

Bards in the Bog



Northsick

Blaan here, lik a thochtless leaf, I settled
for soft scented days, for bane-warmin
Southern sun. Here I've bidden, aa these years.
Nicht times I waak unner a melon mune,
ripe gowden canteloupe drippin ootlin stars
abeen a sweet dairk sky, swingin sae close
I could wrax up an pu them doon fir lamp licht.

But last nicht I waakened up tears begrutten
rimey trails doon my face. Aa I cud think on
wis a winter's morn lang syne. Gaspin lungs
in the ice-thick air, skitin and slidin the hale road
tae the schule. Hamesick...for frost rivin the breath
fae ma breist, for that high sky, its white burning mune,
the aipple green veils o the Merry Dancers.

Sheila Templeton

Find out more about Bards in the Bog at
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