Sonnets To Robert Fergusson

1
Fegs, Rab, fa’s thon gowk stravaigin
doone the road, his clart locks shakin’
and wheemerrin o’ his spaul-banes achin?

Puir bummer,
dreein a darg o’ pratie-howkin
aa bluidy summer.

Keekin oot frae Auld Meldrum
ye maun hae seen Bennachie’s lum
faur a hall clamjamfrie cam
fer a stramash
in Roman times, lea’in sum
puir fowk gey hasht.

But fit’s that noo stramash I’m hearin’?
Jouk in here, or we’re forfaren!

truly who’s foolish wandering
dirty complaining back-bones
singer bearing job of work potato-
picking
looking must chimney
where whole crowd
fight
badly injured

what’s argument
duck done-for

empty belly
good broad cloth either’s
dialogue
lost child

nowhere glow
shelter
trying to sigh

north-bound

endures hardly stand
each passing shower
welcomed chimney’s friendly smoke

alone wind and dark tramp

14
Yet part we maun, wi’ teemit wame,
nae gweed braid cloith tae aither’s name
an nae mair crack as ye tramp hame,
forwandert chiel

wi’ nae wey ’neath the mune’s bricht leam
tae gie ye biel.

Etlin tae souch fareweel I’m drooned
oot by the traffic soothwart-boond,
an Aberdein is dreich, dreich grund
fer a gaun-aboot

wha tholes tho he can scantlins staund
ilk byggaen plowt,
an hailsed by nae lumb’s cadgy reek
alane throu wund and mirk maun treik.

David Wheatley