

EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

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Spring Scrieve

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Siller ti SLS at 67 Cliffrun Road, Arbroath DD11 5BA or pey online:
£20 ordinar memmership
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WABMAISTER an SECRETAR WANTIT! Wad luik awfy guid on a CV, braw experience warkin wi an enthusiastic team, freinlie an helpfu. Successfu applicant for **Wabmaister** wull be weel motivated, skeelie, can wark frae hame. Renumeratioun – nane! **Secretar** wad need ti attend meetins twa-three times a year on Thursday efternuins in Dundee ti tak meenits. Pit your nem forrit at the Collogue, gin ye interestit.

* **Collogue 1st June 2019, Perth, on Radical Writing in Scots** *

* **Sangschaw winners ti read their entries at the Collogue** *

* **Stuart Paterson's wark nou released on Scotsoun CD** *

Doactir Wha?

In a Cosmos o endless possibility,
Whaur aathing can heppen,
An onythin ye nicht jalouse nicht be,
Nae leemit til its myriad o life-forms,
The eildritch Doactir chainges yet agane,
Transmogrifies intil ...

A white, middle-cless, male British stereotype.

Ye'd think that wi the hale o Time tae play wi,
The hale o Space; frae Gallifrey til Greenock...
Wi beings faur ayont oor puir ingyne,
They nicht dae better?

Syne then it heppent!

As Daith's gleg gully raxed fir him yet agane,
Fate's fell Rob Sorbie pierced him tae the hairt,
An he becam ...
A wumman!

White, middle-cless, an British.

Rab Wilson

Frae Professor John Brown (Astronomer Royal fir Scotland) an Rab Wilson's new buik *Oor Big Braw Cosmos*, tae be published bi Luath Press in Spring 2019. Copiericht.

Anagram Poem

OSCAR FINGAL O FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

Lilac flower,
a wild rose,
fine as light.
You colour my life.
You're the
lack in black
ink in pink
age in magenta
low in yellow
mar in ultramarine
anger in tangerine
row in brown
hit in white
scar in scarlet
ill in vermilion,
my needs unmet in gunmetal.

Fran Baillie

The Speik

Fowk blethers; a hund yowfs

Hamish Scott

The Puggie's Hairt

Inspired bi a tale telt tae me bi Stanley Robertson

Hyne back there wis aince a sleekit lion, fa wis ower lazy tae hunt. Gaun throw the jungle ae day he fell in towe wi a puggie, a fine creashie puggie, an the lion lickit his lips an dauchled tae spikk wi him.

'I've gotten a new recipe I'd like tae try oot,' he telt the puggie. 'I'd like tae invite ye tae jyne me fur denner at ma den, this efterneen,' he gaed on. 'There'll be smoked salmon fur starters, a wee glaiss o Madeira, the main'll be a roast begeck, an fur pudden, sticky toffee sponge an ice cream.'

'Fit's roast begeck?' speired the puggie.

'A roastit bumbazement,' quo the lion. 'Ye'll finn oot fin ye cam!'

Sae the puggie gaed hame tae shooer an caimb his fur, an takken a muckle pineaipple aneth his oxtar as a giftie, he set aff tae the lion's den. The lion poored oot the Madeira an served up the smoked salmon, an the twa dowpit doon thegither tae blether about jungle matters.

Syne it wis time fur roast begeck, the main coorse. There wis a pan ower a lowe, hotterin wi fat, bit nae meat inno it.

'Far's the meat?' speired the puggie.

The lion cocked a sleekit ee. 'Puggie's hairt', he telt his guest, raxxin oot his cleuks tae teir the hairt frae the puggie.

The puggie wisnae naen pit oot. 'Bit, lion,' he telt his host. 'Puggies niver takk their hairts wi them fin they ging veesitin. They hing their hairts up on a tree. Wid ye like me tae takk ye tae a puggie's hairt-tree?'

'Och that'd be rare,' the lion made repon.

