

Clearin oot da handbag

Da tidder day I cam hame wi da airrents fae da street,
Wappit da lot apö da table dan sat doon ta aese me feet.
I lookit ower at da kettle, dan rase an pat im on
For something ta revive me, for I wis nearly don.

I made a scar a coffee (yun kind atto da jar),
Dan pat awa da messages an tidied up a scar,
Dan as I liftit up me handbag ta lay im ootby
Me airm could hardly jee im wi whaat he hed ta wigh.

I tried ta mind da hidmist time I wis cleared im oot,
Bit hit wis datn lang fae syne at I wis left in doot;
Sae I turned about da peerie sneck an opened im dere an dan
Cummlid im oot apö da table, an dis is what I fan:

Dey wir forty-tree brunt matches an eleven kirby grips,
Thirteen muckle elastic bands an fower paper clips,
Tree woarn tubes a lipstick an pooder for me face,
Da brucks o a rowel a ceelytape an da half o a broon böt lace.

Twa peerie empty craem jars an tweezers at wir bent,
An a boanie peerie bottle at eence wis filt wi scent,
A pretty ting o picter at da peerie boy wis made,
An tree full boxes a matches at I niver kent I hed.

Dey wir juist a sheaf a paper wi notts at l'd made eence,
A peerie bit o redder an eighteen safety preens,
Tree yairds o elastic, peerie sheers at clippit swint,
A bran new packeedge wi twunty fags an a ooey Polo Mint.

A pair a lovely navy glivs decorated wi a tassle,
An a peerie souvenir book fae Edinburgh Castle,
A stamp wi Churchill's face apun im, twa boannie peerie stanes,
A muckle dadd a plasticene an fower biro pens.

A thing for oppenin cans wi an da wirds o me favourite hyme,
Five mottos oota crackers at wis poo'd at Christmastime,
Twa boannie coloured postcairds at l'd bowt o wir Aald rock,
An therty-two letters at l'd gotten fae different fok.

A peerie box wi rubbery stuff for stickin things on waas,
An seven paper hankies row'd up in peerie baas,
A pair a bairns glesses rimes, twa bulbs for cycle lamps,
2p vouchers for margarine an a waad a Co-op stamps.

Dey wir five paper njaepkins (da kind da jantry use),
Eight big galvanised washers and forteen roosty screws
A shade caird for Peacock an Buchan's pent, a recipe for stew.
A ticket fae a concert an a scar a moorit oo.

Dey wir aspirins an liniment for doctorin spaigied hochs,
A wharter a clatchy caramels an twatree peerie mochs,
Tree entirely different aer-bells an a brocken string a beads,
A scorrie's pen an showin gum an umpteen aiple seeds.

Nae doot A'm missed oot sumpeen, bit as I lookit at da sloo
As it lay upö da table wi da fag ess an da oo,
I juist dinna hae da hert ta fire it oot, sae dere an dan
I diustit aff a maist o it an packit it back again.

Rhoda Bulter