

## Thirteen Wyes o Lookin at a Tushkar

### I

Among twunty paet lips,  
Da onnly movin thing  
Is da fang o da tushkar.

### II

Unfurrowed towts.  
Da aaber tushkar.  
A man's sochin boot.

### III

Da tushkar traeshes ida nev o da day  
Gripped be a sleekit sunlight.

### IV

See da tushkar  
Waatch da bank;  
Waatch da tushkar  
For it waatches dee.

### V

Whit wid du redder hae?  
A keyshie full of paets,  
Or da tushkar cuttin dem?  
Winter's white whispers,  
Or da blue clods' lowe?

### VI

As da tushkar neebit  
We bagged black blood  
In rid, yallow, orange  
Ida sun's sundered stare.

### VII

O Stane Stewards o Ronas,  
A muckle skjumpie sits below you,  
An it sits alane.

### VIII

Humble accents  
An sluttered, tinned tunes.  
Ale slakes tyoch trotts.

**IX**

Da fire burns blue  
Under a skurftu o stars.

**X**

Da tushkar  
Sweeps in waarm orange echoes;  
Da shadow leers  
Ida black fit.

**XI**

He gied aback a birsy fleece.  
Green hair wi white clumps.

**XII**

Black flakes blow  
Fae a guttery greff.

**XIII**

Da dreams o a tuskhar:  
Sweed heather, brokken bannocks,  
Sweaty keps.