

nuhin new unner the sun

we'll nivver ken, jist
foo mony

tales
are scribed
a'neeth the
clay

the mud is thick
wi fit's bin tint:

stories only haulf telt;
wirds an warlds,
tashed an torn by time;
mockit scraps fae past
lives

aa that wis scrat wi
sklate,

swallad up
by the wither,
so fan folk gather

up
the fragmentit hale
aats bin left,

they've tae guess
fit haun wis huddin it

the memry o a mither
stravaigs

doon Raider's
Road,
it settles like a smirr,
queart an saft ,
amon the shrapnel
fae the past

here wis a wifey
fit played the manny
o the hoose

een pair o hauns
tae mak
a guid man's toil
intae
her ane

nothing new under the sun

*we'll never know, just
how many*

*tales
are written
beneath the
clay*

*the mud is thick
with what's been lost:*

*stories only half told;
words and worlds,
ripped up by time;
filthy scraps from past
lives*

*everything that was scratched with
slate*

*swallowed up
by the weather,
so when people gather*

*up
the fragmented whole
that's been left,*

*they've to guess
what hand was holding it*

*the memory of a mother
strolls*

*down Raider's
Road,
it settles like a fine drizzle,
quiet and soft,
among the shrapnel
of the past*

*here was a women
who played the man
of the house*

*one pair of hands
to make
a husband's toil
into
her own*

the very same pair
fit wid
skelp,
claethe

an bathe
three bairns

ower late
tae ask her,
fit her hert wid git sair fur
an fit wid pit a glint
in her een

ower late
tae ask her,
fit wye she'd bin leftil
look aifter the hamestead
alane

the livin hae a habit
o screivin ontae
the deid,
an we cry this act:
historical fact

but we ca truly
spik,
fur the
speechless

especially fan we tak
the stories o the day
wi favour the maist
an pint the past
wi them
so we can mak on
fitiver folks we
canna thole,
jist didnae exist
back then

it's a sair fecht,
footerin aboot
aul bones
fur the truth

neentheless,

dubbit finngurs

*the very same pair
that would
spank,
clothe*

*and bathe
three children*

*too late
to ask her,
what her heart would get sore for
and what would put a glint
in her eye*

*too late
to ask her,
why she'd bin left to
look after the home
by herself*

*the living have a habit
of writing over
the deid,
an act we call:
historical fact*

*but we can't truly
speak,
for the
speechless*

*especially when we take
the stories from today
we favour the most
and paint the past
with them
so we can pretend like
whichever groups we
can't abide,
just didn't exist
back then*

*it's a tough job,
messing around with
old bones
for the truth*

nonetheless,

muddy fingers

dee their best
tae mak

sense
o aa the
guddle
an the
rubble,
as they unpick
the weel twistit
threid o' time
aat scowps
unnergroon

fur those o us
fit bide aboon
the soil —
a puckle bitties
o a tassie,
fit wis blethered
intae,

lang teemt o it's
secrets
an

beddit
in the grun

minds us tae dig
deep
an learn fit's
unnerneath

wir ane skin

mebbe there's nuhin new
unner the sun

mebbe wir the same
as wiv aywis
bin

*do their best
to make*

*sense
of all the
mess
and the
rubble,
as they unpick
the well twisted
thread of time
that runs, hither and thither
underground*

*for those of us
that live above
the soil —
a handful of pieces
from a cup,
that was nattered and chatted
into,*

*long emptied of its
secrets
and*

*bedded
in the ground*

*reminds us to dig
deep
and learn what's
underneath*

our own skin

*maybe there's nothing new
under the sun*

*maybe we're the same
as we've always
been*