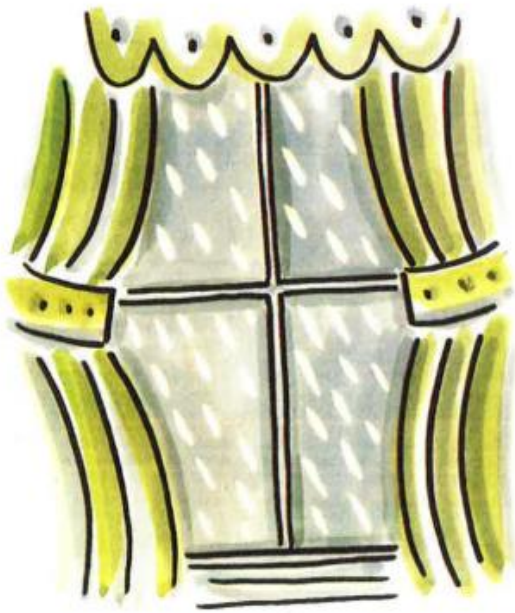


## SUN IS LAUGHING

This morning she got up  
on the happy side of bed,  
pulled back  
the grey sky-curtains  
and poked her head  
through the blue window  
of heaven,  
her yellow laughter  
spilling over,  
falling broad across the grass,  
brightening the washing on the line,  
giving more shine  
to the back of a ladybug  
and buttering up all the world.



Then, without any warning,  
as if she was suddenly bored,  
or just got sulky  
because she could hear no one  
giving praise  
to her shining ways,  
Sun slammed the sky-window close,  
plunging the whole world  
into greyness once more.

O Sun, moody one,  
how can we live  
without the holiday of your face?