

## **2010 Year o Orkney Dialect**

### **Poetry Competition – Winning Poems**

See Videos featuring a Selection of the Winners here

**Overall Winner: Marlene Mainland, Holm, Orkney (*Home Truths*)**

**Adult: Home** – Marlene Mainland “Home Truths”

**Adult: Humour** – Marlene Mainland “High Coo”

**Adult: The Land** – Jane Harris, Stirling “Me Laand”

**Adult: The Sea** – Fiona A Cowan, Finstown “*Boreas domus mare amicus?*”

**Secondary: Home** – Courtney Peace, Stronsay “The ‘Guid’ Life”

**Primary: Home** – Anja Hall, Evie “Poosack”

There were no entries in the Primary/Secondary age groups for ‘Home’, ‘The Land’ or ‘The Sea’, so special prizes were awarded.

**Best Use of Sounds** – Ellen Forkin, Deerness “Sea o Dunder”

**Best Use of a Traditional Theme** – Fran Flett Hollinrake, Quoyloo “Assipattle and the Mester Stoorworm”

**The Judges Choice** – Ragnhild Ljosland, Kirkwall “New”

**Overall Winner & Category, Adult: Home**

**Home Truths by Marlene Mainland, Holm**

**Home Truths** by Marlene Mainland, Holm

Granny? Whar's Bessie geen?  
Shi's geen tae whar the good dogs go, bairn.  
Run thoo oot tae play  
Thir's kittleens in the barn.

Granny? Whar daes gablos come fae?  
Fae atween the flags and in the wa  
Don't be faird o them  
Thir aa hermless peedie things

Granny? Whar's that uncan wife?  
That's Nellie the tinkler wae haar pack  
If thoo're a good lass  
Thoo'll mibbe get a bonie frock.

Whaar's Granny at? Is shae ben?  
Shae's feelan trowie. Laev haar be.  
Run thoo oot and play  
Wae the kittleens in the barn.

**Category, Adult: Humour**

**High Coo** by Marlene Mainland, Holm

Black coo on the brae  
Lyan snushan chowan ceud  
Tae the Mart the morn.

*(Haiku is one of the most important form of traditional Japanese poetry. Haiku is, today, a 17-syllable verse form consisting of three metrical units of 5, 7, and 5 syllables.)*

**Category, Adult, The Land**

**Me Laand** by Jane Harris, Stirling

“Yur no gittan hid!”

Sharged the peedie ould wife.

Horn mad.

Laan har man hid bowt

An they hid wrowt

Tegither.

Wis hid har reuts?

The claas o the laan

Clewan at har hert?

Ur a last dugged whess

In the face o daeth?

Furtiverwiys

I doot

Sheu’ll no can tak hid wae har.

*“Dust to dust, ashes to ashes..”*

Fur seun sheu’ll be

Cheust a grin o stoor

Harsel.

**Category, Adult: The Sea**

*Boreas domus mare amicus?* by Fiona A Cowan, Finstown

The North is wur home, but is the sea wur freend?  
Hid deudno seem that wey the streen.

Whitna' freend wid himmer doon the door  
Haeve salt apae the windows  
Dad the shaws aff the tatties  
Rummel doon the dykes  
Fleud the new girse  
And tak back the tangles wae'd gathered all winter?

...but this morneen

Glimmeran and sheenan'  
Lappan quietly under the banks  
Fleud tide clearan awey the tang  
Nee more bruck fae the ebb  
Six bonnie skiffs settan oot tae sail  
Gae'an us ceuithes fur wur supper..  
...a freend indeed.

## Category Primary: Home

**Poosack** by Anja Hall, Evie

Sleekit puss wae his furry lugs  
And his stripy tiger tail  
He always comes in tae me bed,  
Purran tae himsel.

I'm writing this upon me bed  
Wae poosack sittan here.  
Soon Dad'll come in through the door  
And say "Lights oot noo, Dear".

And then he'll notice poosack there  
and say "That's no alood!"  
And tak the cat oot o me bed

I ken I've no been good!  
Tonight I hiv a clever ploy –  
When Dad comes up the stairs  
I'll stick puss under the cover  
(And hope it doesna tear).

Here he comes – thump, thump, thump.  
As I planned tae do,  
I stick puss under the covers  
*Quiet poosack noo!*

"Whaur is that blinkin cat" dad says  
"He'll be oot side again"  
"You mind on whit I said last night"  
"Poor puss oot in the rain"

We go tae sleep, the hoose is still  
But then I feel a tickle  
Pussy's needan oot again  
Noo I'm in a pickle.

*Puss puss stop hid, listen noo!*  
*I canna git tae the door*  
*Fur me claes are all*  
*Scattered on the floor*

"Whit's all that racket", I hear dad say,  
"The cat is in her room!"  
Pussy girns and greets and pleeps –  
Ah'm in fur it noo!

