

This Is It

Skint, baw ragged, poackets ful eh ma
fingers, cannae afford tae burn toast an
it's November. Christmas is close. Av been
away bit noo am back an ivery coarner
is a different colour cause am hame an
memories ur painted wae mischief. Am
outside Gregs eatin a macaroni pie an a
busker picks up eez guitar an plugs in eez
amplifier. The sound fae the strings is
like frost. Eez young an the dreams thit
wur boarn in eez bedroom wake me up.
Am watchin people passin an they know
thit eez good bit they don't want tae look.
They turn thur heeds an tilt thur ears
an jog on. If a hud a spare pound
a wid throw it bit a don't so a jist listen.
I'd like tae tell um thit this is it, this is
where the hammer hits the stane an sparks
ur made, standin oan a corner in yur hame
toon, an audience eh one radge eatin a
macaroni pie, bit singin, wee man, yur singin.

by William Letford

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