

## **Foul Weather, Wild Fowl**

The rain did not disappoint, turned up ahead of time so that we  
magnificent seven, adorned

With hope over realism and water over wax, took up our posts to receive  
the grazing looters.

But they sit tight, steady in the downpour; geese have horse-sense. Not  
so young gunners bored, soaked, forlorn;

Unvirtual creeping damp wicks and wins. Drench abandoned, wandering  
turn backs with empty shooters.

If Greylags laugh they're laughing yet, a squadron massed the now  
deserted line, grey clouds filled black with lags;

Startled lads agape, caught flatfooted in their open disbelief. Were geese  
armed we'd have all been shot to rags.