## Category, Secondary: Home

### The 'Guid' Life by Courtney Peace, Stronsay

I palled up me breek, pit oan me baits,  
Me glivs were waarm fae the fire,  
Stack oan me pernee – hid lukked gey cauld outside –  
An heeded oot the dower.  
The air wis theek, hid wisna warm,  
The moon wis still in the sky,  
I ambled doon by whaur the baes wur eatan,  
An sterted tae dyte the byre.  
Stow, ya hoarsegowk, yar still oot at this time?  
No need fur yar squeekan noo,  
in a guid puckle o hoors ye'll be aff fae here,  
An I'll be bulderin doon tae school.  
Scrapin at the walls, yin reek at six in the mornan,  
Ah'm no carin fur being clerted in gutter,  
Taakin the rookle oot tae the midden buddum,  
Plitterin through hid wi me wheelbarra.  
Yins the mornan's wark doan but no fur the rest of the day,  
Change oot o me claes an in summin clean,  
An oan the rod tae school is whaur ah'm maakin me wey,  
Aalredy a herd mornans wark am deen!  
"YOUNG MAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!"  
I can jist hear yin teachar aye sayan,  
When aall the 'guid' bairns, that hid bin 'oan time',  
Wid've likly got mare o a lie in!

## ***Special Prizes***

### **Best Use of Sounds**

**Sea o Dunder** by Ellen Forkin

The icy jabble  
And the frantic scrabble  
O pebble ower pebble  
The doonpour o icy drebble  
The skelder o sea on shore  
Ower the distant roar  
Under the tinkle o shell  
You wid niver tell  
The Finfolk King sits quiet  
Amongst the dunder o riot

### **The Judges Choice**

**New** by Ragnhild Ljosland

I am new  
Here  
Pittan new soonds in me mooth  
I even hiv a new nem  
Cus no-one here can pronounce me auld one  
Me gear cam in a container across the sea  
But Ah've left the auld me  
behind,  
wae me bruck  
No-one kens  
who  
I wis  
But aal ken who  
I am noo  
I am new  
I am new noo

## Best Use of a Traditional Theme

### Assipattle and the Mester Stoorworm by Fran Flett Hollinrake

Here's a tale tae tell wur bairns – hid's aal about this bonny isle,  
Wi monsters, brave sowels, scary pairts, and mebbe waards tae mak ye smile.

Pityer a land o plenty, noo: wi oats and yows and kye (hid's cattle);  
And here's a lad that's good fur notheen – that's oor hero, Assipattle!

Aa day he sits afore the hairth, ass gets in his hair and claes;  
Aa around him, waark gies oan; a useless fleep, his mither says.

But Assipattle his high hops, that wan day soon he'll save the land  
'Mither', says he, 'Ah'll mak ye prood': Ah'll save the waarld wi me right hand!

Weel, right enough it wisnae lang afore a cry gaed through the air:  
'A muckle monster, oot at sea – hid's craaled oot fae its secret lair!'

Hid's wallie tail culd wrap around the earth an crush it wi a shak;  
Fok called it Muckle Stoorworm, and they kennt whit hid culd brak!

Noo, Wormy et a haep of lasses, aa tied tae a graet big stane  
And aa the dowters had tae gie their lives – the number spared wis....nane.

The Princess Gem-de-Lovely cam, the bonniest lass in aa the land  
She wisne faerdie, nor yet prood, and strappit doon she lukked cheust grand.

'Noo's me chance,' oor hero cried, laepin up to fetch his pail  
I'll tak this paet that's burning yet – I've got this plan – it canna fail!

Assipattle took his paet and ran doon tae his peedie quill  
Rowin hard he fund the Worm, and pocked it till it felt right ill.

Hid gied a roar and gullpit doon the peedie boat, the lad and paet  
And Assipattle foond hissels right in the puggie's stinkan haet!

He plittered here and yon until he fund the liver o the worm  
And wi his gullie, cut a hale and stuffed the paet in good an firm!

The monster girmed and gied a rift, and threw up ass and guffan reek  
And up cam Assipattle's boat, oor lad near feart tae tak a keek.

Noo, wormy's heid wis shakkan bad, hid's yackles brakked in muckle lumps:  
Orkney, Shetland, Faroos too, were aa made fae they bits and bumps!

The Stoorworm died in aafil pain, hid's body's hot and burnan free:  
Wi smok and bilin mud, it seems this is hoo Iceland cam tae be.

Assipattle took his quill and rowed hid tae the sandy shore  
And fund the princess lying there, bonny as a flooer in voar.



The twa fell deep in love right there, and maerried after twathree days  
And aa the fok were muckle glad and aal pit oan thur bonny claes.

They lived a heap o years I'm tellt, and not a single tear wis gret:  
And if they arena deid, my freend, well surely then, thur livan yet!