

DA VILLINS AT DA GATE

Paolo Ritch

Oagin on my belly tae da banks broo
tae scoit at da froadin gub kirnin i'da skelter below
lodderin at da face o dis unken world on my ain doorstep
I could be flatched oot gluffed an glowerin at a gas storm on Jupiter
as peerie as it maks me feel forneenst da roilk o liftin lumps
girnin wi da bröt strent ta bel up boulders
da size o dormobiles

Hit striks me wi a tow
at ah'm nauthin mair dan da product o sheer luck
nauthin mair as an insignificant fluke in dis life,
frae da infinite number o flukes whaurby I cam tae exist

an da ormals o ony speerit I hae
at's still in tune wi a Midder Nature
in aa her savage glory
ir reeseled frae a stupor ta winder
about what happens nixt?

an how might I fluke my wye tae da end?
or is der anidder decade ta gain
by hainin on da fags
an recyclin da tin-cans?

tae buy a grain mair time
whan some day it'll be
laek we never existed in da first place
or at best, as a memory tae linger a start
fur a generation or twa
an eftir dat, as a photograph
for somebody ta hock oot in anidder century
an try ta pit a neem ta da face
da very sam as we might look at da bigger pictir
o whole civilisations at's come an gone
whaase existance wi can onli guess frae da antrin roni o stons.

While da bulderin rumsel an shud
o a pulter an swummel o sea
whumps intil a gyo
an schows at a hill
fur anidder sixty million years or so,
hit laeves me tinkin
at der really is a lot ta be said
for makin da maust o da moment
an for aa da sex, drugs an rock n roll.