

Daniel Rattelle

from **Caledonian Postcards**

Hunterston Castle

Because we didn't think to call a cab
We had to walk
The four kilometers through streets of drab
Grey terraced houses. As block gave way to block,
So too the clouds gave way to sky, the stone
And asphalt turned to grass and sheep. But when
We got there was it worth it? Yes,
The house my fathers built but didn't own,
Where doubts about what was and might have been
Will follow sure as cider from the press.

A Bar in Stirling

It's breakfast time, a pint goes nicely down
For ten AM,
It's foggy like I like and russet brown.
The bacon, eggs, and, pudding too, I liked them.
But did it rain that day? I can't decide.
And neither can I say what dress you wore,
Nor yet the joke you told me on the train.
What odds that now as then we're side by side
In bed as barstool, asking nothing more?
On second thought, yes thanks, the same again.