

## MIDSUMMER

Midsummer brings visions of warmth and the sun,  
Of picnics, and making sandcastles for fun.  
But alas, I confess that laid bare are my dreams  
For the season this year is not quite what it seems.

If this seems alarming then let me explain,  
On Midsummer's eve with no forecast of rain  
I got out my rucksack and packed up my tent,  
And in search of adventure, with gusto I went.

I found a nice field with a wonderful view,  
With bright yellow kingcups and cornflowers of blue.  
Grazing nearby were a gaggle of sheep,  
I counted each one and soon dropped off to sleep.

On midsummer's morn I awoke to the sound  
Of hailstones, like pebbles, battering the ground.  
The rumble of thunder assaulted my ears  
And I crept out of bed to face all my worst fears.

Did I mention I'd pitched my tent close to a river?  
Which now raged in fury and made my heart quiver.  
My wellington boots I'd forgotten to pack...  
Left alone in the hall with umbrella and mac.

In my sandals I squelched through the flood at my feet  
As my food floated by on my sodden ground sheet.  
My sunglasses followed, and not far behind  
Came my library book, for which now, I'd be fined.

The sheep had abandoned the field in the night  
For a hilltop nearby at a sensible height.  
And the birds that had yesterday sung in the trees  
Had been blown off their perch by the stiffening breeze.

In despair I untangled my tent in the rain  
And decided at once that not ever again  
Would midsummer madness befuddle my brain.  
So, goodbye to Britain.... and hello to Spain!

Marilyn Vernon