

To a Listener

Address to the Unco Concerned . . . or
the overly interested and rigidly reassuring.



This life is like a blood red rose,
that bleeds into our ears.
So ... gently, with a cultured nose
be wary O' yer ain fears and foibles,
man, or mouse,

I welcome clean attention.

But, dinnae 'magine that my house
will suffer long yer wathchin,
if you see nothing o' yersel
while gazing at another,
you'll nae be any use tae me, whoever
sister, brother.

No scientist or soldier, priest or politician,
no guru, guide or teacher
can hope to share
a vision ~
of a future formed in lead,
rigid,
drowning in opinion,

we all stake empty claims,
to wear

the uniform of freedom

It is the Listener in ourselves,
the body's music, bare, that sings
of spacious sub-atomic wells
and clear infinite springs, of
understanding
not as we may think
for that is aye beyond our grasping, but
a common sense beneath our thirst
we may tak' a cup and drink from.

So friend, tak' heed
of how ye' form the very definition
of such a term as friendship, I urge
some room in yer description.
Respect, a healthy dis-interest in
whatever may be brewing,
mind yer business, keep yer counsel
and ye'll stop yer heed fae stewing.

But, you'll aye be welcome
roon' ma hoose
Wi' a' yer force sae gentle, if
for some small, simple time
ye loose . . . what binds yer look,
sae mental

If not.....there's the door.

2009