

AULD TRIANGLES

(for Marie)

Now you know where you're going.
She asks you up those spiral stairs,
yet again, along corridors of wax,
to a museum of dust & petticoats.
Words are all that you can muster.

It's just dried ink you tell yourself.
Scratched out on parchment. Cooried
hearts sung apart. Hurried conclusions.
The constellations that guide every
parting ship in sorrow flicker in dim.

Daemons gather on the far side.
The lament of borrowed labour.
Then there is the matter of honour.
You hear whispers of the horror,
bad blood & the breaking of bones.

So you phone her, welled up with sad.
You want her to share your cry but
she tells you about the tiny fingers,
the shaky steps, the light that splits
wee crib bars into shadows & stripes.

Come hame, she pleads, plant a fond
kiss on the cheek of your lass. She roars
of her loss across the moon canyons
of night. You tell yourself the words.
You'll be there for her. Forever & soon.

Kevin Williamson

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