

Bards in the Bog



Seamaa's Breakfast

He comes ivery mornin, acid yalla beak crossed
in concentration, lookin for the best place. Settles
oan tap o the grassy bank ootside ma windae.

Ah shout at him, that the good bit is twa feet doon,
far aa the juicy worms bide. But he taks nae notice,
twa feet blurrin lik a magician's hauns. Drummin hard
tae mesmerise ony worms intae showin themsels.

Fit he's niver jaloused, though, a weel kent fact
tae the resident guerrillas, is that fifty yards awa,
lies easy pickens. Half chawed fish. Chips and breid.
Greasy dauds o burger. A hale bin fu o booty.

Ah think he maan be a tourist.

Sheila Templeton

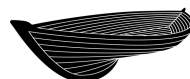
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