

naebdy likes a clype

naebdy likes a clype.
aye, she'd heard at een afore.
tellin tales just isnae
conducive tae haein pals.

fan she wis a quiney,
the hale faimly wid settle doon
in front o the telly, hollerin
along wi catch phrase.

an fan roy walker said
“say what ye see”, she kent
ye should be black affrontit
fan ye dinna haud yer wheesht.

the day ruaridh lumsden
wis coppit bonnie in the
cloakroom, pinchin a bit o
chuddie fae her jaiket—

she hid a richt feejee. incensed
that onybody wid ging deep
inside summin o hers an
tak fitiver they pleased.

she wint tae miss mathers
fur justice, but fit did
she get? a punny ecc,
fur haein contraband.

her crime, possession o
an illegal stick o juicy fruit,
wis worse than his. meanin,
she didnae deserve sympathy.

rhuaridh wid grow up tae be
PC lumsden. but she wid aywis
ken him as that thievin gype
fa telt her, *naebdy likes a clype*.

noo, she sits in the warmth
o a wifey fa radiates the
security o a hunner bosies. she's
finally ready to say fit she seen.

it's nae been easy, tae admit
onybody wid ging deep
inside summin o hers an
tak fitiver they pleased.

her crime, tae be female an
bleezin, wis worse than his.
meanin, she didnae
deserve sympathy.

she's seen mony a quine,
suffocate in silence. protectin
loons fae the consequences
o their actions.

noo, she's in a place far she's
allooed tae breathe. An naebdy
believes in bein black affrontit,
fan ye dinna haud yer wheesht

by Mae Diansangu