

**Wigtown Poetry Competition 2018**  
**Scots | Winner:** Robert Duncan, *The Threit*  
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**The Threit**

Bleater, briskie, corbie, craw,  
lintie, laverock, gowk and speug:  
there's a threit hings ower them aa,  
in the lift and in the lug;

the threit that they'll be wede awa,  
smuired in the air, smuired in our harns,  
like smuired fires that hae lost their lowe,  
lost to the minds and tongues o bairns.

Beeran, beardie, minnon, braze,  
wi waters fyled there'll sune be nocht  
to guddle for on simmer days  
in the tuim burns or streams o thocht.

Baudrons, bawtie, whitret, tod,  
are farrow and their cries near dune  
as we gang doun the wyndin road  
and gowl aneath the dwinin mune.

Grosets, crouperts, noops and geans  
dinna flour as they did afore,  
on braes or in the mouths o weans,  
tho we may speir, and we may splore.

The tumshies that as chiels we staw  
fae fermers' fields, and dined on hail,  
ligg on the supermercat raw,  
renamit swedes, but tap or tail.

And aye as we gang toddlin on,  
re-cryin everything we see,  
we downa tent whaur things are gaun,  
nor spae the weird that we may dree.