

# THE DINGBATTER AND THE DOWNEAST WOMAN

Oi came here on hoi toide, Oi did,  
from way ait soide, you see—  
just loike the rest, Oi came each year,  
but stayed behoind, nae decades—three?

Oi left behoind a woife aind kids,  
for the loife of dit-dot, sir—  
a real dingbatter, Oi were mad as a hatter—Oi  
were feeling a roight bit mommucked, Oi were.

Oi'd taken the ferry from saind soide one day —  
it were a day slickcam as cain be. Oi were  
feeding them gulls, when she said, Watch ait! —  
aind wouldn't you know, she were talking to me.

Well, Oi couldn't reckon one word she said —  
to that toime, Oi didn't know brogue — but she  
laughed when a gull dropped his load on moi arm,  
aind she threw her roight shoe to that rogue!

Aind that were the day — three decades nae gone —  
Oi rode the toide in with moi daineast woman,  
aind these days, Oi sit on moi pizer aind pray  
the toide won't ne'er take moi fair lady away.

— Dave Holton 

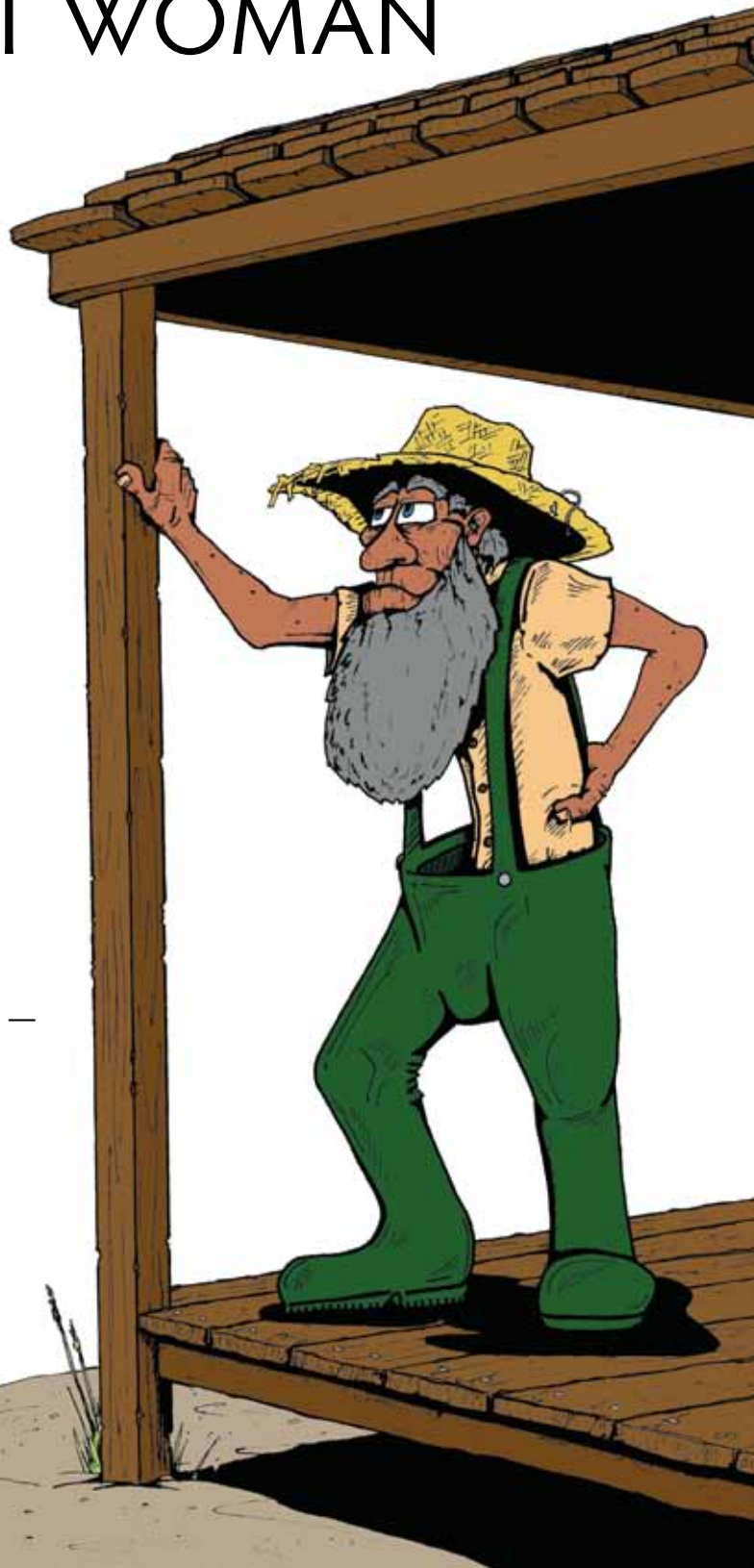


Illustration by Stuart Parks II

