



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS
AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



THE DEAD

They walk with you,
the dead.

Some skip along in front,
some walk beside
some, like naughty children,
drag behind.

Others walk on top of you,
crush you into nothing,
or demand to be carried
like shopping.

A few slip like loose change
into pockets

And one or two
lie curled together,
stitched into the lining of your heart.

Pauline Prior-Pitt

