

Dàin le Pàdraig MacAoidh

i.m. Sandy Hutchison

Tha e seachad air meadhan-oidhche an Olomouc
agus tha sinn nar càpraid eadar Ponorka
agus Hotel Gol, 's ged nach robh guth-seinn
agam riamh, tha thu toirt orm 'Raglan Road'
a ghabhail leis an dà nòt' a th' annam.

Ach far am bu chòir dha bhith
'On Grafton St in November' tha thusa
gabhail thairis le 'On a quiet street...'
agus tha sinn a' seinn còmhla, na rannan
air sgaradh ann an sèist robach – tripped
lightly along the ledge ... away from me
so hurriedly – gus cha mhòr g' eil sinn seinn
leis a' ghàire.

Ach, Sandy, tha thu air mo chur às a rian.
Tog a-rithist thu fhèin e on tùs.

Banais Ghàidhealach

agus an eaglais ro bheag
rinn am píobaire limbo a-staigh ro bhean-na-bainnse
an dos mòr mar àmhaich crom na h-eala

tron t-sèirbhis
tha bean-na-bainnse a' toirt seachad iomradh
dhan a bràthair, a mhinistear

tha na fir ruadh a' co-thional sa bhar fhiodh
gus mùchadh geal seòmar
na bainnse a sheachnadh

a' chiad danrsa seachad,
tha am piobaire a' traoghadh sios dhan tràigh
le searrag-phocaid làn fuinn

anns gach foto, tha athair fear-na-bainnse
na sheasamh beagan car ro fhad' air fàl bh on mhac,
mock-baronial

tha Bmh. NicFheargais, a bha na ceannard-sgoile, ga suidheachadh fèin
ri taobh na h-uinneig, ri taobh a' bhouncy castle
ri taobh nam fear oga nam fèilidhean

gun sgot mu cheumannan a' dhanrsa
tha an seòmar a' cur car 's car 's car –
cha tèid ach aon chnàmh a bhrìseadh

air an dithis fear air achlaisean a chèile
tha dà shùil dhubh -
's an dithis dhiubh nan caidil san dìg

tuitidh a' bhouny castle dhan trainse

na aonar aig an taigh

bidh am minister uisge-beachdachadh

mu leabaidh na bainse

Poems by Pàdraig MacAoidh

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It is gone midnight in Olmouc
and we are staggering back from Ponorka
to Hotel Gol and though I have never
had a voice, you are getting me to sing
'Raglan Road' with the two notes I can muster.

But where it should have been
'on Grafton St in November'
you take over with 'On a quiet street...'
and we sing on, the lines diverging
in a ragbag chorus – tripped
lightly along the ledge... away from me
so hurriedly – until we're barely singing
for the laughter.

Ach Sandy, you've got me all out of order.
Take it again yourself from the top.

Highland Wedding

the church being too small

John the piper limbos in before the bride

his drones the bent neck of a swan

through the service

the bride gives a running commentary

to her brother the minister

red men congregate at the wooden bar

avoiding

the white of the wedding room

the first dance done,

the piper tides down to the shore

with a hip flask of tunes

in every photo, the father of the groom

stands just too far from his son,

mock-baronial

Miss Ferguson, retired headmistress, positions herself by the window

by the bouncy castle,

by the men in kilts

not knowing the steps to the dance

the room birls and birls and birls:

only one bone is broken

two men with arms round each other

share two black eyes

as they sleep in the ditch

the bouncy castle sinks to half its height

at home

the minister whiskythinks

of the wedding night

