

Time

Bonfire Night

CATHERINE wheel gyrating,
Then suddenly abating,
Or getting stuck and waiting
In the middle of its fling.
Roman candle squirting,
Flames and sparks and spurting,
Then suddenly reverting
To a dead and silent thing.

Squibs and jumping crackers,
Pyrotechnical attackers –
Forever on our track as
There's nowhere we can hide.
The kids begin to quaver
In the cold and misbehave – a
Sign it's time to savour
Something nice and warm inside.

The soup's too hot to sip it,
The cup's too hot to grip it:
You wish that you could skip it.
Your tongue begins to fry.
Anguish and frustrations!
Foul-mouthed fulminations!
Blistered imprecations
To a rocket-pocked black sky.
