

## Outpost

Some wild wind-scape on these moors,  
what scenes wait here!  
Their ghosts thinner than the bracken-rolling,  
bone-chattering wind. All hail, Macbeth!  
Turn three; half-heard the clash of swords,  
half-heard the Tartar horns, where tents are pitched  
between wall and world's end.  
Stay close to watch-fires. Maintain the walls.  
Where all roads are swallowed by the sea  
reinforcements never come.