

Blinnd Moorie

by Hannah Nicholson

Outside is laek a blank page
Whan I raise me idda moarneen,
An da flakes whirls doon
First in a flukra, den a blinnd moorie.
I wear me winter claes
Laek soft, cosy armour,
Second an third skeens
Ageenst da winter shooers.
I step oot idda front door
An hear da scrunchin
O da fresh poodir
Anunder me feet, curl
Me taes tight inside me buits,
An me fingers tight
Inside me mittens.
Da snowy shooer
Is still batterin awa
As I win tae da paet shed,
An I fin mesel feelin blyde
At I dinna hae tae geng

Ony farder da day,
I look forwird tae bidin cosy
Afore da rayburn idda hoose.