I listened
the air was shaking
I watched him open his mouth
he could not speak
I watched him open his mouth
he could not speak
I listened
he spoke from a broken throat
I heard him say
water

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL NEW GLASGOW MUSIC FESTIVAL
FOLK SONG SECTION
Fraser Sutherland
One by one they up and down
the wooden dais. Turn around
and you're a young girl with
a voice of your own. Last
night I had the strangest dream:
A blur of fairy love, Billy
boy, gay cabalerio,
peasant's dancing day.
Applauding with the parents
all the fair and tender ladies,
wishing to be a gypsy calling
for her answer: I know where I'm
going O whistle and I'll come to you
down by the Sally Gardens
or in First Presbyterian Church Hall.
Marvel at the strange ironies:
the ugliest girl singing
I never will marry.
And in every lyric,
for every deathless vow
of fealty there's a legacy
of lust. Such is spring-singing,
snow thawing, and it's
westering home with a song in the air.