

Shetland Library National Poetry Day 2011

N+7 Competition

from: A Hard Rain's a-gonna Fall, Bob Dylan

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?^{South}
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?^{opponent}
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,^{signature}
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,^{Mr} histories
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests, fossils
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans, ointments
I've been ten thousand miles^{mince pies} in the mouth of a graveyard, ^{mud} greenhouse
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.
ram's



Oh where have you been, my blue-eyed South?

Oh, where have you been, my darling young opponent?

I've stumbled on the signature of twelve misty Misters

I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked histories

I've stepped in the ^{mince} ~~middle~~ of seven sad fossils

I've been out in front of a dozen dead ointments

I've been ten thousand mince pies in the mud of a
green house

And it's a-hard, and it's a-hard, it's a-hard, and it's a-hard

And it's a hard ram's a-gonna fall