

## **Firewirks owre Bressa Soond**

*Shetland*

Licht fades peerie-wyes i da simmer dim;  
hills cut-oot, black on a egg-shall sky.  
Toon lights mirl, da Soond flat calm.  
You hadd your breath an Shetland sinks  
her clooers athin you, beds her doon.  
At da crack o firewirks fae da Bressa side  
a sel skoits, dooks him ithoot a soond.  
Rockets burst heich owre dark watter  
een eftir tidder. Abön wis, da sky is  
a swirl o cotts, a birl i da darknin.  
Der somethin about beauty poored oot  
at catches i da trot; aboot da prodigal  
at laeves wis moothless, winderin,  
lik wi da ocean, da lönabrak.

## **Fireworks over Bressay Sound**

*Shetland*

Light fades gently in summer twilight;  
hills cut-out, black on an egg-shell sky.  
Town lights shimmer, the Sound flat calm.  
You hold your breath and Shetland sinks  
her claws in you, beds down.  
At the crack of fireworks from the Bressay side  
a seal scouts out, slips under soundlessly.  
Rockets burst high over dark water  
one after another. Above us, the sky is  
a swirl of petticoats, a whirl in the darkening.  
There's something about beauty poured out  
that catches in the throat; about the prodigal  
that leaves us speechless, wondering,  
like with the ocean, the breaking surf.

Poetry - Christina de Lucca  
Music – Catriona Price