

## *Yoam*

Setterday nicht in Shiprow...  
spullt ale an sticky fleers,  
punters pumpin sleekit gases –  
pub stink rankles on ma tongue.  
A barfly squeezes by. Unsolicited friction.  
Roars in ma lug, a beer-laced riddle  
on a mingin cheese an ingin exhale,  
his mangled syllables swallaed  
bi twangin strings an garbled sangs.  
Ignored, he soor-rifts an hyters aff,  
jines the swytie duncin throng.  
A swingin lavvie door leaks  
the acrid guff o yalla puddles.

Ah escape the steerin yoam,  
drink the welcome air,  
wishin back the fool fags,  
that ricky cling o nicotine –  
a hingin hazy kindness,  
maskin harsh reality,  
an exiled mercy  
fae anither day.