

## Milestones

Whan ye wir the cricket o the litter  
ye gowped at me wi goggle een  
like Ah wis the eemage o the Lord.

Whan ye turn't tae whit experts ca'  
an adolescent, ye wir a  
prog in ma bahookie,

a soor an thrawn, rauchlin tike  
wi respeck for naebdie, least yirsel.  
Ae mornin, we fell oot.

For a whilie yir shaddie  
ne'er swippit the doorstane. We didna  
hae glent o ane anither.

Syne, ye lernt a thing or twa,  
and mair besides, oot there  
amang the lions and bears.

And ma newfund scowth, Ah'll tak,  
wis snug. Or, whan laneliness  
dreeped intae a howe, ma thochts

cheynged. Noo we're speakin (kinda),  
speirin it the Warld thegither, ane  
auld bletherin skite, ane cannie lad.

## Partners in the Firm

Young John luiked auld. His heid  
wis doon it the darg aa day.  
Press on! wis aye his bugill ca'  
whan 'prentices liftit therr.

Ae mornin, a meenit ahint,  
Ah wis stude tae attenshun be his desk.  
He brocht me tae buik and tellt me  
to wark a meenit owre lows.

Auld Tam wis unco droll. He jigged  
thru the lobby it hauf efter ten,  
smirked guid mornin tae ane and aa,  
and wap't his bowler (ne'er missed)

on tae the antler't coatistaun.  
Syne he flaucht lik a horn daft bee  
for his wee bit comfort plunked awa  
whaur naebdie else cuid fund't.

Nane but thaim cuid unnerstaun:  
guid strang wuid, they wir tongue 'n' groove.  
Auld Tam pulled the punters.  
Young John squerr'd the balance.

**Ian Nimmo White**

(Scots Airs Council poem o the month, Dec 2005)