

Sand Dancer

Rowan McCabe

We don't care about the sunshine?
We don't care about the warnings?
We're going to South Shields beach
in the middle of a storm.
Cos we're proper Sand Dancers!
Hardcore pier prancers!
We're going to build a castle
in torrential sideways rain,
we're going for a splodge in a tidal wave.

Who cares about the hurricane?
Great weather for a kite.
We're going to spin across the sand dunes
and laugh as we take flight,
use our ice cream cones as lighting masts,
our towels as parachutes,
pretend we're in a desert storm,
or on a trip to Jupiter.

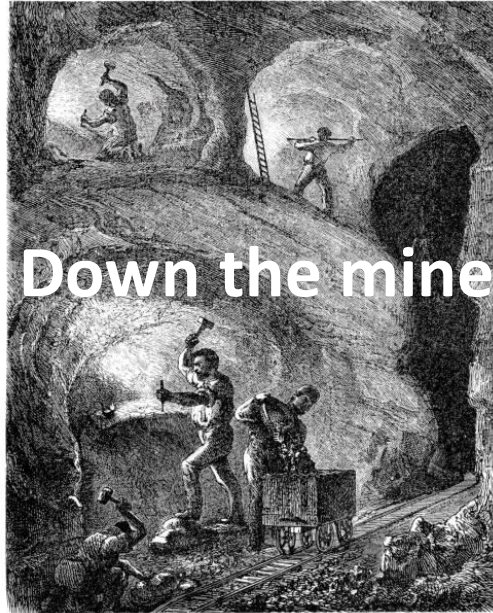
You can spend your whole life
waiting for the perfect day.
At the end you'll see
all that you've done
is wish it all away.
All weather can be wonderful,
nature's always pretty.
(Plus, when the sun is out
the beach is full of divvys.)



Get up!" the caller calls, "Get up!"
And in the dead of night,
To win the bairns their bite and sup,
I rise a weary wight.

My flannel dudden donn'd, thrice o'er
My birds are kiss'd, and then
I with a whistle shut the door,
I may not ope again.

Joseph Skipsey



Down the mine