

## Dom Moraes

---

### The Laird

Sad, sad the laden sky. It smells of tears.  
Here the slightly titled boy, black hair in wisps,  
Stares through the bracken shattered by the deer.  
He wears a skirt, and when he speaks he lisps  
Loudly, as though his mouth were full of wasps.  
Bitter his eyes survey the English years.

His bagpipes yelling down the glen lament  
The looped heads, plagued with lice, of barbarous kings.  
Now in the passes where his fathers went  
The rushing eagle falls with clashing wings  
And, under, the royal lion, thundering springs  
From boulders that a thousand years have rent.

The boulders seem to quiver, rainhazed still.  
The damp and thrifty acres of his home,  
With sad sheep huddled between hill and hill  
Remind the boy how strange he has become.  
He questions the advancing dark, and some  
Decayed forefather answers with an owl.

The eagle shrieks. The royal lion roars.  
Sad, sad the laden sky. A bearded tree  
Wags a slow head. And the boy weeps because  
Even his vice is English. Homeward he  
Wades the deep wind, while his grave tenantry  
Donate the customary sad applause.