# Cocksure Whistler

## The Aislers Set

Showers shimmy like the rain's bombast.
And the cocksure whistlers up the autumn mast.
Blows the leaves on by with a lazy breath.
A puckered wisdom and violence of a season.
Showers icy but the streets are chalk.
Like the cocksure whistler's on a winter walk.
Calls the snow like father with a frozen gait.
He'll sell your joys for a fireplace.
For the season.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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