

Sonnet Scroll

Orbiston Bing

By Linda Arntzenius

*In Central Scotland a “bing” is an old slag heap
left over from mining days.*

It stands like the ancient monument
it has become—children picking daisies
from a softened incline, its peak removed
and grassed-over, in the middle of a housing estate
crisscrossed by paths we take to school
shortcuts to the corner shop and bus-stop.

We run and play as if it had been here, benign
forever, when only yesterday it fumed and smouldered,
parents and grandparents picked it over
for nuggets of coal among the dross.