

hauf a lion

In the daurk museum o ma childhood ah wid try
tae see roon the back o the stuffit exhibits,
the ither side o the mune, foosty an forbidden.
Wan dreich day saw the case an inch or twa shiftit
an I saw the terrible focus o ma weanly fear,
the teeth bared beastie that leukit straicht et me
fae ahint its flindrikin gless wis, in fact,
hauf a lion.

Its crystal-cased docht peterin oot tae a flaff o newspaper,
nae bane nor gore tae thrill, only some aged rid pent.
They amber een, the teeth, alive and keen oan daith
hid nocht bit the eighth stage - sans derrière.
Ma backlins fitprints ringing oan the polisht flair
alertit the jawbanes o a whaul which swallowed me hale.