

Aye, He's the Big Man

Aye, he's the Big Man,
Or so they think,
Bowchin, blusterin,
Bullyin, blawin,
About whit he wid dae,
Hou he wid sort them oot,
Wi aw his answers in his fists.

A forensic history,
Lang as yer airm,
An a jyle-hoose tattoo
Fir evri stretch he's duin,
The litany o a life lost
Etched upon his skin.
Aye, he's the Big Man.

But they dinnae see him
In the wee sma hours,
Curlt up ticht in a foetal ba,
When the ghaist o his faither
Veesits his room,
Baith hauns clampt grimly
Owre his face.

Aye, he's the Big Man.

Written and read by Rab Wilson
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