

Dh'fhan mo litir ris a' phosta,
oidhche Shathairne, oidhche Dhòmhnach,
ràinig i Dùn Èideann, chaidh a fosgladh,
sheas i greiseag air a' phiàna;

Ach tha mo chridhe fhathast
mar am bogsa-litrichean tron oidhche –
crò-dhearg, do-fhaicsinneach,
làn fios nach gabh libhrigeadh.

My card waited for the postman,
Saturday night, Sunday night,
arrived in Edinburgh, was opened,
stood a while on the piano;

But my heart is still
like the pillar-box through the night –
unseen, red-raw,
full of undeliverable messages.

Meg Bateman, 'Am Bogsa-Litrichean / The Pillar-box'

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National Poetry Day in Scotland
Thursday 6 October 2016
poems about messages

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