

The Wind

"Wrap up your plants for I'm passing this way"

The wind warned as it whistled through veg

Blowing this way and that, burning lettuce tips

And threatening to break tender stem beans

It was only a playful wind

Bringing African dust it roamed through the fields

Reminding swallows they would one day return

To the land they'd left where the sun always shines

And they swooped and soared caressing the breeze

It was only a playful wind

Papery leaves of burnished gold, in neat piles awaited their fate

Perhaps they'd be stored, perhaps they'd be burned

But the rustling wind whispered their names

Lifting them high, till the piles were no more

It was only a playful wind

Ripped from a trunk the branch screamed in pain

Roof timbers shivered, and trusses all creaked

Then a tree surrendered and fell to the ground

Immodestly naked its roots splayed around

"I'm not playing now" growled the wind

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