

'Bound'
Christie Williamson

for Campbell

Wance da lightnin struck thrice
I kent da time wis richt
ta slip da rop aff da grind, stride
up da girse, takk da style
wi ony panache I could muster
an pick mi wye alang da dark path.

Ahint coortins draan quick tae thunder
a future moored tae da truth heard
da rain but nivvir felt da winds
trow ticht waas risin fae da side
o a green hill.

Faur awa fae Ladybank, da boat dips
a nose intae da bielin sea. Da bridge
is fu, da hull stappit. Da final teddir
tae da laund is slippit.

Sheenin unhindered i da nicht
comes da holy spray, sokkin aathin;
da dowlir as pure as a baitless heuk;
da midder o invention, as necessary
as da braeth du takks whan da storm
is passed.