

Galar

Tha na dorsan uile dùinte
air taighean-seinnse Ghlaschu:
chan eil sgeul air na fir lachdann
chit' a-muigh air na cabhsairsan
crom mu na h-ursainn
a' smocadh 's a' casadaich
eadar sluigeadh nam pinnt.

Ciamar, saoil, tha dol dhaibh
anns ge bith dè na cùiltean gann
dhan do sgap iad: cloc a' slaodadh
uairean gun seagh,
leann às na canachan tioram
gun bhlasad companais.

Nuair gheibhear smachd air a' bhìoras
's a dh'fhosglas dorsan mòra na fàilte
tillidh iad nan deann dìreach
mar eunlaith gu nid,
an dream dhiubh nach deach fodha
leis a' ghalar aonarachd,
air dhìth an aon laimhrig
bha gan cumail air bhog.

English translation below

Galar

Doors are all bolted
on the pubs of Dumbarton Road:
gone the shilpit afternoon men
who dodged on the pavements
smoking and coughing
while indoors the barman
set up their next.

I wonder how they fare
in whatever scant corners
they're scattered,
where clocks drag
meaningless hours,
and beer from the can is bitter
without fellowship's savour.

.
If we hobble the virus
gantries will ring and sparkle again,
and they'll be back, directly
as birds to the nest –
those of them
who haven't gone under
in sea-swells of aloneness,
for want of the one haven
kept them afloat.