### Layoles fer meddlers.

Wor er lavoles fer meddlers? Cos it's allus flummoxed me when a wer just a little lass mi gran said "Just yer see." Cos if a said. "What's in them drawers er underneath that sink er what's wrapped up i that big box." Er didn't even think er just said, "Layoles fer meddlers." So wor er layoles fer meddlers? Cos have never yet feawnd eawt un if a asked mi gran shid just gi mi er cleawt un sey, "The layoles fer meddlers." Am grown up neaw, er granny too kids rummage reawnd mi heawse ther inter this, un inter that so tha'll offen eer mi greawse when thi sey, "What's in that cupboard er underneath that sink?" A just turns reawnd, a looks at um a doesn't even think a sez, "The layoles fer meddlers." "Layoles fer meddlers?" The puzzled looks just tell that despite or this education tha knows, they don't know as well.

#### THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at <a href="https://www.poetrykit.org">www.poetrykit.org</a>.

### **About Sally James**

Sally James Lives in Lancashire in the North West of England. She writes poetry in both Standard English and phonetically in Lancashire dialect. She has been published in a number of anthologies, online magazines, small press magazines and has read on local radio. The dialect poems in this leaflet are from the booklet *Deawn Ear Alley*.

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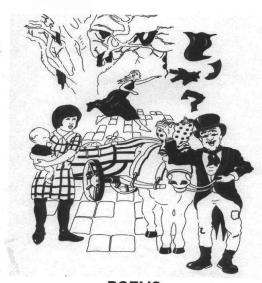
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## THE PK POETS

**#8: Sally James** 

# **Deawn Eawr Alley**



POEMS
IN LANCASHIRE DIALECT
BY
SALLY JAMES
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BOHAN

(cover of original book edition)

Published by - Poetry Kit www.poetrykit.org

### wom fromt' pit

Eeh lad, whats that skrikin like that fer thi eyes ul be ar red un raw stop mekkin that noise like er babby er thi mother ul gi thi wot for.

Neaw, thi must be skrikin fer summat the's summat that's makin thi yell neaw sit on mi knee like a good lad fer am certin am not gooin ter tell.

Aye lad, tha's breakin thi heart un a know, tha just corn't understand so here, wipe thi eyes, wi mi hanky sted er wit back er thi hand.

Neaw spit it or out, tell thi gran, neaw un a promise, al nor have er fit bur a know it must be summat fer thi dad's not come wom yet from't pit.

A saw um ar runnin when't siren went off with a long wailing cry then a heard an explosion like thunder that sent ar that smook intert sky.

Neaw lad, just bi brave, cos al tell thi no news, is good news, that knows, so, sit thi sel deawn on mi knee neaw, un wipe snot, from't end er thi nose.

Tha's not said er word, fer a lung time un't fire's almost eawt, i yon grate but mi shawl is keepin us warm lad un't candle u'll burn until late.

Hush, summat is happinin eawtside a con hear some pit clogs in't backyard so lad wakken up, un be brave neaw un owd tight, ter mi hand, very hard. Neaw it's me, who's skriken instead lad cos a corn't si so much i this leet only shadows dancin on't walls un't gas lamps dim flicker in't street.

Eeh lad, what's that laughin like that fer tha's soon changed thi tune, un am glad a con just make him eawt, his cum wom lad, so run wom, ter mi son, un thi dad.

\_\_\_\_

### Lonely hearts snub

or in search of my better half

Am attractive un vivacious, professional, un slim, am four foot two, wi eyes er blue, un am hopin ter meet HIM.

He must certainly bi good lookin, wi eyes er green er breawn, bi articulate, un cheerful, er reet slicker in the teawn.

He must bi educated, uncomplicated, strung, aye, un very wise, un he musn't have false teeth, er two skennin blood shot eyes.

A don't want him chewin bacco, un he musn't even smook, un if he spits int fire, he con tek his flamin ook. He mun make no vulgar noises, that means, he musn't burp er fart, fer if he does, a certainly, won't gi that mon mi heart.

He must er course be single, er divorced, it doesn't matter, be teetotal, wi no belly, though, a like um er bit fatter.

He must respect me, love me, aye, un do as I command, un shower me wi kisses, bur only on mi hand.

Neaw, these er my credentials, un, if thi fits this fine description, please, ring me at this number, if tha has, no notable affliction.

Tha con meet mi, bi the teawn hall clock, un mun wear, er white carnation, bur I'll not wear mi wig, because, have got this awful irritation.

Me peg leg, I'll leave int boot ert car, mi glass eye, in mi purse, cos I don't want thi ter si mi, lookin ert mi worst.

Un, if tha feels romantic, am afraid, tha'll have to sheawt, fer me teeth, have gon't bi mended, un mi hearin aid,keeps fallin eawt.

Bur, in case tha still cor'nt si me, I'll wear, a bloomin rose, fer am four foot two, wi one eye er blue, un wi er wart upon mi nose