

Layoles fer meddlers.

Wor er layoles 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 www.poetrykit.org.

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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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; info@poetrykit.org

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)

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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