



Bards in da Bog

For My Daughter

I sang to you the hour you were born
And on anxious hours since
In hospitals and cars,
On good nights and bad nights:
*I went down to the hazel wood or Raglan Road on an
Autumn day.*

Deep in this, the first summer that you will ever notice
but will still forget,
I sang to you outside
Between the birds and the traffic and the trees,
And my voice felt as small as you,
And I felt as far from home as on the day the Hindu women,
In the mottled light of the temple at Hampi,
Stroked your mother's red hair,
Softly, and without asking.

Stuart Hannay

Read all the Bards in the Bog poems on the Shetland Library website
<https://www.shetland.gov.uk/libraries>



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