

Sharleen: Ah'm Shy

by Janet Paisley

Ah'm shy. Aye, ah am. Canny look naebody in the eye.

Ah've seen me go in a shoap an jist hoap naebody wid talk tae me.

Things that happen, likesae – yer oot fur a walk

and some bloke whits never even spoke afore goes by

an he's given ye the eye. See me, ah jist want tae die.

Ah go *rid* tae the roots o ma hair. Weel it's no fair, is it?

Feel a right twit. See ma Ma. She says it'll pass.

'Ye'll grow oot o it hen.' Aye, aw right. But when?

Ye kin get awfy fed up bein' the local beetroot.

So last time I went oot – tae the disco –

ah bought this white make-up. White lightening it said.

Ah thought, nae *beamers* the night, this stuff'll see me aw right.

Onywey, there ah wis, actin it. Daen ma pale an intrestin bit.

White lightening. See unner them flashin lights

it was quite frightnin. Cause ma face looked aw blue.

See, when a think o it noo, it was mortifyin.

Cause they aw thought ah wis dyin, an they dialled 999.

Fine thing tae be, centre o awbody's attention, me.

They hud me sat oan this chair, bit when they brought stretchers in,

ah slid oantae the flair – an jist lay there.

Ah thought, rule number one, when ye've made a fool o yersell

dinnae let oan, play the game. So ah let oot a groan an lay still.

Until this ambulance fella feels ma wrist,

an then he gies ma neck a twist – an ye’ll no believe this.
Bit right there and then – he gies me a kiss.
Blew intae ma mooth, honest. God’strewth ah wis gasping fur breath.
Jist goes tae show yer no safe, naeplace these days.
Onyway ah blew right back, that made him move quick.
Fur he says are you aw right, are ye gaun tae be sick.
That’s when ah noticed his eyes – they were daurk broon.
An staring right intae them made ma stomach go roon.
Ah felt kinda queer, an he says, c’mon we’ll get ye oot o here.
Bit ah made him take me right hame – though ah’m seein him again,
the morra. Aw the same, how kin ah tell him dae ye suppose,
that when ye kiss a lassie, ye dinnae haud her nose?