

HARVEST

Down the lanes the grumbling rumble
Harvest cut and on its way.
Lumbering wheels that jump and tumble;
noisy, dusty through the day.

Harvester in race with forecast;
heavy rain is coming soon.
Just like ship with light at mast
on pitch black field, without a moon.

Wild life flees the fast advancing
blades descending through the crop.
Foxes brazen, shot gun chancing,
who will loose and get the chop?

Harvester moves on fulfilled,
for most expensive gear to own,
then the hard earth, turned and tilled,
engulfing stubble and new crop sown.

Once again we see the cycle,
summer will too soon be gone.
Time to take a trip with Michael,
live a bit, and then move on.

Jo Robson