



# Bards on da Street

## Pooshin

Is dat richt? Na shurly no?  
Weel A'll be blowed, yun's da first A'm heard o hit.  
Whit's her fock sayin? No muckle I wid warrant.  
Dey'll be black-affronted, dat's fur sure.

Du heard da whole story fae her; niver!  
Du has ta mind, shu's gotten hit wrang afore.  
Dan again du's heard da owld sayin,  
dir's nae reek athoot a lowin brand.

An hit's i da faimly; yun bridder o her's  
is a fechtin lipper wi a dram in him.  
Weel A'm blyde I met dee da day  
fur dir's nae news wi wis at hame.

Na du needna worry, A'll niver breathe a wurd!

*James Sinclair*

To celebrate the 2014 Year of Dialect, Shetland Library, Living Lerwick and Shetland ForWirds ran a special dialect poetry competition. This is one of 12 chosen poems.

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