

CLOUD

Cirrate cloud in the month of May
Feather up on high
Larks wing on, so gay,
Whilst gentle breezes sigh.

Uneasy is the weather yet
And nimbus rain clouds glower,
Bears down, soaking wet
The earth and forest flower.

Summer comes, the sky is clear
In a stratus canopy
The thrush his voice to hear
In Nature's symphony.

Autumn seasons dawn
It's broken stratus glints
Fields, bare of corn,
Strewn in russet tints

Thus our seasons end
With thunder and scudding flakes
Till Phoebus powers bend
And Spring the earth awakes.