



Bards in da Bog

Entwined

I held your hand.
As you learnt to walk.
I smiled at you.
As you learnt to talk.
I held you close.
When you were afraid.
I smiled at you.
When you needed praise.

You held my hand.
When my gait was poor.
You smiled at me.
When my mood fell lower.
You held me close.
When I was morose.
You smiled at me.
When I loved you most.

Joyce Davies

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



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