

BREKIN RAINBOWS

by Janet Paisley



He wis just a wee lad
dibblin in a puddle,
glaur fae heid tae fit,
enjoyin haen a guddle.
He micht hae bin a poacher
puin salmon fae the beck.
He coulda bin a paratrooper,
swamp up tae his neck.
Mibbe he wis brekin rainbows
reflectit in the watter,
his ill-shod feet wid split the prism
an mak the colours scatter.
Onywey he wis faur awa,
deep wandert in his dreams;
it richt sobert me tae mind
a dub's no whit it seems.
An while ah watched an grieved
the loss that maks a man a mug,
alang the road fair breenged his maw
an skelpt him roon the lug.