

Idle Thoughts

Siren Voice

THERE'S suddenly that awful noise,
Wailing over lane and farm.
The rural idyll it destroys:
Ululating car alarm.

Rising, falling, scars the day.
No idea where's its source.
Could be half a mile away.
Never found it yet, of course.

It wails for half an hour, but when
It ceases and I then applaud,
Gritted teeth and patient men
At last have had their just reward.

The owner must be deaf, I'd say,
Or travels often off afar,
Or else, on leaving home each day,
Just forgets to take the car.
