

## Chynged Days

She's fitba daft – the lassie doon the sterr  
that morn an nicht kicks her baa aroon,  
hemmers it back an furth against the waa  
till A hae a mind tae gan doon  
an chap at hir door an say  
stoap that bluidy racket!  
A need ma rest!

A willnae tho. For she hus hir dreams  
like me at hir age.  
Mebbe she'll play for country, schuil or toon  
An whit is best about the time we're in  
is that they'll no be at hir tae become  
a bit mair girlie-like –

that it's no like it uised tae be  
fur weans at primary. A mind  
hou as a boy ye didnae stoap an stare  
at lassies as they hud thir skippin gemms  
wishin ye cuid jyne in –  
ye micht be caad a 'lassie-boy' stuid there.

Ye hurried oan, ye left the girls ahin  
(wi mebbe juist a wee glance tae the side)  
an gaed whaur boys wir gaithered in a ruck  
an shoutin fecht! fecht!  
like yesterday, an same again the morn,  
learnin day bi day whit ye shuid ken  
tae act man-like in a warld o men.

(26 lines)