

It Can Be Fun To Pick A Bone.

As Time Goes By

Gale Force Winds and Blustery Showers.

Air in more or less natural motion
Shouldn't cause any frightful commotion,
But it does.

Round the house hear it moaning and screaming,
Leaving the puddles foaming and creaming,
Down from the gutters the water is streaming,
Washing we humans away from our dreaming.

Robbing dustbins with unholy clamour,
Using an eldrich unseen hammer,
Frightening us.
Taking lids with ill fitting flanging
Way down the alley, crashing and clanging,
Freeing cans to their echoing banging,
Newspapers writhing, blowing, then hanging.

Showing torrents the easiest way in,
Pointing the crevices now free to stay in
For a rest.
So while neighbouring dogs are all barking,
Irate and sleepless householders harking,
Carefree rivulets happily larking
Glide down the walls they're joyfully marking.

Branches fly from the winter bare oak trees,
Freed from an earlier glittering deepfreeze,
Now black again.
Seeking warmth from where fires are a-blazing,
Flying free with a speed that is hazing,
Blind to the frightening hell they are raising,
Well content with the paintwork they're grazing.

Now there's fear for the slates as they tremble,
Gutters all fill and blown leaves assemble
To block them.
No one thinks that these traits are endearing,
Only feels glad when the storm clouds are clearing,
Glad to rest quietly, not lie there hearing
Banshee delight at the damage we're fearing.

Soon in spring the unruly blowing
Should in gentle ways be flowing,
Is our hope.
Welcome spring when the wind is benign,
Trees dipping gently curtsey in line,
Scent laden breezes tasting like wine,
Crimson night skies, heavenly sign.