

Ode tae the ingan.

The first step towards civilisation was when the hunter-gatherers began to grow things.

Awake, ma muse, come tune yer lyre
An set the echoes ringin.
Grant me the gifts that I require
Tae celebrate the ingan.

There's some exalt the beauteous rose
Whaur the honey-bee comes wingin,
An scorn in poetry an prose
Tae note the humble ingan.

Ower lilies folk wax lyrical,
Tae auld conventions clingin,
While they ignore the miracle
Inherent in the ingan.

A lovely face the hert may warm,
But few tae the gaze are bringin
The sensual symmetry o form
Sae obvious in the ingan.

Some kick a fitba when they can,
An some prefer the singin;
But far abuin I rate the man
That cultivates an ingan.

Whae says that gairdnin is a bore?
Away wi such mudslingin!
An mair respect I wuid implore
For perfectors o the ingan.

Let not detractors be believed!
What though its guff is mingin!
Creation's heicht has been achieved
In the genome o the ingan!