

The weather!

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It s now or never

Too late for asking.....

Whether to or whether not.

Mighty sun shining

Down from high.

Like a drawing pin gold in the sky.

It holds us hanging in its heat,

Amongst the hum, the traffic drone,

The maniacal, mechanical, continual,

Groove that is turning, tightening,

Like an aluminum screw.

It s unbroken thread

Drives us fast forward, ahead.

There s a siren in the street,

Like a bird song call.

Where is nature?

We observe it through a viewing box.

See pictures in the paper,

Sometimes get a recharge on days off.

Little squares of garden gems

Squeezed in narrow places.

Heavy concrete everywhere

Swamping breathing spaces.

If only we could walk
Backwards and trust.
Like leaning into time
Before scientific forecasts.
Rest our feet on foot stools.
Raise our souls in the air.
Feel relief like gentle breeze.
And rain on thirsty soil.
Then follow altogether
A different path, another way.
Work within the laws of nature,
Hear what it needs and yearn to say.