**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.