

# Comin fae da mill

Laureen Johnson

*Mill burn, Loch o Houlland to Hol o Scraada  
Late nineteenth century*

A week o watter an da mill burn rushin –  
a caald track we're apon noo –  
but he's November, whit can you lippen?  
A winter afore me laek nae idder A'm seen,  
an time we hed mel ida kist.

Hit doesna maitter foo trang you ir  
or whit da Loard is seen fit ta send you  
or wha is come, or geen,  
da mill taks da sam time  
an you man wait.

Fill in da coarn, mak your sock, an wait for da grindin.

Whit's twartree ooers in Eshaness  
for stane ta grind apo stane?  
Whit's wan efternön ta da tirl o time  
at's grund hale banks awa?  
Da mill's time is naethin in compare,  
my lifetime little mair.

Dis bulderin, wirkin burn, in a meenit,  
will faa ower da edge o da Hol o Scraada  
an be geen, chaeted forever,  
a burn lost ida air.

Da aert sabbín weat, an da daylight feddin.  
A kishie o mel ta hyst, an a hill-gaet hame  
tae a hoose queer an quiet, wi nae answers ta gie  
but mooths ta feed.

*bulderin*  
*sock*  
*trang*

*gurgling*  
*knitting*  
*busy*

*sabbín*  
*tirl*

*soaking*  
*water-mill wheel*