

## **Kirsty**

**By Hamish Brown**

The yelled name, "Kirsty", jarred  
When heard in the London Street.  
Her stilettos stabbed on flagstones  
- cut from her Grandfather's hill!  
She doesn't know that of course  
Her world is din, fizz and gloss  
That keeps her far too occupied  
To understand her loss.  
Poor Kirsty has never seen a bracken brae  
Or ancestral stones west of Stornoway.