

Fither's Walk

Ah'd often be up at thon windae
in time fur ma fither comin hame
frae the garage at the end o the street.
"Ah'm jist pittin the car away tae bed."
Ivverie night it wud be the same thing,
paradin ontae heez taes wi a grin.

The fither walkin hame wus a fither
aw thegither different frae the comic
that hud oo poorless wi jist a look,
an no the fly-off-the-hannle fither
that said nithin muckle aboot the War.
But saunterin atween the hooses noo,
wi heez heid cawin frae side tae side
in time wi heez fuitsteps, wus this fither.

A cantie smile squared off the lantren jaw.
Heez een hovered in a ferr-off sperkle
at some pleesur abuine the ruifs o the scheme,
as if seein tae the beas in the fields,
as the fermer hae aye wantit tae be.
"Dad, whit is it ye wur smilin aboot?"
Ah wud ask as Ah yirked at heez jaicket.
But hae'd jist turn heez back an say, "Nithin."

This is the fither that Ah aye see thair,
wi heez light smoorin the street's gloamin,
the fither at yin wi heez hameward gait -
as if hae wus the laird o thir happit acres.
Nae maitter whit promises frae efter the War
Fither wus nivver tae git onie sich ferm.
Yit long afore the hooses wur thowt o
did heez ain fither no ferm this verra hill?

James P Spence