

The wee pink flooer.

Some people seem to have a compulsion to mar or destroy what is delicate and vulnerable.

She wis like a wee pink flooer
That grows amang the glaur an stour.
*An when awthin's said an done
that's juist the wey things are, ma son.*

A modest flooer few wuid detect,
wi beauty naeb'dy wuid expect.

He wis never that astute
– a daft-like breengin big galoot!

He wisnae yin tae spend his 'oors
in thinkin much o pickin flooers.

But ae day, strange as it may be,
the wee pink petals caught his ee.

He plucked the bonny flooer he'd fund,
sniffed it, an threw it on the grund.

Ye'll yais'ly find this world o oors
nae kin o place for wee pink flooers.