

Ma new glesses

I was right in my guess that the improvement wouldn't last long.

December sun, I hae tae say,
ma winter walkin blesses,
as through the wuids I make ma way
while weirin ma new glesses.

As through the trees I noo step oot,
I'm seein awthin clearly.
Ma eyesicht noo without a doot
is perfect – very nearly!

An better eyesicht noo I sweir
nae walker could be wishin,
for awthin noo I see appear
in sherpest definition!

I'm happy noo, but weel I ken
that next year I'll be fated
tae hear the sad news yet again
that ma sicht's deteriorated!

An shairly that will be a shame,
it's no what I'd be wishin.
But I'm no daft enough tae blame
the specs or the optician!

For in auld age no juist the een
are fast degneratin.
I'm shair ye aw ken what I mean,
an ken weel what's awaitin!