

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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