

**From Mount Whatley Road**

looking down from Mount Whatley, at a certain place,  
there the roughed-in trees and farms

take the middle distance, established stations  
looking out with a full-faced permanence

to the careful striking of the foreground weeds  
against the laid paper of snow

to far tongues of sea and promontories  
their placed lives set the stage

and it is enough today, talking  
to unseen faces out there and there

for the talk is soft in this pencilled stage  
and the world from Whatley is a winter place.

— *Douglas Lochhead*