

The Divorce (Auld lang syne)

By Brian Judge

It wis o'er three hunner years ago
Albion's * suiter she did wed
But this wis niver a real love match
Outside the marriage bed

And as the years they all went by
This led to much frustration
Then one day, the dam, it broke
With the call... 'Gie's back oor nation'

But England wisnae huven that
A wife should ken her pairt
Which is to aye support her laird
An' no' upset the cairt.

Then came the day, they took the vote
Tho' maist agreed tae stay
But that was no the end o' things
The skies were no' that grey

A new development noo arose
As the Nats # they took the floor
The marriage for them was all but o'er
Auld England, shown the door

'Can you really manage without me'
On leaving, he cried out
'I can an' will, an' you will see,
You overbearin' lout.'

'But even so, we can still be freends
As we go wir separate ways
To look ahead tae a better world
Whilst remembering happier days'.

Writing Raw

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*old name for Scotland
- the Scottish Nationalist Party

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This poem I have written in the style of Robert (Rabbie) Burns (who was alive in 1707 when the Scottish and English parliaments agreed to unite) using the broad Scots dialect. It concerns the possibility that the Scottish electorate may one day soon, decide to break away from the United Kingdom and become a sovereign independent state.

Brian Judge bio: I am Scottish, aged 69 and living now in Malaysia. Having retired from working around the world I have taken up writing, fiction, biography and travel. I have had magazine articles published but not yet a book.