

BRAW POEMS

GRANNY

Ma wee Granny Marion lived up in Newarthill
Wae ma wee Granda Joe and they never kept still.
She had white curly hair wi' cheeks as rid as a rose,
Always dressing me up - wi' curls an' wi bows.
But then one day we got some bad news,
It left us roaming about singin' the blues.
Aye Granny Marion wiz a great wee dancer
But that aw changed - when she got cancer.
June 14th 2013 - the day was sad and rid rotten,
But ma wee Granny up in the sky,
Will never ever be forgotten.

by Emma Bainbridge
(Bellshill Academy)

WINTER FITBAW

On a fegs caal nicht,
I rowe up til I die,
an step ootside an fin it's like an ice-pole.

I win at the astro an it looks like an ice-rink,
The grun is as sair as coggle an you can barely stand.

Efter we're back fae oor run we're still caal,
An the coaches say "Ach get on we it."

It's time for your icy watter slidin doon yir throat,
You can barely open the bottle fae i ice.

Time for ball work but ers about an inch o ice
Shinin o i baw
And whun you fung it
It feels like you've kicked your bed.

by Campbell McDermott
(Banff Academy)

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COOPER

This is the story aboot Cooper,
Ma wee, curly haired broon dug,
Half Lhasa Apso an' half poodle
But am gled no a snufflin' wee pug.

Cooper's no awfy fond o' the postman
An' the windae cleaner's got nae chance,
He wance goat him by the ankle,
And led him a wee Scottish dance.

by Lennon Fowler
(Bellshill Academy)

NAE A LAUCHIN GAME

The tears roll doon but turn intae fear,
I came hame shakin an burst intae tears,
In hope that en day I wull be free,
So the pain wull gang awa sae I can breathe,

The bullies stert lauchin,
But it's nae a lauchin game,
But they jist think they are in the ha o fame,

The tables hiv turned,
But nae fir lang,
Because I wull be back struttin alang,

Even tho am fair tired,
I am nae wulling tae gie ower,
Tae be the better person,
An be true tae masel.

*The tears roll down but turn into fear,
I come home shaking and burst into tears,
In hope that one day I will be free,
So the pain will go away so I can breathe,*

*The bullies start laughing,
But it's not a laughing game,
But they just think they are in the hall of fame,*

The tables have turned,

BRAW POEMS

*But not for long,
Because I will be back strutting along,*

*Even though I am tired,
I am not willing to give up,
To be the better person,
And be true to myself.*

by Heidi Wilson
(Keith Grammar School)

A BOY, A DUG AND THE MIDGIES

Me and ma dug, we went doon the braes,
“Take the dug for a walk” wiz whit ma maw said.

So oan we went me and the dug
Headin towards a big Scottish bog.

When aw a sudden, ah got bit oan ma heid,
Ah slapped it mate, ah kilt it deid.
But that wisnae the end, they were oot fur a feed.

Ah looked at ma dug - he used to be white,
Bit noo he wiz black, black as the night.

Sookin ma blood and stuck in ma hair,
Sleekit midgies were everywhere,
Munchin ma dug and eatin ma lugs!

We ran hame tae maw and nae dilly dally
She said “Whit’s wrang wi you - yer peely wally?”

“Ah got bit oan the heid - and the dug did as well.”
“Ye want yer dug walked - well, walk it yersel!”

by Christopher Murray
(Bellshill Academy)