

Frumpy

"Good Winds"

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Dancing Sprites
in warm summernights
arew playing on their secret placer
Divinities under big old trees
are telling tales of long
forgotten days.

That's where the good winds
blow over me
and the watercourse is running
free into the sea!

Water-nymphs are teasing
golden shrimps
while Neptune is turning the tide
Rainbows are bowing and stars
are glowing
when Jupiter goes to the skies.

That's where the good winds over my head
and the hand of peace covers the eart
since the mighty first when through universe
and rested for a while

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