



MARCH

March, you're like a fickle woman,
With your brash and cocky air.
You deliver summer weather,
Which, this time of year is rare.

Then quite suddenly you're changing,
Shrugging off the sun's warm rays,
While you roar in lion-like fashion
For more cold and blustery days.

Won't you try to be consistent
And make up your silly mind?
You're a prankster with the weather,
Sometimes fierce and sometimes kind.

March, you're like a fickle woman,
So uncompromising too.
Don't you know the month of April
Will soon make a fool of you?

Jane Wiseman

