

Well, what a wet June it's been so far! Wellies were definitely needed for the walk around the fields earlier this month.

It was that moment after a long period of rain, the moment when everything looks up to the grey skies with hopeful faces.

The first thing that struck me was how green it all looked; I know it IS green, but after a lot of rain you get that ethereal green. It was breathtakingly beautiful, and as I took in the view I remembered why I love wide open spaces.

There was a slight air of expectancy, almost as if nature had been waiting for me to come and see her, the barley stood straight and proud for inspection; with tiny water droplets clinging like jewels to the swelling husks.

Cow parsley growing in abundance alongside field forget-me-not and blood red poppies.

Crouching low to take a picture I spot greenfinches twittering to each other, the younger ones still fluffy and browner than their elders. I watch them for a moment longer, hopping around on the earth,

wings back and heads proud, teaching their children to be independent.

I taste the freshly tilled soil with each breath; it's strangely comforting, being this close to the earth. I hear the tree sparrows in the bushes behind me, the urgent chirping of the young ones, demanding food; and the gossiping of the older ones.

I can just imagine the female sparrows wearing red bonnets and with baskets, off to gather grain and seed.

Moving further round the field I disturb a couple of crows in a tree, they move off with powerful purposeful flight, not looking behind them, confident I would not follow.

Looking at the soil from a distance it has no definition, just brown, sitting there; waiting. But get up close and it has substance, shape, soul.

From this soil will grow carrots, I know that because of the way it has been tilled, earthed into uniform ridges. Little rows of excitement, just about to burst with their feathery promise of orange gold.

I continue my walk round to the farm, I think, because of the rain it feels sombre. Not foreboding, but sad, almost like a memory from long ago. There is no movement in the yard, and the machines and tattie boxes that slumber until harvest time are silent.

Still giants that watch over me.

Suddenly a swallow skims past me, the feathers making hardly any sound as it swerves and swoops to catch the bugs it will feed to its young. As I watch, there are more; probably half a dozen, practising their aerial dance with each other. A shout from the barn and it's no longer sombre. Farmhands, fixing a tractor, laughter and more shouting. A giant pressure hose, washing the mud from some machine that I had never seen before. I later found out that it was triple bed former!

took a final walk around the farm. The dog rose is in full bloom with insects buzzing greedily at the pollen.

Evidence of small mammals and rabbits abounds under the hedgerow. Butterflies, resting on long elegant legs; and spiders repairing their traps.

I realise that even though it looks asleep, it never really is.