

# Storms



*On standing at the shore by the Burn of Swanney.*

If this place tells anything,  
It is that storms will come.

They will come and throw up such rocks  
As men cannot lift.

They will come and empty their fury  
Without pity or favour.

Destruction cares not for wallet or piety.  
It cares not.

And still the sea pinks come,  
With no fear of wind or rain.

Who would have thought,  
Defiance wears neon?  
And returns each spring,  
To demonstrate,  
With lollipop placards.