



Bards on da Street

Luca

Tired noo, da auld dug lays her doon,
in her favourite spot
afore Daa's restin' chair, in da warmth
o da paet fire.

Caa'in days done, shu closes milky een
tae dream
about moorit yowes an fleckit lambs
on lang hill caas.

Feet twitchin tae da rhythm o her run,
she slidders under
hill grind, and sneaks tru hedder. Bringing
da sheep hame tae da crü.

Tired noo, da auld dug sighs. It's
been a guid life.
Content, she lays her greyin heid apun
Daa's smucks, an slips quietly awa.

Nicola Sinclair

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

