

Poem

United Colours of Cumnock

by Jim Monaghan

My town, is a green town
(but no like a "fuck the Queen" town),
no, it's a tree in every scene town,
wae gairdens freshly dug.
That's green that pours from every crack,
through pavements, viaducts, fitba parks,
where men who suffer heart attacks, go walks
wae three leg dugs.

My town, is a blue town
a "who the fuck are you" town,
what school did you go to town
and are you one of us?
That's blue that seeps through doors and walls,
from pubs and bookies, village halls,
where men would guard old Derry's walls,
instead o' guardin us.

My town was once a red town,
another miner dead town,
a men who fought and bled town,
wae brave and stalwart wives.
That's red that came from meeting rooms,
from folk that worked the pumps and looms,
when borough bands played different tunes,
and marched - for better lives.

But now my town's a grey town,
a fifty mils a day town,
a watch life slip away town,
a tunnel wae nae light.
That's grey that weeps from dying eyes,
bewildered parents, children's cries,
wae skinny erms and stick like thighs,
and nae strength left - tae fight!

Jim Monaghan is a poet and political activist. He is one of the organisers of the Govanhill Baths project in Glasgow. Jim will be appearing as part of this year's MayDay Cabaret at Oran Mor Glasgow. His show "The Miserablists Manifesto" will be at Southside Fringe in Glasgow in May and Free Fringe Edinburgh in August.