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| **Slate****There is no beginning. We saw Lewis****laid down, when there was not much but thunder****and volcanic fires; watched long seas plunder****faults; laughed as Staffa cooled. Drumlins blue as****bruises were grated off like nutmegs; bens,****and a great glen, gave a rough back we like****to think the ages must streak, surely strike,****seldom stroke, but raised and shaken, with tens****of thousands of rains, blizzards, sea-poundings****shouldered off into night and memory.****Memory of men! That was to come. Great****in their empty hunger these surroundings****threw walls to the sky, the sorry glory****of a rainbow. Their heels kicked flint, chalk, slate.** | **Title –** hard grey mountain rockThis is the island of Lewis being made.**Word choice –** dangerous and noisy start**Word choice –** dangerous soundingMore islands forming. ‘We’ are indistinct spirits.Two similes to show us the blue shades and the jaggedness of hillsA glen is the ‘backbone’ of Scotland. **Alliteration** of ‘s’ shows Scotland was hit into shape.Number shows how much weather was shaping Scotland**List** of harsh violent brutal weathers that shaped land.The humans will arrive and they bring thought. Human’s lives are short compared to Scotland. **List** shows us that Scotland, made of stone, will last.  |