

Time

A Squinty Day

HANGING in a brazen sky,
Untrammelled by some soft-spun cloud,
Searing sun assaults the eye.
Earth bakes in a shimmer shroud.

Tortured tar makes watermarks:
Soon misshapes the distant view,
As the bright-bathed day embarks,
Adding sparkle to the dew.

Dazzle dances on the lake.
Concrete slipway adds its glare.
Ancient cottage seems to take
Delight in daunting, whitewashed stare.

Watering, tormented eyes,
Dew-drenched like earth's overlay,
Shrink as glinting grasses prise
Bright anguish on this squinty day.
