February rain

it’s raining

winter should be ashamed of itself

it has retracted its claws

withdrawn its cruel fangs

has let itself be pushed into a corner

where it snivels and waits

it’ll be back, i know

it will find itself, assertive once again

of the prerogative of discomfort

but it’ll be too little, too late

it has been revealed as a coward

unable to stand proud in the face of March

and it will never know

how i stabbed it in the back

talked dirty behind it

schemed, conspired and wished it ill

and punish us all as it will

with the spiteful snows of spring

i’ve won