



Bards on da Street

Box Baests*

Wan be wan dir oagit in apo wis - Scallowa bound.
Uncan wastrals, wi dir dark een glowerin oot.
Graet sloogit hulks; dir limpit da Quay wi dir wheesht sheeny shocks.

Lowrie tells me: "Dey ate men fur braakfast!"
Sweet; saaty; shilpet; ramse.

At night; dey shiggle demsels up. Dir licted gaze ower Bressa Soond - mareel mirl.
Dan lowse a lavairnie aboot da toon - men o' Da Marlex.

Lowrie axes me: "Whit een taks dy particlaar fancy lass?"
"Dat maist special monochrome monster", spaeks I.
Dat aaful 'exotic'; I'm dwaamin ower African plains an rains.

Da ant-craawlin coaches serve der mesters in feth.
Tankless slaves tae an aa oors oily trift.

Bit joost lik yon Museum dinosaars - extinction.
Dey'll vanish; lik a mell o'biscuits; doon da craig o' dis peerie mootie oil boom.

F. J. Lindsay

**Box Baests or Box Beasts is a metaphor for the accommodation barges.*

To celebrate the 2014 Year of Dialect, Shetland Library, Living Lerwick and Shetland ForWirds ran a special dialect poetry competition. This is one of 12 chosen poems.

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