

# FARE WELL

## PART 2

by jackie kay

The thousand different blethers o' the air  
translate in thi wurld's winds. We kin aw hear,  
if we listen, that we ur aw Other  
in yin way or anither;  
As yon moon is a loved, familiar face  
and aw that keeps us separate is space.

There ur seeds on the air which wull be trees.  
Choreography on the air, danced by bees.  
There's auld licht made braw by a billion stars;  
the pure white o' Venus an' the red o' Mars.

The air stirs its accents in a salty broth;  
the earth a table an' the sky a cloth.  
Abune the clouds, there are craws on the wing,  
on the air, and they are flying to sing.

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Three craws flyin frae the song o' today;  
the song o' despair, o' anxiety,  
awa frae the year 2020.  
Cawin' to send it aff tae the past. At last.

We swing aroon and turn tae the day.  
We give thanks fir solidarity;  
Drap parcels tae food banks.  
Clap oor haunds frae balconies  
fir the gift o' nurses.

And folk sing the wurld over  
blending the atmosphere;  
music reaching oot to bless the air,  
and now we ken oor neighbours' names.

A grandfather cries his wife's name oot loud,  
An' a grandmother faces tomorrow;

we send emojis through the ether,  
to weather the storm; together, alone.

An wave frae Zoom Rooms here and there.  
Silence in the air; weddings cancelled; despair.  
Funerals wey naebody there.  
Aw the burds fly frae the purifying air.

Aw the burds fly tae the nearly new year.

*Na h-eòin air fad a' sgèith o sgiùradh an adhair  
Na h-eòin air fad a' sgèith dhan bhliadhn' cha mhòr ùr*

Aw the burds fly frae the purifying air.  
Aw the burds fly tae the nearly new year.