

Better off wi floers.

Disillusioned with my fellow human? Whae, me?

I've long since had ma fill o folk,
the bawheids an the boors.
Ye're better off, an that's nae joke,
wi vegetables an floers.

I yuist tae think ma fellow man
wuid yais'ly turn up trumps,
but he's no near as reliable
as are maist perennial clumps.

For humankind I often mind
tae base behaviour stoopin.
Sic ignorance ye'll never find
displayed by leek or lupin.

It's mony's the time that folk hae brocht
me care an consternation,
but ruination's seldom wrocht
by carrot or carnation.

In hoose an ha ye see it aw.
Baith hae I badly fared in.
Sic places dinnae suit ataw
- ye're better in a gairden!

Sae let them dae the worst they can,
the bawheids an the boors.
I'm duin wi wumman an wi man
– ye're better off wi floers!