

## Huey Boy and Burnsy

Huey Boy and Burnsy write their names  
in blue, brush strokes sweeping an arc  
broad as the horizon on a September night.  
Pass the Buckie one to the other  
and back. Drink the rainbow  
as a sunset makes origami shadows  
of Arran, hammers the sea pewter.  
Remember the silence  
of ice cream and skint knees on a rocky shore,  
but would never say, one to the other.

Huey Boy and Burnsy write their names  
in the sand, the end of a stick accurate  
as a weaver's throw (not that they would know).  
Pass a look one to the other  
and back. Put their arms around girlfriends  
they don't know how to hold properly, yet.  
Make love and toast in Killie,  
ease their worry lines into Monday morning.  
*Kids*, their mothers say. *They leave and you're left*  
*looking at the pictures*, one to other.

Huey Boy and Burnsy look for their names  
in the local. Hatches, matches, dispatches.  
Glad when they aren't there, like it's some  
kind of proof. Pass the whisky one to other  
and back. Know the best way to drink water  
is sipped from hands cupped under the Lynn fall.  
Good boys, they are, leaving behind  
lives deep and rubbled as a quarry.  
But they would never say, one to the other.

Huey Boy and Burnsy score their names  
in history as fine as the Bard's best song.  
Thump each other on the shoulder,  
turn on something unseen  
like hungry seagulls on a draught.  
Huey Boy and Burnsy  
drain the dregs at last.  
Cheers, they say, one to the other  
and back.