

El Niño

Jethro Tull

As one, wet merchants turn their eyes towards the west.
Trade winds falter as if in dire consequence.
Freezing fish to fry, fail to materialise.
Christ-child, blood-warm current sends to touch the skies.

El Niño

Bathing in uncertainty, another age
seems to wing from T.V. screens in weather rage.
Savage retribution makes for a headline feast.
Planet-warming, opinion-forming headless beast.

El Niño

Cold thrust tongue extends its dark and watery touch.
Forces gather, martial stand against the rush.
Wily child in mischief here to make his play.
Leaves toys for little sister on another day.

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