

The Skylark splits the Sky

a mini-collection



Alicia Hayden

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For my parents —
thank you for showing me the moors xxx

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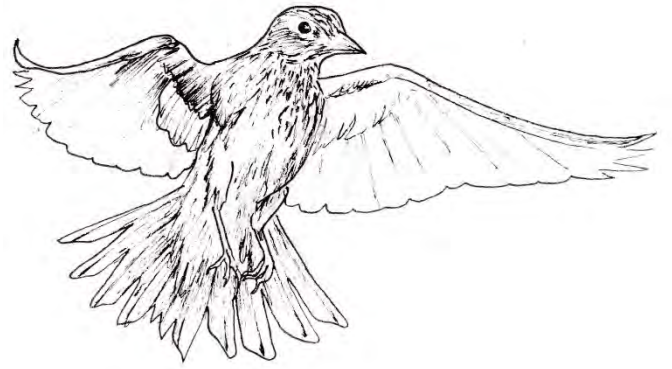
In the early morning

Looking for Lapwings

Fell Run

Dance with me?

In the early morning



A soft fog covers the grass like a blanket,

Tucking sleepy bees back into cotton grass beds,

A hare braves the spring nip to the air,

Delicately padding out from behind the wall, past a gate hanging on its hinges,

Silhouettes of misshapen tea cosies pop their heads up from the heather,

Ge'back! Ge'back! Ge'Back!

A high note pierces the fog – a dart of sun through the cloud,

The skylark splits the sky with his song.

Looking for Lapwings

Their chicks are striped bundles of yarn,

Lie low and they won't see you

Hard to see; they blend in with the summer grasses.

I've had them right in front of me before – they never notice

The parents are the give away. You can see their display for miles around.

When we dance, they're distracted – attention diverted

And their call – looping bubbles “peewit peewit” – I wonder what they're saying?

So dumb – I can't believe these people think we dance for them.



Fell Run

Mud up your thighs like a second pair of socks,
The peat bog beneath your feet tries to suck you in with every whisper,
But you pull back and through.

Sphagnum moss grows thick and wild here;
A springy green mattress to get lost in,
Or a spring-board for your tired ankles.

And, just when you're almost out of steam,
When you think *I can run no further*
The cairn comes into sight

And on top, a small bundle of feathers and mild irritation;
For the little owl does not like to be disturbed
From his afternoon slumber and good vibrations.



Dance with me?

They call me the *king* of the sky!
That's right, folks,
I'm the sky dancer, the ladies' romancer,
No moor is too big for me
And no blue abyss too high
My silver wings glide like arrows,
My talons grip — a mouse, a vole,
I toss my prize into the air; delighted!

*Come dance with me, my beauty,
Let me feed you, my precious
Voles and mice and food galore,
I will treat you like a princess.
Come dance with me, my hazel dove,
My golden queen, my lovely,
The world is our blue ocean
Vast, but unforgiving.*



About the Author

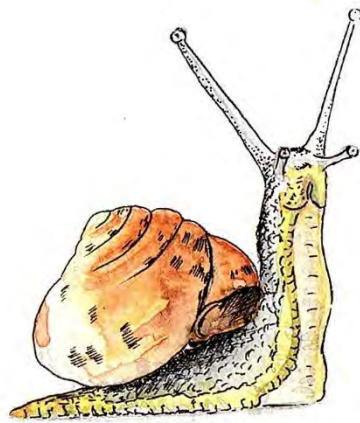
Alicia Hayden is an award-winning wildlife photographer, artist, writer, and filmmaker, from North Yorkshire. She won the 'Human Impact' category in David Shepherd Wildlife Artist of the Year 2021 for her piece 'When the Whale Sang', and was awarded the inaugural Ingrid Beazley Award. Alicia hopes that by showcasing the beauty of the natural world, she will encourage more people to protect it.

'The Skylark splits the Sky' is the third instalment in Alicia's series of free mini-collections exploring the beauty and mystery of our local spaces.

Her first poetry book ['Rain before Rainbows'](#) came out in 2020, and she is currently working on her second.

If you enjoyed 'The Skylark splits the Sky', please consider supporting Alicia through [Ko-Fi!](#)





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