

## Ma Chosen Ane

Nae endin taks it aw.

I mind a tyme when innocence cam gentle –  
maybe afore I'd even flauchtered in the wame.

I wis luv'd by somethin –  
a Selkie? or a halie speirit?

It sypit through ma veins while I slept –  
I lay sae still the dark near miskent me.  
Ah thocht it wis lorn.

Ma bodie has aye been aulder than me.  
Wis nae the chosen –  
waited, thinned – hauf-made –  
glisk passin through –  
woke in ahint masel

The saft sounes ken ma name –  
ayebidin,  
liltin through memory's sair edge.  
The luve in them didnae spare me –  
it pressed where there wis nae skin –  
intae the unmade.

There she wis, wi wings I wore afore.  
I leaned ma bent broo tae hers –  
fir a breith – fingers glidit doon ma face.  
I didnae speak. She wept.  
Aye one o us survived –  
sin furst daw.

I hear her still, frae anither beginnin –  
nae wirts, just smirr and haar.  
A rhythm I didnae ken kept me – or pinions no mine.  
No a selkie. No a wumman. No an aungel –  
Anither. Still breithing.

I surrender masel ayont dule.  
She set the ring o licht where ma hert lay,  
unanswerin –

didnae pull onythin oot o ma mort-kist.  
She waukened the livin in me.  
Which name answered back.

I slippit intae the morn — nae langer maseel.  
Just ma auld life.  
She wis aready in-ower me, ma chosen ane.

Afore the licht elies awa, she unmindit her ain haun.  
Or mine. I nivver did. Or sae I mind — sin furst daw.