

November

In the garden mellow fruits no longer abound,
Save some bird-pecked apples now rotting on the ground,
The gardener comes with sharp secateurs in his hand
To Autumn prune the forlorn roses on his land,
So that next summer they will flower - not by chance
And convey to their beholders a sweet fragrance;
Last summer's colourful flowers that blossomed so well
Are now transported to the compost heap - there to dwell.
Then a final cut of his proud tram-lined lawn
And the mower is cleaned so it won't be forlorn,
In preparation for next year's Spring's seed sowing
He lifts the weeds which have had prolific growing,
Once these could be burned, but now bonfires are a sin
So instead they fill up the Council's green waste bin.

In the kitchen his wife is in preparation
For a traditional Christmas celebration,
As tomorrow is 'Stir-Up Sunday', the day when
The Pudding is stirred by children, women ... and men.



5th November

Bonfire Night,
Children's delight,
But... animals' fright.

By Peter Smith