



# My Scottish Odyssey

**Scotland is an astonishingly beautiful Country, with huge forests and vast Lochs that have a unique, haunting, mystical quality all of their own.**



## Walk By The River

Grass springy beneath the feet,  
Cool, sensuous, smelling sweet,  
Clouds drifting high above,  
Mysterious, elusive symbols of love.  
Bird-song wafts on the gentle breeze  
Enriching the air, rustling thro' the trees,  
Rabbits scamper quickly to hide  
In the wooded slopes of my riverside.  
Suddenly...in the trees ahead  
Stands a slender deer, how soft it's tread!  
Perceiving me, an intruder there  
She silently vanishes, enthralled I stare,  
Wondering at the beauty that lies all around.  
A host of vibrant colours and symphonies of sound!

Sylvia Darling

© Sylvia Darling 2016



**Walking along the banks of the River Tweed with the morning sunlight dancing on the water and the occasional Salmon *leaping up and twisting joyfully in the air* before *plunging down again* and streaking off like a guided missile carving its way through the fast-flowing current, is a sight guaranteed to bring a smile to even the saddest of faces.**

**Deer, foxes, hawks, pheasants, even the occasional heron fishing in the shallows, I used to come across all these lovely creatures as I quietly explored the wooded areas along the river banks.**





## An Escape

A golden haze lies in the valley beneath me,  
Its warmth hanging heavily on the air,  
Not a sound breaks the silence that surrounds me,  
Save the singing of the birds that linger there.  
Here I am once more content,  
As the Sun's rays caress my smiling face,  
The Summer breeze ruffles my tousled hair,  
And buffets me in its own rough embrace.  
As I absorb the splendour  
Of this beautiful mountain scene,  
*My soul finds peace in a Spiritual Realm,*  
And *inside*, I'm serene!

Sylvia Darling

© Sylvia Darling 2016



I have always found a *special* kind of peace when I'm roaming alone in the Countryside that I don't find anywhere else. I can *feel* the Presence of God all around me and my spirit does indeed "*SOAR to the Heavens like a bird*" exactly as my poem 'Solitude' describes. That 'still small voice' the Bible speaks of is so very *easy* to hear where there is an absence of any man-made sound. The sweet melody of birdsong drifting on a gentle Summers breeze, the soft bleating of sheep in the distance and the occasional sharp cry of a hawk... wonderful! My memories of *all* these moments linger joyously in my heart, nurturing and uplifting me still.

A woman in a patterned jacket and dark pants stands on a grassy hillside, looking towards the horizon. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds. The foreground is a mix of green grass and yellow wildflowers.

## Solitude

*I love to go to the hills and roam  
With only my dogs by my side,  
The softly blowing wind in my hair  
Whispers gently to the sorrow I hide.  
Then, only then do I feel FREE,  
My spirit SOARS to the Heavens like a bird!  
I'm free to be Nobody...only ME,  
Unhappiness belongs to that 'other' World!*

Sylvia Darling

A wide, green field with several black and white cows grazing. In the background, there is a line of trees and a clear blue sky.

©Sylvia Darling 2016