

Seelence

taks its time

needs the quait
o a bairn's han, slippit intae
the calloused roch
o Granda's waarm grip

the pair o us
jinkin roon the back wye
tae keep oot the road o the Saabath fowk
makkin their sonsie steps hame

mangs for the skinklin o blaik an fite wings
abeen the siller o an April sun
as peesie-weepes daunce their spring

listens tae the lang sough and clack
o beddie-steens shiften an shachlin
unner thrang clair watter

disna murn the sair fack o daith
bit mervels at the bleedy orrals
flooerin a tod's den

says tak tent far ye plunt yer feet
aye mynd tae waak doon
the side o a park greenin wi early corn

has tae be hard-lairnt, lik aathing else.

Author's footnote

Seelence, Scots for *silence*, explores the ways in which silence can be enjoyed, that there is a contentment, a happiness in allowing different silences...especially the silence of a child's walks with a beloved grandfather, showing by example the beauty of nature. It's a kind of meditation on how appreciating silence, the peace of being in nature, needs to be learned...as the ending says, *hard-lairnt, lik aathing else*. And it is also about the happiness, *seil*, in Scots, we can experience in appreciating the beauty of silence. So although *seil* is not used as a word in the poem, its presence is implied, its own sound rhyming with *seelance*.