

Idle Thoughts

Weather Wise

STRANGERS are supposed to know
England cannot cope with snow:
This is why it's no-one's fault
England's grinding to a halt.
How can Winter think it right,
Turning England instant white?

Likewise, England smells defeat,
Should the summer yield some heat.
June's odd week we may survive:
God forbid it's four or five!
Englishmen have not been born
For a summer *and* a lawn!

Crisp-cooked leaves along the bough
Say that summer's over now.
Pseudo-autumn can't repeat
Sun-charged weeks of searing heat
Which continue, day on day,
Baking earth to dust or clay.

Bodies sweat and mouths are dry —
And we know precisely why
Strangers cannot understand
England's brown and cindered land.
