

Seen, unseen

## 2. Otter or not

Better not to spot an otter close  
at hand. I saw one once a while ago.  
Its ordinariness surprised me—pottering,  
dull brown, across my lakeside lawn  
to meddle with the food waste bin.

Better meet, way out in outer Hebrides  
along the tide line of a silver beach,  
the brief meander of its prints—neat,  
webbed, mysterious—and sense a presence  
there an hour before that might return again  
tomorrow.

Rosalind Bleach