



Bards in da Bog

Changeable

A blutteration o rain fae da Suderd,
da Wasterly swell braks ower da banks
an Sooth Aesterly gales laaberin
wis doon i da grund.

Hailly puckles flee in fae da Nor Aesterd
cowld an dry wi a droucht fae Nor Wast.

No a pirr a wind ta be felt, still an calm,
lochs lie in sheets o polished gless.

Dan, a glink o licht spears trowe da clouds
owld Jamaica is about ta mak his comeback,
da sea lyin laek a suit o baetin silver armour.

Gie hit half an hoor ony day
an you'll get da wadder you're eftir.

James Sinclair

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

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



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Shetland Islands Council