

LOWSIN TIME

Cross – cleekit,
Baukit ootside the travel agents,
Ablow an advert fir a Carribbean cruise,
A wee wifie,
Happit in mawkit rags.
Haunds claspit ablow her chin,
Daurk een roused heavenwards.
A picture o' piety.
Oot front, the ay timt polystyrene tumbler.

Doon yonder amangst the litter,
She kens folks by thaur shin,
As they clatter oan the causeystanes.

Nae need tae practise the airt o' mindfulness,
No wi' the cauld wind blawin ben her gowpin bains,
Tae mak siccar she bides in the present.

A chiel hunkers doon aside her,
Haunds oan his hochs,
Bletherin tae her, aw caunny lik.
Gart confused by sic compassion,
An no speikin the leid,
Her gleg een flit owre his face,
Afore gien him scant regard.
The chiel dours it oot awhyles,
Afore fouterin in his pooch fir some siller.

At lowsin time, she redds up,

Dichts doon her lang frock,
Haps her heidscaurf roon her face
Aginst the founerin' cauld,
An hirples owre the street
Tae jyne her pal,
Wha's din ilka shift but ootside Greggs.

Ablow the street lichts,
Gey gallus noo,
They stott up the brae
Wi thaur wee bit graith.
Wrastlin aginst the wind,
Airtin fir whaure'er haim nicht be.