

## puddock spittins

I hiv carved oot  
a bed  
atween blades  
    a green  
come awa,  
ma quine  
    an wet  
    ih grass  
    wi me

unfurrel yersel  
aneath  
    ih tongues  
    a flooers  
eens aat blether  
wi  
beasties  
eens aat dirl fan  
    we        poor  
wirsels intae  
    een anither  
ih two a uz  
thegither  
    ill trickit  
an a wee bitty  
    drookit  
ih sweat fae wir  
dreams  
    drips  
ontae the  
earth  
soakin ih fields  
    like  
    puddock  
spittins

ih sun  
braks ower  
    wir bodies  
    crackin open  
    auld stories  
festerin in wir  
bones

we bleed oot aa wir beginnins  
iss land  
wiv baptised  
    iz

infinite  
a gift tae uz

an mockit,  
we gie  
wirsels  
back  
tae it

**by Mae Diansangu**