

## Clue Of A Scarecrow

Mechanical Poet

November freeze  
Invaded the air  
Scratchy invisible breeze  
Prickles my shoulders and knees  
Trapping warmth everywhere

The spine cracked again  
A straw hat has slipped off my noodle but who the hell cares...  
...For my pain  
When even the sparrows disdain...  
...The bug-bears

Ten years have passed  
Since I was created  
With tatters of mouldy bast  
Pulled on rotten chips of a mast  
In a garden located

A sack full of dust  
A Yule-log disfeatured with fire  
Two cans and a besom enlaced by the wire  
Corroded by venomous rust  
With a rag for attire

The coveys of migrants pass out of sight  
All gnawers are sleeping  
The lowering clouds devour the light  
In the soul of the lonely fright  
Leaving me deep in the night  
Along with my weeping

Friendless and reflective  
Monstrous and defective  
Broken and depressed  
Just a sickening cross between warder and jest

That's who I am!

Humbled and dejected  
By the winterly thinking affected  
Bare and amusing  
Afflicted and musing inmate  
Dreaming to die in a grate