

EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 12

November 2017

Hallowday Haunlins

Oot soon: new Scotsoun CDs

frae Mary Johnston, Stuart A. Paterson (makar ti BBC Scotland), David C. Purdie, Sheila Templeton an Macchu Picchu in Scots

Collogue 2018 wull hae place in Perth on **Setterday, 2nd June**

Title ti be announced

SANGSCHAW 2018 entries afore **Januar 31st**. 2018



Donald Adamson wis awardit the John McPhail Law Tassie for Owersettin at *Sangschaw* 2017 bi SLS Preses Derrick McClure (left)

LALLANS

91



Lallans 91 due oot for Yuil.



Yuil 2017

Neist issue o *Lallans* wi scrievins frae Sheena Blackhall, Karien Corrigan, Tracy Anne Harvey, William Hershaw, Tom Hubbard, W. S. Milne, Stephen Pacitti, David C. Purdie an mony ithers.

Cover picture bi Nikki Monaghan an artwork frae Paul Bloomer, Michael Stuart Green, Tom Hubbard, Owain Kirby, Hilke Macintyre, Silvana McLean an Robert Shaw.

Nou see pages 2 - 4 for a when poesie an stories : whet your appetite for *Lallans* 91

Fit like in Buchan?
(Cinquains)

They say
fowk in Buchan
are grippy, close handit,
widna gie the dreep frae their nebs –
lat em.

Buchan
chiels in haflin days
couldna thole the place,
couldna wyte tae win-awa, an
dae weel.

Fit is't
aat brings em back?
Canna be the wedder. –
Bare parks naith lowrin lifts cry oot
tae them:

The lift,
the leys at een,
in tune wi tither' teen,
easins kissin, smiling, lowin
at e'n.

The sun
jinkin ahint
the skelterin clouds
pentin black shaadas on the grun
tyces.

They say
fowk in Buchan
hinna muckle tae say –
mibbe they shud try lissenin
tae them.

Mary Johnston

The Muse is aigre-douce the day

The day the Muse that hums an haes
that makkin A hae diddled sae;
for little wirth but plenty waes:
the Muse is aigre-douce the day

Sae aa A hae for verse is this,
ma poesie is that remiss;
a scriever uisin wirts amiss:
the Muse the day douce-aigre is!

Hamish Scott

Thocht

A speir o myne ain motion free
oot owre the windae gars me see
a mirror tae ma present thocht
an answer that ma leukin socht

Hamish Scott

The Man in the Mune

The man in the mune
sups his broth wi a spune.
Hou dae you aet yours?

The man in the mune
gaes miles in his shune.
Dae you gang barefuit?

The man in the mune
leuks doun frae abune.
Dae you ivver keek up?

Gordon Donaldson

Tak Tent

Tak tent when ye go campin
Mak a list o aa the stuff
ye need. Dinnae be champin
at the bit. Ye've time enough
yet, afore ye go, tae pack
everythin yer wantin
for yer weekend bivouac

Kevin Connelly

Wee Coonty Ferns

Kelliebank, Keilarsbrae,
Hazleyshaw, Gartmorn.
Cornhill, Lambhill,
Balhearty
Balquharn
Thorn

Shirra-yairds, Devonknowes,
King o Muirs, Blackfaulds.
Greenkerse, Langriggs,
Pitgover
Rodders
Fearn

Shannockhill, Tulligarth,
Harviestoun, Naemuir.
Muircot, Myretoun,
Grassmainston
Jellum
Ditch

Gordon Donaldson

Shirra-yairds is screivit *Sheriffyards*.
Jellum is screivit *Jellyholm*.

Reek

A guid while syne yer reekin wis yer deid
A beuk o yers A hae reek-riden yit
That smeekie that it's lik as ye ir here
The reekin kilt ye than nou gies ye life

Hamish Scott

Nae Need o Scones

There's a waff o bakin
bit naebudy tae hae a pree.
Hoo often dis this cam ower me?

I dae a bakin and set it oot
foryettin you're no here, mindin
you'll niver be ham agin.

There must be mair tae
this no richtness than
jist no mindin ye've gawn.

When they tellt me I wis brak.
I thocht I'd be far war than I am noo.
I'd tak tae the streets in ma gownie

howlin at the muin
tae bring ye back – bit naw -
aw a dae is foryet noo and again.

As I get oan wi ma werk
you're staundin by ma side onywey.
It's no scarey jist unco stryngie.

Ann Mackinnon

There's Nithing Like Experience, Is There?

Here's a difference in the telling. There are *three* beasties in this ain – a lion, a donkey (weel, that's new!) and the same auld damned fox again. The three o these craiturs onieroad got thegither (nou that's gey haird ti swalla, is it nae?) and banded for a day's hunting. At the end o the day, the lion telt the donkey (losh!) ti share oot the winnings. (Nou I'm nae sure that that was aa that wise, kening the intelligence o donkeys – ye see whit I'm saying), but onieroad reason wan oot in the end, and the donkey split the pot three ways (which is anlie fair, whan ye think come ti think on it), at which juncture (as the lawyers say) the lion pounced on the donkey and munched him up – teeth, tail, ears (awfa teuch and stringy, he said eftirwards) and aa. Next he turnit ti the fox and telt him (he was niver ain for asking, this lion – it's a mark o their kin, they say) ti divide whit was left atween them. Weel, the heids-and-the-tails o it was that this fox hadnae lived aa this time for nithing, nae ti learn a thing or twa onieroad as they say, sae up he gets and hiddles the hail caboosh thegither for the lion, saving a few scraps for himsel. 'Wha learnt ye this, this *discretion*, mannie?' askit the lion, and the fox says stracht awa, 'Och, anlie an auld donkey I aince kent!'

