

Ode to a pothole

Oh thou true harbinger of Spring.
Thou doest arrive afore red breast on wing.
When glimpse ye first our hearts grow strong
Thy life with us will not be long.
We fix thy place upon the plain
and then await...
Alas it comes with mighty thunder
A force of blazing tar and crag
We smite thee down, and roll ye oe'r
And now we dance.
For victory is ours today
The battle won upon our street.

Ray Seney