

Promenade

... *Noo cums ower thuh darkenin'*

King Sun, reed-cheeked, day's royal brass
Thoo tig wuh an' wor skin torns tuh a cornea
Me backbone tuh an optic norve, an' wor sell dotherin'
Half-blinded by the linn of gold thoo teem.
Ower the sea an' toon , an' am blinded.
Yont stood raws an' still wor knaa tha stand
Uv yems an' lonnens, belangin' tuh another toon.
Not this one thoo've fettled fair.

We gang alang the quayside. The neet's
Fishin' boats are ready tuh gan oot,
Motors shuggyin' Davy lamps in the bows
An' the whole toon's oot for a promenade,
Courtin' couples linkin' an banty chawvors,
Mams an' Faithers, bairns scrannin' cornets
Owld blokes gawpin' from chebbles ov pavement cafees
An' the darkening hills move closer leek friendly beasts.

Canny darkenin, abreed on hills an' brinkside
Thy arm grazes mine noo as if biv accident
Leek the touch uv this young lass wi gangs aside wor
Wi cushie hips, titchy steps an swingin' gait
Jet hair swept aback, delicate thropple an' shouthers
Deep summor bronzed on hor olive broon ees laffin',
Aa drink thee, glisk leet, leek dog, leek music
As hor ancestors huv drunk for a thoosand year.

Bonnie toon, hor nyem is freedom
An' though thy wealds are grey flecks in hor ee
Still at this hour when leet an' leet's gam
Chivvy hor face as crack or sang
Hors is the ancient reet ti wark the quay
As Keeker an' keeper ov thy lowe
Collectin' it in the wells ov hor deep pupils
Hors the hinny freedom to step ont leek a dansah.

Bonnie evenin' leet thoosands ov year owld

Clear throated singah, bonnie as this lass
How can wor not adore the grace thoo cast
This toon an' its folk in, a mould
That sculpts aal it touches, thi whole waarlde
Aa's become yor slave, if not yor citizen
An' thorstin' tuh drink thoo aal, ah'd fill
Ivry pore wi thy radiance, hor freedom.

Richard Berengarten

torned in tee pit taak bi [Kevin Cadwallender](#)

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