El Nino

The Falcons

As one, wet merchants turn their eyes towards the west
Trade winds falter as if in dire consequence
Freezing fish to fry fail to materialize
Christ-child, blood-warm current sends to touch the skies
El nino
Bathing in uncertainty, another age
seems to wing from T.V. screens in weather rage
Savage retribution makes for a headline feast
Planet-warming, opinion-forming headless beast

El nino
Cold thrust tongue extends its dark and watery touch
Forces gather, martial stand against the rush
Wily child in mischief here to make his play
Leaves toys for little sister on another day
El nino

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