

# Capercaillie, The Blue Rampart

But for you the Cuillin would be  
an exact and serrated blue rampart  
girdling with its march-wall  
all that is in my barbarous heart

But for you the sand  
that is in Talisker compact and white  
would be a measureless plain to my expectations  
and on it the spear desire would not turn back

But for you the oceans  
in their unrest and their repose  
would raise the wave crest of my mind  
and settle it on a high serenity

And the brown brindled moorland  
and my reason would co-extend  
but you imposed on them an edict  
above my own pain

And on a distant luxuriant summit  
there blossomed the Tree of Strings  
among its leafy branches your face  
my reason and the likeness of a star