

Stephen Robertson

November blues

November: nights are drawing in
the day begins to go
the clouds are low and spitting rain.
The light is dimming now.

Further north the rain teems down
enough to overflow
the river Don and flood the plain.
The light is fading now.

Politicians on the stump
make promises-to-go
inspired by our local Trump.
The light is failing now.

The surgeons trying to cut us off
from continental flow
seem more like butchers working rough.
The light is going now.

How will these transient trials pass?
It's really hard to know.
We have no crystal ball, no glass.
The light has all gone, now.