

## Vaughan, Dai

Dai and Jenny Vaughan moved to Glasgow in 1986, from the Isle of Lewis. Some of their work since, can be seen on [www.art-works.co.uk](http://www.art-works.co.uk) and [www.jennyvaughan.co.uk](http://www.jennyvaughan.co.uk)

### PICNIC

We tuck into our picnic  
As the honey bees harvest  
The purple heather flowers  
Around us  
While to the left  
The island of Ailsa Craig  
Floats on the horizon  
Hovering just above the sea  
So silent  
So totally still

Ahead  
In the distance  
Holy Island and the Isle of Arran  
With Kintyre beyond  
And to the south  
Ireland and the Antrim Hills

To the right  
A wide sweep of coast  
Towards the mouth of the Clyde  
Then the Isle of Bute  
And Loch Fyne  
All fade away  
Into a light blue haze

One tiny white sail out there  
Moving steadily  
From left to right

A single engined plane  
Flies overhead  
With a sound between  
A purr and a hum

A red winged butterfly  
Flutters past

The sun reflecting on the sea  
Moving like a million  
Drops of mercury

The blue sky  
Arches above us

Suddenly  
With a phut phut sound  
The Waverly paddle steamer  
Appears in view  
With it's twin

Black white and red funnels  
And it's cargo of happy  
Sun blinking punters  
Leaving behind  
The long line of it's wake  
As it sails into the sunshine

Ailsa Craig  
Still floats on the horizon  
An upturned  
Unfinished  
Japanese bowl  
Magically in the hold  
Of some conjurer of light  
While one single white line of clouds  
Seems balanced  
Like a see saw  
on the summit

Seagulls glide by above us  
Ferns sprout up  
Waving green and silver in the breeze

From up here  
You can only faintly hear  
The sound of the waves  
Tumbling onto the shore

And the shouts of the boys  
Far below  
As they jump from the rocks  
Into the water  
Are lost  
In the wind from the south

Time to go home  
We pack up  
And walk back along the cliff path  
Breathing in that smell  
That only cliff paths have  
A mixture of sand dust and salt  
And still summer heat  
And the aromas that come  
From where bracken and brambles  
Long grass and windswept bushes  
Tangle down into the earth

We turn a corner  
And leave the long views  
Of sea and sky  
And enter the wood  
Where  
On either side of the path  
Tall trunks tower up above us  
Cathedral pillars  
To a ceiling of gold and green  
And silver light.

Another wonderful day  
At Culzean  
Is over.