**Brekin rainbows**

By Janet Paisley

He wis just a wee lad  
dibblin in a puddle,  
glaur fae heid tae fit,  
enjoyin haen a guddle.

He micht hae bin a poacher  
puin salmon fae the beck.  
He coulda bin a paratrooper,  
swamp up tae his neck.

Mibbe he wis brekin rainbows  
reflectit in the watter,  
his ill-shod feet wid split the prism  
an mak the colours scatter.

Onywey he wis faur awa,  
deep wandert in his dreams;  
it richt sobert me tae mind  
a dub’s no whit it seems.

An while ah watched an grieved  
the loss that maks a man a mug,  
alang the road fair breenged his maw  
an skelpt him roon the lug.