Nou the moral here is *either*, Donkeys niver learn, *or*, Ye canna get shit oot o a rocking-horse, man.

Sixteen Tons, and Whit D'Ye Get?

Here we go again! An ass, aye an *ass*, was crossing a river –hae ye iver seen an ass *sweem*? it's warth a lauch—and lost his fitting, slipping and sliding aa ower the place, the load o salt on his back dissolving. He gets ti the ither bank safe –somehou, bi some miracle—and fins he's fine and licht again. 'Whit a trick! Ma shanks are nae langer buckling aneath the load. I'll mind on this next time -- it's a fair-fine trick,' he said. And sae it was he was crossing again some weeks eftir, and stummelt (on purpose this time), and *drouns*—the daft bugger was cairrying sponges this trip!

(*Ca The Health And Safety Executive! Quick!*)

W. S. Milne

Between A Rock and A Hard Place

My wife made some rock cakes for the first time recently, to use up some leftover Christmas cake ingredients and, for some reason, 'rockcakes' brought to mind 'rochsecks' from Wullje Hershaw's great poem 'The Reaping and the Gleaning.'

We're barred fae haein a cake or biscuit
Chocolate an sweeties are nae alloud tae
Aye, it's bad for our health, or so they say
Tablet is nou considered illicit
On balance though, I'm prepared tae risk it
I dinnae ken where this advice comes fae
Ye can tak tent o it but A wullnae
worry about aa the health risks listit

Suin we'll be like smokers, scoukin outside
wi our contraband confectionery
or forced tae get our sugar fix in bed
A shamefu addiction we hae tae hide
Mebbe I'm an auld reactionary
Gie me roch cakes an I'll hide in the shed *

Kevin Connelly

* References 'The Reaping and The Gleaning' by W. Hershaw frae
Postcards fae Woodwick Mill

'Gie me a piece and I'll hide in the shed
Gie me rochsecks and I'll mak a snod bed'

Auld Reekie's Ghaists

At nicht Auld Reekie' taen ower bi the deid,
Hauf-hingit Maggie wauks the wynds again.
Mary King' Close, plague rears its ugsome heid

Damnation Alley..lichts glent green an reid,
The ghaists o Burke an Hare bring daith an pain
George McKenzie, judge, stauns drooked in bluid.

Deacon Brodie flichters, derk in deed
The verra flagsteens, fleggit bi his name.
The Sooth Brig vaults a-steer, here bogles breed

Is Major Weir aboot? Coorse wis his creed
Aneth the castle, bagpiper' refrain:
Doon in the derk wi nane tae hark or heed

The meen stauns cauld, stars licht the ghaisties'
peed.

Neth the lang shades the Nor Loch fulls again.
Monks, beggars, ootlinns tell their rosary beads.

In Queensberry Hoose aince mair, the guid Scots
leid

Is spukken, as in close, street, wynd an lane
Young Robert Fergusson strides oot, braw poet
indeed

The past takks ower the cassies, ghaists are freed

Sheena Blackhall

Ranch Road 12, San Marcos

Inby the shooder, aa trauchle
the gutterie loanin, drookit yird
sookin the sweeshin soond

o fleet watter fae the causey.
The blacktap souchs
wi ilk truck that wins by.

Ae-twa starns glentin
through the smirr – the gloamin
lits fae zinc tae tin

till aw is tint i the mirk
o a lampless pit. Suddent
a glaik o foudrie cracks

the nicht across. Aam blin. Syne
glisks o starns: ae, twa, a thoosan –

stramash o smattert gless
oot owre the crazed causey.

Dorothy Lawrenson

Tuk-tuks

Ma poems is the tuk-tuks o
the thrang, fremd ceity o ma mynd
that taks ma thoct
alang braid gait an nairrae wynd
tae whare it ocht

Hamish Scott

Mithir Naitur

Ae sweltrie simmer day in Auld Reekie,
juist doon thon kenspeckle brae fae Tron Kirk
but fae nae place a gey muckle gou swoops
on a gless on a brod ootside a howff,

an gies it ane Hell o' an unco skite,
coups an shatters it ower the white clot.
Ashet's empie syne no efter food here.
Whit fashed the gou the day, whit fashed it?

Onwait lad comes runnin at the stramash –
sicht fur drouthy fowk keekin at ongangs –
gies a puckle bairns an queans a fleg,
loons tae ye'd jalouse wha'll niver admeet

the smit o' the dreid an be ill thoct o',
girthie mealie pudding louns ye nicht say.
Gin gou flees awa doon the Canongate
tae Knox's hoose or mibbe Holyrood.

Things settle doon, mair ashets on mair brods,
mair meat ate mair ales swallied mair gab noo,
chiels an limmers dauderin up an doon.
Craitur's naitur or has onythin cheenged?

John Quinn

Man an Beast

At onie time, thai say,
a hunner thoosan gae
athort the lift up hie
Nou fowk wi weings can flee

A submarine can gang
the howe o seas alang
Whare aince abuin wir thoum,
nou fowk wi fins can soom

Fowk artifeeshal fares
fae naitur iver mair,
yet wi technologie
mair like a beast can be

Hamish Scott

Nae Leccie the Day

Frae Dunning Glen til the Braes o Doune,
there staun a hunner whurliegigs, no birlin.
Waitin for the wun ti blaw.

Heute kein Strom

*Zwischen Dunning Glen und den Braes of Doune
stehen hundert Windräder, die sich nicht drehen.
Warten, bis der Wind weht.*

Gordon Donaldson

Lown

Lown is niver absent,
here aye;
thare for ilka bodie,
aa wey

Hamish Scott