

Reothadh

Cha toir lasadh do shùilean
leaghadh
air deigh mo chridhe;
ged a tha mo ghaol ann fhathast,
tha I glaiste far an do dh' fhàg thu i.

Tha i fhathast àlainn agus òg,
gun mhearachd, gun mheang,
ach cha ghluais i tuilleadh dhut-
tha an sneachd air tuiteam.

Thug i dhut a samhradh gu lèir
agus dh' fhalbh thu leis,
's cha d' thug thu càil air ais
an uair a bha feum aic' ort.

'S mar sin chì thu mo ghaol
chan ann marbh, ach reòite...
sàbhailte am broinn fasgadh fuar
nach leig a-steach pian an teas.

Frost

The spark of your eyes will not
melt
my icy heart;
although my love is still within
it is imprisoned where you left it.

It is still young and beautiful,
without fault, without blemish,
but it will dance no more for you-
the snow has fallen.

You took the whole summer away
and you gave back
nothing
when it was needed.

So now you see my love
not dead, but frozen...
safe inside a cold shelter
that will not allow the pain of
warmth to enter.

Poetry – Anne Frater
Music – Joy Dunlop