

FARE WELL

PART 3

by jackie kay

You ken this night. Here, we cry it Hogmanay-
a rhyme for the French of l'homme est nee-
the man is born. So, aye, the New Year's born
at midnight. Good riddance to the last page torn
from this scunnered year. And though we can't First Foot
with lumps o' coal, black bun, a Raasey Malt,
or join thigither in a ring o' haunds,
singing Auld Acquaintance fit to break the band,
we send out Hope into this Scottish air,
breathed out by widows, workers, weans, by those who care,
by those who vote, shout, march to ring the changes
at the Bells, who've clocked the dangers.

We say Wha's like us, singing Auld Lang's Syne.
We share the planet's air. What's yours is mine.

The girl opens the padlock wey a tiny key.
The baby unfurls its fist, the wee lad cries
On his mither's lap; the craws fly
overhead, aw three.

The moon is shared by the hale wide world,
The swirling planet; the biirling wind.
The rivers moan, the land hums.
The seas groan. The air fresher
than it wis afore, wey the burds
singing louder and louder.

An' the trees oor witness, the earth beloved-
Oor mother earth, oor other earth
Gieing it laldy in tongues the wuld ower.
Wearing the coats o' many colours...
Till aw oor blethers ur blended in the air.

The conversation goes wey oor lost...
Just noo, when we turned to our dear dead dad

to tell him about the year we've had,
he answered in song, in clear notes thru the air...

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.

*Tha sìol san adhar a bhitheas nan coille.
Coireògrafachd san adhar, 's seilleanan a' danns.
Seann sholas air a ghlanadh le billean reul;
Fìor-gheal Bhèineas agus dearg Mhàrs.*

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