

Poles, power and political economy

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Maybe because I have been thinking [about nuance and black and white thinking](#), I have been taking pictures in black and white.

I have been at Welney, as so often of late, mainly in the south end of the reserve, which I tend to visit less often, but which has yielded good warblers (reed, willow, chiffchaff and Cetti's) yesterday and today (I bunked off yesterday afternoon, although whether someone who is technically retired can bunk off an afternoon is something I have not worked out as yet).

Most of my pictures were not of nature, although a few were:



The willow tree to the left was the favoured spot of most of the warblers.

This calf was very curious:



When I talked to him, his friends of all colours wanted to join in. Cows really are the most curious of animals:



But what, photographically, interested me most was one of the wooden poles carrying power cables across the wetland:



Woodpecker had been calling. A greater spotted woodpecker had a nest here earlier in the year. The barbed wire symbolised both the ring of thorns and the distaste those who st up those things have for those who like to climb them when they wish to use them as flagpoles.

And then there was this image, which I liked, and to take which I lay on the ground:



At moments like these, I am as far as I am from thinking about political economy, although the distance is not usually that great.

A final thought. In about three months' time, and for the next four or five months thereafter, the ground where I was walking, as well as the rod in the distance, will be two meters or more underwater, as this whole area is used to hold winter flood waters. Once upon a time, we planned for these things. We don't any more. Political economy cannot manage that now.

The photos were all taken with an iPhone 15 ProMax with a Fjorden photogrip.