



The Wind

Slithering past me,
The airy snake glides around.
The calm creature starts to rage,
And races around the country.
It rubs its back against the walls

It gradually starts to change its mood,
Into a raging inferno,
That slithers briskly on the smooth sand,
It starts to pant rapidly.

The wind is a sadistic snake,
Smooth and long,
It slithers subtly everywhere
With its storming teeth and gnawing venom.

Hour upon hour he breathes,
The substantial and impenetrable heavy air.

By Jack