

The summer storm

*The sky grows grey at sunset
In the summer for a storm;
The sudden wind cuts coolly
Through the air all wet and warm.
A heavy mood of horror hangs
A-trembling in the trees;
The flowers in the footpath fall,
Cut down before the breeze.
A sudden stillness echoes
As the sky screws up its face;
Time suspends itself for seconds,
Then the tears begin to race.
Forlornly falling faster
Through the lonely, languid air,
The raindrops hit the hot cement
And sizzle in despair.
But summer's heat dies soon away,
A chill blows over all,
And the wind begins a whistling
That is glimmering with gall.
The deluge now pounds roundly down,
And windows close across the way
To hoard the last surviving warmth,
The fading fragment of the day.*

Robert Harris '82