**Primary 4**

**The Bubblyjock by Hugh MacDiarmid**

It’s hauf like a bird and hauf like a ***bogle***
And juist stands in the sun there and ***bouks***.
It’s a wunder its heid disna burst
The way it’s aye ***raxin*** its ***chouks***.

***Syne*** it twists its neck like a serpent
But canna get oot a richt note
For the bubblyjock swallowed the bagpipes
And the ***blether*** stuck in its throat.

**Graffiti by Janet Paisley**

Johnny Scramble, nae preamble,
draws oan waws whin naebody’s lookin,
YAISES AEROSOL CANS,
RINS AWA FAE POLIS VANS.
Coarnered yesterday, he wis.
KEN WHIT THE STUPIT EEJIT DIS?
Pents hissell tae match the waw,
thocht they’d no see him at aw.
Johnny Scramble’s jist a ful,
NOO HE’S IN THE HOASPITUL
whaur naebody hus oney peety
FUR SICH A RARE CASE o GRAFFITI.

**Lament for a Lost Dinner Tickey by Margaret Hamilton**

See ma mammy
See ma dinner ticket
A pititnma
Pokit an she pititny
Washnmachine.

See thon burnty
Up wherra firewiz
Ma mammy says
Am no tellynagain
No’y playnit.
A jist wen’y eatma
Pokacrisps furma dinner
Nabigwoffldoon.

The wummin sed Aver near
Clapsd
Jistur heednur
Wee wellies sticknoot.

They sed Wot heppind?
Nme’nma belly
Na bedna hospital.
A sed A pititnma
Pokit an she pititny
Washnmachine.

They sed Ees thees chaild eb slootly
Non verbal?
A sed MA BUMSAIR
Nwen’y sleep.