

The Weathercock

David Worrall 1994.01, Scarborough, NSW
for C.

Wind through the treetops, your hair.
The weather-cock
turns to face the storm.
North, South, East and West
Crow, cock, crow!

Doodle dawdle don't
doodle dawdle diddle don't
piddle diddle dawdle doodle
shake shake scrape shake
scrape scrape rusty gate.