

## **doric**

it's nae a leid, fit politely invites ye tae efterneen tea.  
it's fur tassies teemt o airs an graces,

it's fur bletherin intae fly cups an fancy pieces.  
it's fur the folk fit jist get on wi it.

the eens fit are aywis nae bad ava,  
jist tyavvin awa.

it's the seed a scurra drapped intae the een o a bairn  
greetin fur a bosie —

it germinates in places sticky  
wi emotion.

tae spik it, is tae dip yer tongue in a fresh  
pot o cantrips, an pint wirds full a

smeddum an spit an stars. wirds at can fecht  
jist as weel as they can heal.

wirds peeled aff the bones an wrung fae the  
hert. stories at stairted in yer grunny's

grunny's moo an hiv hurtled through generations,  
like a bairn dirdin doon the stairs,

fair trickit tae peep fit sunty's left. this leid is a  
present gied tae us fae the past. An wir gift

tae the deid, is tae let it live an breathe  
in the rare wyes we spik and srieve.

**by Mae Diansangu**