

Grey Feather

Grey feather,
cast frae a unkent burd

tummelt along the foreshore
whaur self meets warld

yer keeper's up an left ye –
whaur? ye plead, flown whaur?

hieven-wairds ye birl –
naebdy there

– syne chase abune the braeside
nane o your kin

– nocht but the dule waves
rising, risin,

the tuim land
and the wind.

