

Alessi's Ark, Magic Weather

On the highest shelf
Where you'll find she
Hiding 'neath the nouns and verbs and similies
Find a wooden step
Place it carefully
Lodge it between the couplets
And apostrophes
Blindfold your brain
Feel your way for me
In reaching out she's giving far too much to thee
A letter for each limb
A rhyme for every time
His brain guides she to poetry
Read it down the line
Behind my creaking ledger,
Ink stains record the weather
Following her twists and turns
Like a feather
So long as I hold her
And sleep with an umbrella
The freedom's there - I can depend on Magic Weather.