

Biting Wind

The wind is a biting wind
a snow-belt wind obeying no master
a bitter wind forcing the snow to growl
when one treads upon its glistening rind

Inviting is the warmth of the coffee house
where the young proprietress busily attends
to her high hopes serving friendly smiles
with each cup of coffee and baked scone

A young girl sits alone at a small table
studying her papers her far away look
fixed on dreams restless dreams restless
as the biting wind outdoors striving
to blow change into a little village too old

The distance in her eyes remains when
a young man arrives for their rendezvous
is she thinking of news 4000 jobs cut
2000 jobs cut 6000 jobs cut 500 jobs cut
has faith in oneself been cut too

The young hear a wind that blows transition
destroying the old to allow room for the new
Old people no longer care to remember
it is now much easier for them to forget

Change lives in the innkeeper's smiles
in her hands in the cups in the scones
In this village they well know the wind
is a biting wind.