Friday the Thirteenth

Friday the Thirteenth. Winter shows her claws.

Rain sets in – time for fires and closed doors.

Autumn was kind – a leafy sensation,

Gaia's gift, a rare feast, her colour collation.

Will Christmas be white or a balmy warm day?

Old wives' tales warn snow's on the way.

Fast falling leaves and berries galore.

Migrating birds come early ashore.

Nothing is certain, weather signs confuse –

Butterflies linger, swift swallows refuse

To follow their kin to Africa's shores.

Hedgehogs are active, the rutting stag roars.

Today we recall all those dark superstitions.

Welcome to England's fair weather conditions!

Bean, 13 November 2015