Sae the puggie led the lion inno the jungle, an pyntit up at a tree hingin thick wi broon baas. 'Wid ye like me tae haive doon a puckle puggies' hairts fur yer larder?' speired the puggie.

'Och aye,' roared the lion, unca hungered noo.

Weel of coorse the baas wirnae puggies' hairts ava ... they wir coconuts. The puggie stottit dizzens aff the lion's heid. An ye ken this? The lion niver socht thon puggie fur denner again!

Sheena Blackhall

Luik and Learn?

There was a richt idle-luiking monkey, ay daein nothing, juist sitting aaround aa day in his tree, loafing, that ae morning sa some fishermen caisting their nets in a nearby river. Come dennar-time, they left their gear ahin them, and set down to their mait. Nou monkeys, they say, will copy oniething (I've had some evidence o this masel in zoos, or wi the Barbary apes in Gibraltar), and this loner was nae exception ti the rule – aff he gings, and louns down ti the grun ti copy them, daein nae bad at first, it seemed, but suin aneuch tangling and snorling himsel in bits o mesh and cork, near aneuch luiking like a fish himsel in the end.

(Nou, if this is the case, and there's onie truth in this story ata, whit in the wey hell's name dae we talk about a copy-cat then?)

W. S. Milne

Sit an sing

In the steer o the toun burds drings,
amang the thrang fowk sits an sings

Three Warlds

A won i three warlds:
the ane the nou,
the ane bygane,
the ane ti cum

Nae bodie kens the Makar

Nae bodie kens the Makar,
no monie reads the poems

Hamish Scott

Ettlin fir Freedom

Oan the road haim fae ma auld pals yin nicht oan
ma bike,
Jist daunderin atween the hedges,
Caunny like.

Dwammin about this n that, gettin daurk, a fu
moon,
The whaurl o ma wheels the ainly soun.

An then dis ma een no clock summit strange ?
Deid centre o the single track lane.

A big stane.

But shiftin.

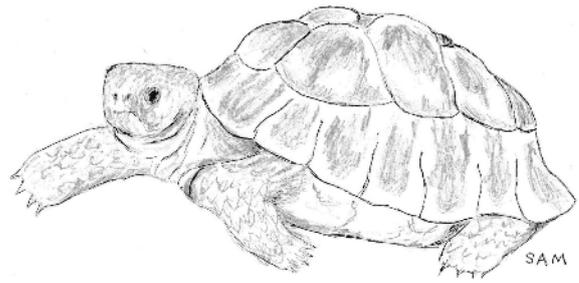
An fairly fast.

Oan wee stane legs.

Mooth agog, Ah slam oan the brakes,
Tryin tae mind hae monie hawfs Ah'd tanned.
Ditchin the bike, ah bend doon,
Jist in time tae see a wee scaly heid in the gloom,
Drawin intae it's shell.

Ah pick it up,
Squintin ma een in the glaur,
Dumfounert,
Ah think tae masel,
It's a guid job Ah'm oan a bike an no in a caur.

Ah luik aroon – Ah'm in the middle o naewhere.
Miles fae the toun.



Ah wunner if aiblins ...

... it's wild?

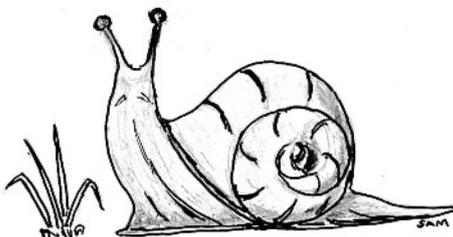
Happin it up in ma beanie in case it gits cauld,
Ah pit it in ma basket,
Owresettin the haundlebaurs.
Haen mind o a fairmhoos a mile or so syne,
Ah heid back the way.
Peddlin hard up the hill,
Past the fu moon big an still.
Howkin ma jersey ower ma heid fir it's stairtin tae
rain.
Pittin masel in mind o yon film about the extra
terrestrial,
Ah'd seen as a wean.

