

The vagabond wind

On cool summer nights the wind is a gypsy
That rushes and whistles down the block
And calls to you to come with it.

For a time you are tempted,
And you imagine yourself journeying wild
and free with the wind through frantic
and fabulous lands.

All in all, though,
It's simpler just to go inside
And go to sleep.
The invitation is enough.

Robert Harris '82