

## **Not giving up**

Flaming June – high winds and heavy rain.  
Birds shouting through the noise.

Rose petals downed again collect like snow,  
drains block with leaves, no chance for bees to fly

or lek today. Jackdaws gather in the trees, drop  
to grass, squabble, sort debris in case of food.

Everything disturbed, confused.

Rubbish dropped by careless walkers, windswept  
bin day, blows along the street, collects on footpaths,

waits for us to organise another litter pick. We're  
stalled by weather, stuck indoors, at present mere

observers of the need to try to make some change.  
Determination helps us breathe and wait, secure

in seeing green all round, how growth persists and  
reaches up and out, refuses to be grounded, insists

we recognise there is no grinding down of life.

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