

## **Duped (Scrambling in Scotland)**

By Hughie Wilson

It wiz the hailstains eftur the abseil, heavy in the gale, especially when bracin 'n' glancin aroon et the wiy ahead,  
Then the cauld pinch grips, hoadin rough knoabs wi fingur tips, 'n' a lassie moovin like shes shit hursell, wan false move hen 'n' yer deed,  
Lukin et the luk oan yir face ma freen, determined, moavin as we ur et a steady pace, ivur upward ur intae the mist in a disappearing act,  
Up then intae the cirrus 'o' the drouth, 'n' keen, niethur couth nur uncouth, yir slittit een an upturned face see's daiths like a stoarm that nivur comes, so make yur pact.

Enjoay the menise 'o' the precipiss y novice tae this nakit oafurin 'o' peace, see yur een dragged fae the soakits, then returned tae yurself,  
Come meet yur goad miny times yur I and I schoalur 'o' the mind, as yur struggul tae calm the forces, so yur move with great stealth,  
Who knows when no evin you, whit coarnurs 'o' the psyche yur seek, when noo yiv nae choace, bit tae live through this fleein time,  
This snatch 'o' existunce, birth like, war like, luv and luv lost like, this every thing and nuthin, but the stors ur the pub et night will be yours and mine.

Huv ye ivur seen 'o' a kind, the random thoats flash oan the screen 'o' the mind, an you analisin yursell, then the emptiness an ye move,  
then you cun talk bullshit isweel, an me I'll know you, you'll talk an feel an wull yur psyche intae the groove.  
So oan ye go then, make yur moav, fur oanyway ye chose, whether fate deems you win ur lose, small time ur big, your duped, soonur ur latur, it's muther naitchur. Me, ah red the guidebook as if an engineer's manual, a goat here by hook or by crook, aw the while sniffin the grun like a spaniel, ma nerves wur steady, ma hauns hud before clung tae live oan the rock, there wiz nuthin ovurlookt, ah said, am ready, nae mair talk, an ah wiz dupt.