

Saved Frae Droonin

Oot on the rim o the lift when the day daws
anither day's fetch't,
anither lap in life's wauner.
High abune thon hill a buzzard bags the sky

wi its square wings – soarin sleepless on the thermals.
A peewit wobbles past a buckled oak,
lettin the seagulls target their furry lumps o lard.
There micht be psalms the day,

naebody kens.
but there's nocht tae stop me diggin ma taes intae the airth
kennin if ah ever gan doon tae the river wi stanes on ma back
ye'll pu them aff,

ye'll screeve ma worries on them
an fling them in the watter.
Ye'll dicht ma tears away, an tell me:
"The tide turns at yer lowest ebb, ma freen."

Andy Murray