



Bards on da Street

Dead Rabbit Runnin

Drivin in
Tae da slow an millin
Spiral o da snowfaa,
Ower laet I saa
Da rabbit run
Intae da headlights, heard da dull an punctuated
Dunt alang da bumper, yit:
Da rabbit gied on runnin an I brook
My ain momentum, drew up, stepped oot an waaked da trail
O blooded tracks in snow until, comin tae a bank abön da drifts,
I fan da brokken body o da rabbit
At hed onnly kent da wye
Tae keep on runnin.

Joan Fraser

To celebrate the 2014 Year of Dialect, Shetland Library, Living Lerwick and Shetland ForWirds ran a special dialect poetry competition. This is one of 12 chosen poems.

www.shetland-library.gov.uk

