



Bards in da Bog

Sickle Moon Dreams

inspired by a farming artefact

I fell in love when I watched him swing
his sickle and slice the moon from the sky
to light a path through his ripening corn.

I whittled a wish into its handle the night
he found a doe birthing in one corner
of the field, and cut around their first sleep.

Yes, this last part is make-believe, a myth
I tell our children to bring grace to the stink,
sweat and mud of his hard labour feeding us.

Every evening, I help him shrug the dirt
and dusk from his clothes, ease the aches
from his ruckled back and shoulders.

He carves a heart and our initials on all
of his tools; I carve them into our dreams.

Sarah James

Read all the Bards in the Bog poems on the Shetland Library website

<https://www.shetland.gov.uk/libraries>



Shetland Library

Shetland Islands Council