

## *A Different Name*

My Auntie Pearl  
hings up ma coat  
wi the broon furry hood  
an buttons like biscuits  
an gloves on a string

goes awa.

The colours wobble  
Ah dinna greet  
squeak te assembly  
on rubbery soles  
sing  
pray

say the alphabet A to Z  
coont wi the teacher  
wi the box o blocks  
sharpen  
rub

stab a silvery meen  
wi a pink plastic straa  
blaa waarm milky bubbles  
burbles an gurgle

line up fir rounders  
dinna get picked  
sit on the edge  
till the bell cling-clangs

smell plasticine dreams  
roll rainbow snakes  
cut gummy shapes  
lick and stick

draa ma faimly  
learn  
again  
that ither kids hiv mams an dads

follae ma nose  
aet orange fish an syrupy sponge  
clear ma plate  
play some mair

sit on the fleer  
at the teacher's feet  
look at the book  
about Janet and John

sing the hymn:  
*Gentle Jesus*  
*meek and mild*  
*look upon a little child...*

My Auntie Pearl picks me up.  
She aye comes back.  
She's nivver late.

She hauds ma han  
Ah say Ah wint te be the same  
as ither kids –  
caa her by a different name.

She disna spik.  
Unnsers wi a squeeze.

We float hame –  
my mam an me.