

Maw

Ah'm shair she truly loved me,
but how could she no show it?
Nae hugs, nae kisses, nae *well done*,
so how wis ah tae know it?

She'd welcome ither folks' success
an praise them tae the skies,
ah don't think she wid notice
if ah won a Nobel Prize.

Her lug wis there fur ane an aw,
tae listen tae their troubles.
She'd say, *Noo dinnae be ashamed
tae hae a right guid bubble.*

Ah widnae tell if onythin
wis keepin me awake,
Ah knew fine weel her words wid be,
Aw, gie yersel a shake.

Emotions were fur ithers,
No fur the likesy us,
If she had fears or worries,
she never made a fuss.

It took infirmity and age,
an her mind aw in a muddle
tae let me take her in ma erms
an gie ma maw a cuddle.

Ah thought she'd mibbe pu awa,
rejectin ma embrace,
instead, she liftet up her haun
an gently sroked ma face.

28 Lines