



Snow



December was fresh and open,
 And January was quite mild;
 Mostly dry and sunny days,
 Although gale force winds were wild.



'This won't happen now' the experts say,
 New equipment will keep roads clear;
 But no human hand is able to,
 When storms unexpectedly appear.



Our seasons are all changing,
 Some days it feels like spring;
 The sunshine is now warming up,
 And the birds are on the wing.



A higher power is in control,
 And we must accept what comes,
 And like the birds be grateful,
 For the day's we're given crumbs.



To be outdoors is tempting,
 Yes! optimists may be forgiven;
 For thinking winter is at an end,
 Cast your mind back to 1947.



Check the months on the calendar,
 Spring will come in its own time;
 All the sweeter for the waiting,
 And bringing an end to this rhyme.



After a mild start in January,
 Came blocked roads for weeks on end;
 Snow seemingly piled up to the sky,
 It nearly drove folk round the bend!



By Eila Webster

