

## nuhin new unner the sun

we'll nivver ken, jist  
foo mony

tales  
are scribed  
a'neeth the  
clay

the mud is thick  
wi fit's bin tint:

stories only haulf telt;  
wirds an warlds,  
tashed an torn by time;  
mockit scraps fae past  
lives

aa that wis scrat wi  
sklate,

swallad up  
by the wither,  
so fan folk gather

up  
the fragmentit hale  
aats bin left,

they've tae guess  
fit haun wis huddin it

the memry o a mither  
stravaigs

doon Raider's  
Road,  
it settles like a smirr,  
queart an saft ,  
amon the shrapnel  
fae the past

here wis a wifey  
fit played the manny  
o the hoose

een pair o hauns  
tae mak  
a guid man's toil  
intae  
her ane

## nothing new under the sun

*we'll never know, just  
how many*

*tales  
are written  
beneath the  
clay*

*the mud is thick  
with what's been lost:*

*stories only half told;  
words and worlds,  
ripped up by time;  
filthy scraps from past  
lives*

*everything that was scratched with  
slate*

*swallowed up  
by the weather,  
so when people gather*

*up  
the fragmented whole  
that's been left,*

*they've to guess  
what hand was holding it*

*the memory of a mother  
strolls*

*down Raider's  
Road,  
it settles like a fine drizzle,  
quiet and soft,  
among the shrapnel  
of the past*

*here was a women  
who played the man  
of the house*

*one pair of hands  
to make  
a husband's toil  
into  
her own*

the very same pair  
fit wid  
skelp,  
claethe

an bathe  
three bairns

ower late  
tae ask her,  
fit her hert wid git sair fur  
an fit wid pit a glint  
in her een

ower late  
tae ask her,  
fit wye she'd bin leftil  
look aifter the hamesteed  
alane

the livin hae a habit  
o screivin ontae  
the deid,  
an we cry this act:  
*historical fact*

but we ca truly  
spik,  
fur the  
speechless

especially fan we tak  
the stories o the day  
wi favour the maist  
an pint the past  
wi them  
so we can mak on  
fitiver folks we  
canna thole,  
jist didnae exist  
back then

it's a sair fecht,  
footerin aboot  
aul bones  
fur the truth

neentheless,

dubbit finngurs

*the very same pair  
that would  
spank,  
clothe*

*and bathe  
three children*

*too late  
to ask her,  
what her heart would get sore for  
and what would put a glint  
in her eye*

*too late  
to ask her,  
why she'd bin left to  
look after the home  
by herself*

*the living have a habit  
of writing over  
the deid,  
an act we call:  
historical fact*

*but we can't truly  
speak,  
for the  
speechless*

*especially when we take  
the stories from today  
we favour the most  
and paint the past  
with them  
so we can pretend like  
whichever groups we  
can't abide,  
just didn't exist  
back then*

*it's a tough job,  
messaging around with  
old bones  
for the truth*

*nonetheless,*

*muddy fingers*

dee their best  
tae mak

sense  
o aa the

guddle  
an the  
rubble,

as they unpick  
the weel twistit  
threid o' time  
aat scowps  
unnergroon

fur those o us  
fit bide aboon  
the soil —  
a puckle bitties  
o a tassie,  
fit wis blethered  
intae,

lang teemt o it's  
secrets  
an

beddit  
in the grun

minds us tae dig  
deep  
an learn fit's  
unnerneath

wir ane skin

mebbe there's nuhin new  
unner the sun

mebbe wir the same  
as wiv aywis  
bin

*do their best  
to make*

*sense  
of all the*

*mess  
and the  
rubble,*

*as they unpick  
the well twisted  
thread of time  
that runs, hither and thither  
underground*

*for those of us  
that live above  
the soil —  
a handful of pieces  
from a cup,  
that was nattered and chatted  
into,*

*long emptied of its  
secrets  
and*

*bedded  
in the ground*

*reminds us to dig  
deep  
and learn what's  
underneath*

*our own skin*

*maybe there's nothing new  
under the sun*

*maybe we're the same  
as we've always  
been*