

Let Not The Prize Slip

Gayle Smith

a petition to the people of Scotland

In the days of my life
the town of the Smokies
which bear its name
has become known for fishing, football and caravan sites
rather than rights which asserted
the will of a nation.
declaring that in Scotland
the people are sovereign:
not monarch, nor the crown the nobles' prize.
This vision can never be cut to the size
the enemy deems fit for it to be.

This is what freedom really means.
we must have the courage to follow the dream
which inspired our forebears to fight.
To do what is right and guard our liberty
with all we have, for all we aspire to be.

We must do this not for previous generations
but for those yet to come.
The Scots who will be here long after we've gone.
The march of time moves on, and we must have our say
in how our country is shaped.
700 years have passed, since the spring day,
we claimed the rights to our story.
Not for riches nor glory, will this town or the land on which it stands, ever
be silenced.

There are those who would leave the past to die,
to be visited only in snapshots
edited by strangers, who don't know our history
nor learn the truth of those
who were bought with promises of gold.

Arbroath stands proud of its place.
As our never ending story,
winds its way through the roads which meander
to beaches and the abbey.
and this sleepy coastal town
moves on as it has through the years
to embrace the next stage
in the unfolding drama of a nation,
declaring to the world it will be more
than a snapshot
or a wee smokie town
Let not the prize slip from our grasp.