branches of a tree in spring and think of Larkin and their yearly trick of looking new; where two plain pigeons lean, like lovebirds in the Solomons, above the washing lines; where all our history is making money off the back of wars, and nursing grudges. Today, my shadow on a deep-ploughed field and this deceit of lapwings doing their light-trick thing.