

Unpublished Poets section:

1st place winner: Frances Ainslie, Dunblane, Scotland

The Daisies

Bonie gems?

Thrawn wee bitches mair like.

A wheen o them,

hoatchin oan ma back green.

Cut doon wan day,

syne, next forenoon

they lowp up smirkin.

There's nae modesty here.

Dinnae let them fool ye

wi their herts o gowd,

an scanty gress skirts

white as the driven snaw.

Hula-hula girls oan tiptaes

shooglin their dewy hurdies,

makin a bloody gowk oot o me.

2nd place winner: Sophie McNaughton, Ayrshire, Scotland

foaxes

here

thair its thair

aht foax again

rummagin throo ma bins

bold as ye like

boxin day

dain ma boax in

its fureezin

ahm only in ma slippers

sa ah canny go oot n hunt it

no in this weaer

snaws awfa deep

aht foax hus goat ma wheelie bin tipped rite oor

n its firin intae ma auld boax eh special kay

ahm hauf hopin an auld crismas

cracker goes aff in its face

ahm about tae shout

hawl you move

but then ah see a wee cub behin it

scamperin oot fae eh hedge

wan two three

three cubs

scurryin across ma gairden

mad wee ginger snouts

n bushy tails too big fur thair boadies

nosin throo leftover pigs n blankits

awk ah feel bad noo

ah widny hurt they wee cubs fur thi world

neither ah wid

its pure cute seein um

a wee faimily

munchin away oan herb n garlic stuffin

ah cin heer eh wains screamin

n sum disny fulm playin

n ah cin smell turkey gettin reheated

n ahm hinkin aboot how much lecky is burnin

while ah munch toast n luk oot eh back windae

in ma new crismas jammies wae her pink goonie oan

since ah didny get wan

n ahm watchin eh wee foaxes

thair wee sharp mooths full eh fruit cake

in aboot ma rubbish

in thi snaw

in ma back gairden

huvin thair ain crismas dinner

enjoy bois

merry crismas

3rd place winner: Robert McFelin, Abbotsford, Dunedin

Courage

I feel like a wee timorous mousie
As the plough goes by, shivering
As I try to write black on white
-a blank page is where it begins.
I think of Seamus Heaney
And his poem that concluded
With those lines, 'I'll dig with it'.
I visited the centre
At Bellaghy in 1997.
I have a photograph taken of me there,
I think, in front of a large framed print
On the wall, titled the Redress of Poetry.
His cousin had been killed in
The civil war, loosely called
The troubles.
On an earlier visit in 1991
I had walked a tarmac country road
To my great-grandfather's grave
At The Loup.
Someone had written SAS 3
IRA 0.