

Rue

Wir bodies are stories.

Hers is freshly srieved.
Saft an swak wi newness.

Mine's a bitty teuch, wi a
"bin aroon the block"—ness.

She is easier tae read.

Nae secret self swirlin roon her
een. Insteid, some fierdy wards

set in amber: nivver hud ontae
a moment langer than it lasts.

I waatch her filter the warld
through that wee broon neb.

Ahin a nuvelty. Ivry olfactory
receptor a hame fur opportunity.

A curious tongue keeks oot,
slaikin ower fresh possibilities.

The wye her body meets ilka
day, hiz learnt me tae

slow

doon

an

sniff oot

adventure

in

the maist

familiar

corners.

So we tak wir bodies an wir stories
fur a wak. An we mak the world

mair whole an newer. A callerness
sets ower the auldest routes I ken.

We traik them, again an again.
Blithe, glaikit, and content

tæ spy summin new
in ivry sauchelt neuk.