



The Scottish Parliament
Pàrlamaid na h-Alba



Literacy Resources

Writing Poetry

Celebrate your school or eco council

After reading

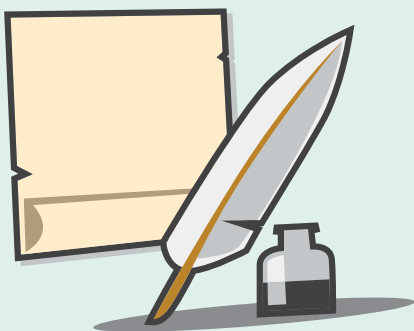
"Open the Doors!"

think about writing a piece of poetry which celebrates your school council or eco-council.

Think about what they should be doing for you, what they have achieved so far.

How can your poem encourage the council to do a good job?

Try to use a simile, a metaphor, two Scots words and an image connected to nature in your poem.



like petals of a flower

smooth as silk

makars

the auld

A nest of fearties

a thread of pride

Open the doors! Light of the day, shine in;
light of the mind, shine out!
We have a building which is more than a building. There is a commerce between
and outer, between brightness and shadow, between the world and those who t
About the world, they also send their tongues outward to feel and taste
mystery? The parts cohere, they come toge
reeming earth. Did you want classic columns and predictable pediments?
A growl of old Gothic grandeur? A blissfully boring
Not here, no thank! No icon, no IKEA, no iceberg, but curves and caverns, nooks a
niches, huddles and heavens syncopations and surprises. Le
symmetry to the cemetery. But bring together slate and stainless steel
grey granite, seasoned oak and sycamore, concrete blo
almost alive - it breathes and beckons - imperial marble it is not
Come down the Mile, into the heart of the city, past the kirk of St Giles and the
closes and wynds of the noted ghosts of history who drank their
and fell down the steep tenements stairs into the arms of link-boys
and talked the stamy Enlightenment of the auld
And before then the auld
makars who tickled a SCOTTISH king's ear with
baldry and frank advice - And when you are there, down there, in the
midst of things, not set upon an hill with your nose in the air, This is where you know
your parliament should be And this is where it is, just here.
What do the people want of the place? The
with thinking persons as open and adventurous as its
is what they do not want. A symposium of procrastinators is what they do not want.
A phalanx of forelock-tuggers is what they do not want. And perhaps above all the
droopy mantra of 'it wizny me' is what they do not want. Dear friend
dear parliamentarians, you are p
and self-esteem that has
not ever broken or forgotten. When you converse you will be reconvening, with a sense
of not wholly the power, not yet wholly the power, but a good sense of
what was once in the honour of your gras
All right. Forget, or don't forget, the past. T