

Eleiven Quad Bike Poems

1. An See Yon Braes. . .

Quad bike rider, what wer ye about,
Stravaigin ae aige throughoot?

Mind, the lan frae whilk ye came,
Carries its auld toonfolk's name.

An see yon braes wharein ye playd?
Walt Disney hes a theme park made.

May yon ferlie be richtly deemit,
Equal ti the dreime – ye yince dreimit.

2. Haud Yer Wheesht The Nou. . .

Lest year at the Quad Bike Rodeo
the muckle lichts wer as bricht as day,
an whan the mune schone down upon the greiss,
twa luvvers thai kept thir tryst.

This year at the Quad Bike Rodeo
the lichts an mune wer the same as than,
bot I see not my luver o lang syne –
sae I hae hogmagandy wi hir pal instead.

3. Aye, He Telt The Polis. . .

He telt the polis bot na news hes came;
Nou his white sheep ryn aa ower the lan.
Aa day, aa nicht, the shepherd sits at hame:
Ae pox apon the quad bike reivin clan.

4. Mel Gibson, Can Ye Bate This?

Shepherds wha come an gae on the brae,
Ar awfu braw ridin quad bikes;
Luik at yon Scotsman on his machine,
Lowpin ower the aul stane dykes.

5. The Retour O The Puir Shepherd.

Eftir a lang, lang tyme
The puir shepherd hes come hame, sair o fitt.
His childer speir o him –
“Hae ye no fund yon quad bike reiver yitt?”

6. It Is True: Spring Is Scunnersome.

Hou suddenly comes the quad bike reiver in Spring,
On ilka side ye hear the plesant motors sing.
Lest nicht in the wind an rain – Ah, bot wha can say,
Hou mony shepherds gae ti darg on fitt the day?

7. Thair The Sheep Is.

I drave the langth o Princes Street
On my quad bike, bot no ae sheep wes thair.
Bak hame agane an Dod! thair the sheep is,
Thrangin the kitchen flair.

8. My Wyfe Makin Mane.

I stept on bord, an wes mindit ti gang
Awa, fer awa till the hie cuntry
Whan suddenly I herd hir awfu sang;
“Why dae ye luvye your quad bike mair nor me?”

9. The Guid Wyfe.

Said the shepherd ti his guid wyfe,
“Oot on the braes I nicht leve or de.
Gif ye see my deith entrie in the peiper,
Take care o my quad bike for me.”

Said the shepherd’s wyfe ti the shepherd,
“For the luve o quad bike ridin ye nicht de
An gif ye dae, I’ll sell it snip –
Afore expires the thrie-year warranty.”

10. I Wint Roamin. . .

Och aye! the en o day wes rare.
Och aye! the settin sun hed greit bewtie,
An sae, on my quad bike
I wint roamin. . .
In the gloamin. . .
On tap o Ben Lomond. . .

11. As Day Wes Dawin In The Sky.

Within this park lan auld,
At the cler daw,
The hie widds ar lit with erliest rays.
Here an thair the gait gaes
On ti a hidden law,
Whase scroggs the white sheep hauld.

The licht apon yon roundit hill
Lulls ilk ane bird,
An shaddas on derk lochs set fre
The sauls o men frae vanity.
Ilk soun o erth is still;
Anly the rair o the quad bike is herd.

Brent Hodgson



Hans Morf