

Bards in the Bog



Da Hill

Peerie leegs luggin uphill,
Awkwardly trod da uneven grund.
Squinting een just look doon,
Engrossed in yallow squashy moss un crunching purple hedder.
Smaa haand haads toight fur strengt.
Hearing da aulder eens, up ahead, laughing,
Tyerryin on, tyeep up.

Eventually win ta tap un look up,
Smiling.
Da lang slog is by we, breathe in
Da soights, da smells, da brilliant view,
Da winderful feelin, looking doon at, whit wis dan, da world.

I mind...
I tink back.

Susan Pearson

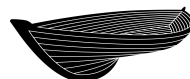
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