TREACHEROUS MUD



The earth of the tracks, so firm, well-trod,
Begs for an answer from any rain God,
That soil of field and pasture, is waiting to mix,
Devilment with water, mud's back to its tricks.
That treacherous mud whose only desire,
Is to bring one down into its mire.
That treacherous mud that hides all the roots,
Waiting to suck and de sole your boots.
That treacherous mud, who laughs at the rain,
Refreshing its power, ready to ambush again.
That treacherous mud whose jesting, will be curtailed soon,
By the vernal equinox and the phase of the moon.

Poet in hiding