Hirplin doon the roaden tae the fairmhoos.
A wifie opens the door,
Ah haud up the beanie wrapped tortoise lik an
offerin,

“Aw thaur ye are, Bruce,” she lauchs,

“Were ye ettlin fir freedom again ?”

Tracy Harvey



The Snail's Ongae

Tae git whar it wants, the snail maun oot its buckie,
whit danger tae chance an howp it's no unluckie -
nocht ither tae dae but in its buckie bide in,
no ainlie the warld but fae itsel tae hide in

Hamish Scott

Unsolved

The following note was found at the home of Police Constable William Campbell, subsequent to his disappearance on the night of 12th October 1951, following the discharge of a firearm by persons unknown. Campbell was never found and the case was closed on 16th February 1955, designated unsolved.

Fan I wis a bairn, playin doon on the beach, ma Grandmither wid ayeweys say "If ye gang in the watter then watch oot for the Kelpies, they're ill-trickit beasties." Fan I wis wee I wid tak her sairiously, bit fan I grew up a bit I wid juist roll ma eyes an lauch.

On ma eighteenth birthday I enlisted tae fecht the Nazis. I mind crossin the roch seas in June 1944, lookin at the watter an mindin ma Grannie's wirds. There are waur things in the warld than Kelpies I thocht an I wisnae wrang there.

At year I saw eneuch o the warst that men can dae tae last me a lifetime. Fan the war in Europe wis over, they shipped us oot tae Asia tae fecht the Japanese. I hidnae even arrived in Burma fan ma ship was hit by a mine.

The boat went doon quick, but I made it intae the watter. There wis a group o us hid survived, bit the roch swell draigged us apairt. I wis bobbin in the sea for days, roastin in the sun an freezin at nicht. Ane or twa times I spied fins in the watter, derk shapes circlin by unnerneath.

By noo I wis startin to get deleerit fae lack o drinkin watter. I staired hearin voices bit I coudna see onybody.

"Fa's there?" I croaked an the voices replied "Juist us Kelpies, Billy. We're here tae watch ye dee."

"Help me" I begged.

"Och, we coud dae, but there wad hae tae be a price Billy!"

I wis so scunnered wi the heat I hid nae choice but tae gree.

"Onythin" I gasped.

"At's fine Billy. We'll save yer life, bit we'll tak yer firstborn as payment."

"Onythin" I repeated, as I slippit intae a dwaumie.

Fan I awaukent I saw a wee dingy awa in the distance. I waved an airm and it staired comin ower. They haled me oot a the sea an aboot three oors later I wis lyin in a bed wi a drip in ma arm in the infirmary o an American battleship.

They sent me hame tae convalesce an by the time I got abuin the war wis ower. I put that cantation in the sea oot o ma min, dismissin it as an hallucination. I wis demobbed an ended up getting a job wi the Polis.

Twa years later I met Alice an a year efter that we got mairit. We noo hae a nice wee cottage doon aside the loch. Three months ago Alice wisnae feelin well an took a trip oot tae see Dr McKay. She came hame aa excited an telt me she wis wi chield.

I wis liftit at first an felt ower the moon. Bit then, juist is past wik, fan I got up oot o bed in the mornin, I've noticed these weet marks on the fluir. They come throu the front door an ben tae oor bed, stopping richt aside far Alice sleeps.

I clean em up afore she wakens but they're there again the next day. Whiles, fan I leuk at them closely, I think they micht be fitprints. It gets me tae thinkin aboot that time fan I wis driftin in the sea an fit wis promised. It gets me thinkin aboot oor little cottage, cleekit on the shore o oor sea loch. I think aboot ma Grannie, long gone noo an aboot the bairn growin in Alice's womb.

The nicht I'll kiss Alice goodnicht an sit up in the livin room, far I hae a guid view o the front door. I hiv a Luger pistol that I took hame fae the War an plenty o bullets for it. It micht be a lang nicht, bit by mornin I'll ken if Kelpies are real. An if they're bulletproof.

Bill Cox