

It started off with a breeze a bit, As the wind howled deeper into it; It blew and blew a gale at  
least; Of men of told who  
are now all deceased.

An eerie presence like a spirit on heat,  
Screeching and screaming and chilling my feet;  
The branches move and some do break;  
A tree will fall and make no mistake.

The leaves are swept from street to street,  
As a town will turn and stop the people who meet;  
The paper fly up and around and about,  
As frustration torments in a wind of doubt.

The clouds pass by without question and go,  
And the sun is darkened but there's light to know;  
Cars whistling but with a bit of a sway,  
But the winds still comforting in its own precious way.

A plane up there no need to care,  
It's high above all that windy air;  
The motor boats speed on the distant bay,  
The wind is still blowing and will blow all day.

The fire is warming and crackling a spark,  
As the night moves in and it's getting dark;  
The smoke stream of f in the distance there,

As the windy day dies down into cold night air.

Signed,

Done its own thing