

## **gobby**

Ah wis the gobby  
wan in the yard banged oan  
about oor rights

fir thirty year, aw  
that fight got naewhere fast  
then it closed like

aw the rest Only  
later they found the 'sbestos  
stowed away in

ma lungs, smuggling  
ma breath oot, leaving me  
little tae go on

The ships Ah built up  
knocked me doon in the end  
First the cough cough cough

then quickening breath  
til ony lang sentence wis  
scuppered by wheezing

The wife squanders her  
breath on the fags but no here  
wi the oxygen

that could blow us aw  
tae smithereens Ah couldnae  
dae without it noo

Ah need it jist tae  
dae the daftest o things,  
it's like pitting on

ma sock, pause, sock, pause,  
shoe, pause, shoe Cannae go far  
Ah'm like a dug on

a lead or wean with  
its umbilical cord,  
a circle like they

say from cradle to  
y'know But Ah'm planning ma  
escape jist brooding

o'er the detail  
Ah've become the quiet  
type, nae longer talk

shite, cannae afford  
tae Ah'm a man o measured  
words, near poetic

The wife says Ah talk  
in haikus Can you no jist  
gimme peace wuman?

Ah beg of her on  
wan o those airless summer  
nights when ahm

lying wi the ship  
on tap o me breathing in  
the coal black sea She

has no reply Her  
grey eyes treading water,  
watch me slowly drown