

# METEOROLOGICAL DISSENT

*William Walden*

Mid-morning, at the door, you say,  
As we survey a leaden sky,  
“The sun is trying to come out.”  
Believe that if you will, but I,  
Though I concede the eye of day  
Is glorious in every way,  
Am deeply skeptical about  
Its good intentions, and I doubt,  
As I appraise the closed-in view  
Unbroken by a speck of blue,  
That I would give the sun an A  
For effort on this dismal day.

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