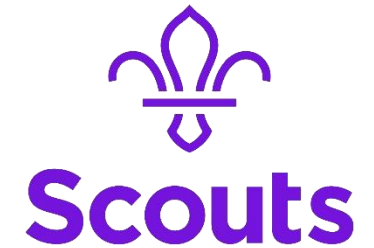


Scottish poetry

Enjoy a selection of poetry by Scottish writers, put together in collaboration with the Scottish Poetry Library.



Don't

by Helena Nelson

talk with your mouth full
leave the table without asking
speak to your mother like that
let the sun go down on your wrath
forget to write
go
without saying goodbye

I've a kisty

by Scottish anonymous

I've a kisty,
I've a creel,
I've a baggie
Full of meal.

I've a doggie
At the door,
One, two,
Three, four.

from **The Book of Why...?**

by Alec Finlay

Why are birds alive?
Why do boats float?
Why are foals so little?
Why are there farmers?
Why was fruit invented?
Why do bats look so ugly?
Why do boys lark so much?
Why are all colds the same?
Why do radishes make my lips buzz?
Why do foxes live so deep in the woods?
Why do comets shoot through space at such
tremendous speeds instead of just floating?

Wolly bear

by Valrie Gillies

Woolly, woolly bear
Who feeds on the weeds,
Hurry furry chestnut,
Move at speed.

Wee hairy wobat
Warming in the sun,
On curlywurly loops
Many feet run.

By dandelion and nettle
Wriggly-squiggly crawl,
When you are touched,
Curl up in a ball.

Woolly, woolly bear,
Ginger-beer froth,
Vanish and change
Into a tiger moth.

A Night's Rain

by Walter Wingate

The thunder clap may clatter –
The lichtnin' flare awa':
I'm listenin' to the water,
And heed them nocht ava.

I canna think o' sleepin':
I canna hear eneuch,
The sang the trees are dreepin',
The music o' the scheugh!

And 'neath the roof that's drummin'
Wi' mair than rhone can kep,
Wi' faster fa' is comin'
The plop upon the step.

My famished flowers are drinkin'
In ilka drookit bed:
An' siller blabs are winkin'
On ilka cabbage bled.

And in my blankets rowin'
I think on hay an' corn –
I maist can hear them growin':
We'll see an odds the morn.

March weather

by Tessa Ransford

Wind in the pines
wind on water
wind in rushes
wind on feather

Sun in leaves
sun on loch
sun in reeds
sun on duck

Rain in trees
rain on river
rain in moss
rain on eider

All one morning
all together
in an hour
March weather

from **of WOODS & WATER**

by **Thomas A Clark**

mist is gathered by leaves
to fall as rain beneath the trees
with a sound that will not carry
beyond the edge of the wood

from **of WOODS & WATER**

by **Thomas A Clark**

holding you here
leading you there
the song of a blackbird
the prints of deer

from **of WOODS & WATER**

by **Thomas A Clark**

on the edge of a wood
a moment's hesitation
how will you conduct yourself
in the company of trees

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