

## 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!