

The Wind by Stanley Cook (Meyer)

The wind is a wolf
That sniffs at doors
And rattles windows
With his paws.

Hidden in the night,
He rushes round
The locked up house
Making angry sounds.

He leaps on the roof
And tries to drive
Away the house
And everything inside.

Tired next morning
The wind's still there
Snatching pieces of paper
And ruffling your hair.

He quietens down and in the end
You hardly notice him go
Whispering down the road
To find another place to blow.