

An Afternoon in March

Theresa Wolfwood

Put away the banners
Stack up the placards
The demonstration is over
A few hundred hardy souls
Clumped under umbrellas
It always rains in March
Weary and dejected
We cleave to friends and home.

We dry out our socks and jeans
Drink hot tea to chase the chill
We wonder if anyone cares
What effect we had
Do the Saturday shoppers
Just think oh, no again
Those crazy protestors
Why don't they get a life?

Some fret that media
Ignore us and politicians don't
Answer letters while bombers
Rain down their gifts to the world
Somewhere in Asia, Africa, Latin America
While we drink our tea
And plan the next event
Rain or shine.

