

The sun and the wind or spirit of the rain,

The sun shined the sin and will win and reign;

All of the awe or the ore for the oar,

Down rivers in kayaks from where mountains rise and soar.

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I had seen the wood would saw and it was sawn and saw,

The sun, wind and rain would bore and make endure;

The King had the reigns and the Queen was sour,

The sower had sewn and God had the power.

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The corn grew so sweet and the crops were high,

Taken to the shops were mountains of wheat, barley and rye;

So the sun did belt down and the wind did blow,

The rain was blown over the grain fields they did sow.

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The river meandered to the right and the left,

Down from up top as I write to the sea it had left;

And life gave a lift to the town by the way,

As the weather varied from sun, wind and rain each day.

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The clouds that did form which were of the heavenly kind,

Which drift and blew through the blue with a whethery mind;

And the meaning was nice with a meal and a drink,

As the weeks went by all this ink went down did think.

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With the church and the castle in a schizophrenic state,

Would discern all the trouble and the property relate;

The room with a view sheltered from sun, wind and rain,

Would be brilliantly reflected in meditations beautiful pain.

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Signed,

No Snow and Ice.