

## DA VILLINS AT DA GATE

Oagin on my belly tae da banks broo  
tae scoit at da froadin gub kirnin i'da skelter below  
lodderin at da face o dis unken world on my ain doorstep  
I could be flatched oot gluffed an glowerin at a gas storm on Jupiter  
as peerie as it maks me feel forneest da roilk o liftin lumps  
girnin wi da bröt strent ta bel up boulders  
da size o dormobiles

Hit striks me wi a tow  
at ah'm nauthin mair dan da product o sheer luck  
nauthin mair as an insignificant fluke in dis life,  
frae da infinite number o flukes whaurby I cam tae exist

an da ormals o ony speerit I hae  
at's still in tune wi a Midder Nature  
in aa her savage glory  
ir reeseled frae a stupor ta winder  
about what happens nixt?

an how might I fluke my wye tae da end?  
or is der anidder decade ta gain  
by hainin on da fags  
an recyclin da tin-cans?

tae buy a grain mair time  
whan some day it'll be  
laek we never existed in da first place  
or at best, as a memory tae linger a start  
fur a generation or twa  
an eftir dat, as a photograph  
for somebody ta hock oot in anidder century  
an try ta pit a neem ta da face  
da very sam as we might look at da bigger pictir  
o whole civilisations at's come an gone  
whaase existance wi can onli guess frae da antrin roni o stons.

While da bulderin rumsel an shud  
o a pulter an swummel o sea  
whumps intil a gyo  
an schows at a hill  
fur anidder sixty million years or so,  
hit laeves me tinkin  
at der really is a lot ta be said  
for makin da maust o da moment  
an for aa da sex, drugs an rock n roll.