

Hokum Leeries An interview with the Three Wise Men Prestonpans 2005

On the seaside bench Provided by the council – Three local heroes Cradle their morning cans And contemplate the Paps o' Fife, Alas! No poetry in their life!

But joy! Whit joy, tae sit awhiles, Suppin thegither wi' sardonic smiles!

Yin day the meenister up yonder brae Came doon tae save oor heroes frae oblivion – All part – he thocht – o' life's guid work, Enhancing God's dominion.

The crab traps creaked And the promenade puddled As the man o' cloth descendit Tae interview the fuddled.

"Fine morning, my good men!" Fired frae point-blank range This took oor Hokum Leeries by surprise... "And how are we today?"

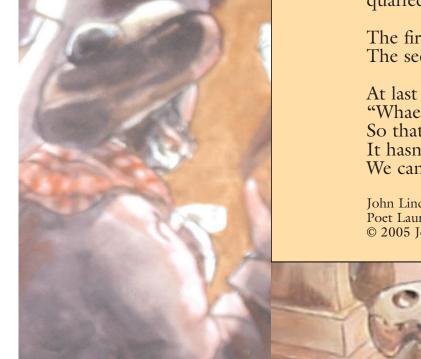
The first looked up wi' de'ilment in his eye And said:-"My dearest hope for now is when I die I'll jine the Big Man's brewery in the sky!"

"Alky? No me!" the second cried... "I jist sit here wi' them an while awa the time – as far as I'm concerned, This life's jist fine!"

The third man didnae speak.

"Have ye seen the mural in the Burns' shelter?" The meenister changed his tack, "It's the tale o' Tam o' Shanter!" And now warming to his creak, he mused:-"I wonder if Burns ate Queenie oysters quaffed wi' Fowler's Heavy?"





The first man:- "Aye! Tae hone his blade!" The second:- "Aye! Burns liked his bevvy!"

At last the third man spoke:-"Whae's MURIEL? BURNS? BURNS SHELTER? So that's whit it is, Chrissakes! It hasnae sheltered US – We cannae force the gates!"

John Lindsay, "The Lammermoor Poet" Poet Laureate to Prestoungrange © 2005 John Lindsay