

‘Postcairds fae Woodwick Mill: Orkney Poems in Scots’ by William Hershaw

Review by Alison Flett



Postcairds fae Woodwick Mill

*Roused up in a cauldron shout,
a gurlly roar o Atlantic sang,
rising, we were wrocht, ice-seedlins
in siller cloud-womb, our distillation
rocked abuin belling ocean,
then spilling softly oot the West:
Tae be life,
tae gie life,*

e,

November

A wreath o poppies

in the month o the deid.

Fireworks ower nae man s land.

December

Ruid for Santa s sark,

Ruid for a lowing hearth,

Ruid for a sign that says: Shelter.

wel teran, blashy

saft and plouterie,

spoutin, bleck-weet and spleuterie,

bleeterin, blouterin, boustrie,

skailan, sowpin, slorporan,

cowpin, rantin, rinnan and dreepan

doun, doun, a haill-stane Flodden s worth o tears

Postcairds fae Woodwick Mill

Twal grey men

*Hammering on the door,
In the deid o nicht
Dreepan fae the shore*

Sunset Song

*Syne hear the Future ring tae us
Syne hear the Future sing tae us
Syne speir the Future bring tae us
A leid for aa mankind, a leid caaed lov .*

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sing we.*

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