doric

it's nae a leid, fit politely invites ye tae efterneen tea.
it’s fur tassies teemt o airs an graces,

it's fur bletherin intae fly cups an funcy pieces.
it’s fur the folk fit jist get on wi it.

the eens fit are aywis nae bad ava,
jist tyavvin awa.

it's the seed a scurra drapped intae the een o a bairn
greetin fur a bosie —

it germinates in places sticky
wi emotion.

tae spik it, is tae dip yer tongue in a fresh
pot o cantrips, an pint wirds full a

smeddum an spit an stars. wirds at can fecht
jist as weel as they can heal.

wirds peeled aff the bones an wrung fae the
hert. stories at stairted in yer grunny's

grunny's moo an hiv hurtled through generations,
like a bairn dirdin doon the stairs,

fair trickit tae peep fit sunty’s left. this leid is a
present gied tae us fae the past. An wir gift

tae the deid, is tae let it live an breathe
in the rare wyes we spik and scrieve.

by Mae Diansangu