

WIND AND A LONE SHELTERED CORNER

*Wind and a lone sheltered corner, if it's wood or of stone I don't care
it's a cold black night in November with stars in abundance to share
but I have my shelter prepared so kneel down and watch it in awe
watch the wind rushing by on this fiercest of nights
feel a calm as it shrieks on its way*

*I could stay in my shelter for ever and more
to leave I need never dare
it's a very small lone
little shelter*

*but of stone
or of wood
should I
care*

ROBBIE MIDDLETON

ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN SHEPHERD

