

Dealán-dè

Bhon talamh bhog aig Loch a' Bhealaich,
Dh'èirich thu dhan adhar.
Sgiathan maoth is dathach
A' gearradh tron ghaoith.

Thairis air cnap is dail,
Thairis air Bàrr Mòr,
Eadar daraich is raineach,
A' lorg, a' lorg a chinn-ghuirm,
Am muireach.

'S tu a tha brèagha
'S tu a tha crìon
Mo dhealan-dè.

Le Neil Sutcliffe

Butterfly

*From the soft ground by Loch a' Bhealaich,
You rose into the air.
Delicate and colourful wings
Cutting through the wind.*

*Over Knap and Dale,
Over Bàrr Mòr,
Between oak and fern,
Searching, searching for the "blue-head",
The devil's-bit.*

*So beautiful are you,
So little,
My butterfly.*

By Neil Sutcliffe

This poem was inspired by the life of the threatened marsh fritillary butterfly, (*Euphydryas aurinia*), which is now only found in Scotland on the south-west coast. One of the protected areas for this butterfly is the Taynish National Nature Reserve, and this poem is inspired by that landscape.

A map is attached below to show Loch a' Bhealaich (*Inlet Loch* in English), and Bàrr Mòr (*Big Summit*), the two landmarks named in the poem. Taynish's Atlantic oak woodland is one of the finest examples in Europe and gives us a window back through time to what the rest of Knapdale would have looked like before its forest was cleared.

The *devil's-bit*, or *devil's-bit Scabious*, is the butterfly larvae's host plant.

