



Daisy Dunn The Once and Future Wild

Powys

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The air was warm with the earthy scent of freshly made clay. With your eyes closed, the room was more a damp meadow or marsh than gallery, even as fog hung heavy outside the water-beaded window. The soft rhythm of thudding clay beat softly as the rain tap-tapped and a clay-smeared speaker propped against a water dish slowly accumulated smatters of greyish sediment. It continued playing regardless, oblivious to its state.

Here in the hills of Mid-Wales, the hedges grow tall and unkempt, filled with the gentle burr of the turtle dove. All fields lie bordered with weed and meadow, and scrub occupies much of the fertile land.

It is a land with great potential for farming, currently disarrayed.
Record of the Agricultural Value of Mid-Wales, written 1869.

Alongside the intensification of agriculture, attitudes toward certain habitats, like scrub, began to change. It is inconceivable to us now that such important habitats were considered a blotch on the landscape, to be tidied. Once they were cleared; now we must find space for them once again, else accept the loss of all wildlife once beloved to the countryside.

Once a hundred swallows, house martins and swifts may nest on a single house. Now you are lucky to find as few as five in a whole village.

Our fields are empty. Our forests are empty, our moors are empty. Here in this field Montgomeryshire's last corncrake cried, sixty-five years ago. They will not return, not even if the fields were today restored.... for this magnetic lighthouse guiding our birds home is forever extinguished. The same is true of our cuckoos, our nightingales.... flycatchers, grey partridge, eagles white tailed and golden... turtle dove and eagle owl.

"ODG Assembly talk, 2021."

Outside, the rain continued to smatter at the windowsill, beads bouncing off in glistening sheets.

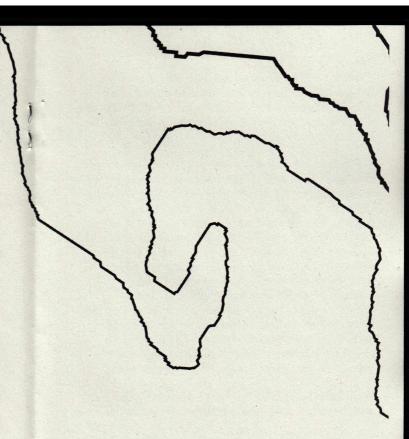
The ODG Assembly Initiative aims to raise awareness for the wildlife of Mid-Wales and the alternative management of land, taking into account the requirement for jobs and profit in the countryside. The Initiative has currently one hundred and fifty members... composed mostly of Montgomeryshire's young people.

"ODG Assembly website, 2022."

The lights came on automatically, triggered by the darkening sky.

The hedges grow free in many fields, once more capable of holding the nests of the absent turtle dove. Vital scrub has been restored; it calls home its missing refugees, clinging to the hostile bushes of abandoned coal mines, but the nightingales do not come. They cannot; their magnetic sense of home cannot expand when it is surrounded by unliveable country on every side.

The paths must be restored before this can be a common land for all.



List of Birds written by Daisy's neighbor

CORNCRAKE (DNLY HEARD NOT SEEN) VERY RARELY

1950-1960.

MOORHEN

PLOVED

CURLEW

SKYLARK

CUCKOO

WOODCOCK

KESTREL

WILD GEESE -> FLYING OVER IN WINTER 20-30 IN

PARTRIDGE -> IN GROUPS OF 8-12

SNIPE

SNIPE

CLAPWING)

PEEWIT (LAPWING)
GREEN WOODPECKER

"ODG Assembly talk, 2027."

The first piece of moulded clay was placed on a table to the side with a damp thud. It rolled to the side on its rounded surface, a hollow sphere cut in half. At one end a circular hole nested through the clay. A doorway- for swallows.

The land of Mid-Wales is a wild one. Here, unprofitable land holds scrub and hedge, filled with the spring burr of the turtle dove, the harsh cry of corncrakes. The riches of this land are restored, and with them, its profit. It requires little management- the return of the stewards, cattle and pony, boar and beaver render it unnecessary. Jobs are found instead in the monitoring of this new ecosystem, the management of herds and research. To this end our wolves were two years ago returned. Landowners profit from this land too; wild meat is harvested where herds must be controlled, and hunting brings some profit, while more is brought by the land's unparalleled opportunities for eco-tourism. You no longer need travel to Africa for a safari. You needn't even leave your garden to hear a nightingale sing.

Pesticides abandoned, our swallows, swifts and house martins return. Here on the gallery itself nest ninety-five.

This year brings with it two new reintroductions. Our 'first lynx are released from their fences, free to roam the forest path from Newtown to Snowdonia. And finally, here in Newtown, the eagles return to Wales.

"ODG Assembly talk, 2036."

An especially large splash caused the speaker to fizz, hurriedly wiped away, but the podcast was over. Birdsong crept in its stead, the soft crick-crick of insects, the far-off lowing of wild longhorn cattle. Through the mist, a thousand silver butterflies flitted round a lichenstrewn branch, setting down for the night. The bushy tail of a red squirrel twitched and a small brown bird hopped in a patch of scrub. Wings sailed by- a nightjar scooping moths in the breeze. Somewhere, an owl hooted, and more cried in answer. The rhythm of a longago wild, a lost wild, a restored wild. The sound slipped in through cracks and corners, everywhere.

they seemed to subtley though colour in the lig. on they moved, being very campflauge. Possibly another birt in a field further back, but too far to be sure.



30105 - Curlew heard calling near Kerins, from direction they flew from fast lime. Two worken seen feeling at second site. One possibly seen Julying over a field on less side of road on the way there, over a ploughed field. Third wirlew N.



