

A Shetland Odyssey, 2050

Da ald boats lie in da harbour
Dey jist sit dere sad and disowned
Da vodd fish boxes ir scattered across da pier
Aa da muckle nets bide oot o da water
Dey ir waitin ta be salvaged
Da tide goes up ower da rodd
Da shingle is flung back an fore
Da birds fly as if dey're fantin
Aa da fish is geen

Luke Johnson

Wirds:

vodd empty
fantin starving, very hungry

This poem was highly recommended in the Shetland Library's Young Writer competition in 2008, when writers were invited to imagine Shetland in the future.