

# SCOTLAND

BY HUGH MACDIARMID

It requires great love of it deeply to read  
The configuration of a land,  
Gradually grow conscious of fine shadings,  
Of great meanings in slight symbols,  
Hear at last the great voice that speaks softly,  
See the swell and fall upon the flank  
Of a statue carved out in a whole country's marble,  
Be like Spring, like a hand in a window  
Moving New and Old things carefully to and fro,  
Moving a fraction of flower here,  
Placing an inch of air there,  
And without breaking anything.  
So I have gathered unto myself  
All the loose ends of Scotland,  
And by naming them and accepting them,  
Loving them and identifying myself with them,  
Attempt to express the whole.

From *Complete Poems*, edited by Michael Grieve and W.R. Aitken (Carcanet Press, 2 vols., 1993-4)

Download more posters at:

**SCOTTISHPOETRYLIBRARY.ORG.UK**