

# Bards in the Bog



## When I travelled from the Country to the City

When I travelled from the country to the city  
the wind remained in my veins,

the heather spread through my fingers,  
the moor sprawled over my back.

The quilted hillside was heavy  
when I lay beneath it to rest,

my dreams were of rivers and valleys,  
of a sky streaming east to west.

*Chrissie Gittins*

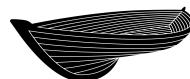
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