

STREET TALK
by JK Annand

There was a rammie in the street,
A stooshie and stramash.
The crabbit wifie up the stair
Pit up her windae sash.

“Noo whit’s a-dae?” the wifie cried,
“Juist tell me whit’s a-dae.”
*A day is twinty-fower oors, missis,
Noo gie us peace tae play.*

“Juist tell me whit’s ado,” she cried,
“And nane o yer gab,” cried she.
*D’ye no ken a doo’s a pigeon, missis?
Noo haud your wheesht a wee.*

“I want to ken whit’s up,” she cried,
“And nae mair o yer cheek, ye loun.”
*It’s only yer windae that’s up, missis.
For guid’s sake, pit it doon.*