

Ma Mammy's Green Trees in Concrete

Get aff they trees ya wee bisoms –if ye dinnae ah'll be doon there tae take ma haun aff yer backside an then ah'll tell yer mammy and she'll dae the same!

Aye there they go runnin` an shouten their cheek.

Ah'll windae hingin witch yi.

Ah hiv tae admit that's a great description o me, coz that's wit ah am; a wummin oan a mission tae protect three bairns o trees tryin tae survive in this concrete jungle.

They arrived jist efter me, an ah felt they were as much oot o place in this spanken new housing scheme as ah wiz.

Waan dreich moarnin, efter the weans went tae school, a cooncil van arrived, two mannies jumped intae the wee fenced triangle o green, acroass the road.

They hid three bundles, wrapped in whit looked like cotton wool.

It wiz three wee spindly trees, the men dug the grun ower, an wae a strange tenderness, they planted they three wee trees. Ah`ve nae idea why, bit ah started tae greet.

So aw this furst lonely year here, ah`ve protected they wee souls fae annihilation by dugs, weans an stupid folk. Noo they're thrivin, loads o new branches.

Wan day when ah wiz bein the *windae hingin witch*, ma neighbour shouted doon,

“Cum up for a wee cuppa hen, ye deserve a thirst quencher efter aw that hard work!”

So you see, new roots take time don't they? Jist need a bit o nurturin` tae get used tae a strange space.