Heron by J K Annand

A humphy-backit heron

Nearly as big as me

Stands at the waterside

Fishin for his tea.

His skinnie-ma-linkie lang legs

Juist like reeds
Cheats aa the puddocks

Soomin mang the weeds,

Here’s ane comin,

Grup it by the leg!
It sticks in his thrapple

Then slides doun his craig.

Neist comes a rottan,
A rottan soomin past,
Oot gangs the lang neb

And has the rottan fast.

He jabs it, he stabs it,

Sune it’s in his wame,

Flip-flap in the air
Heron flees hame.