



Thomas Shapcott

# Storm weather

Weather happens. We were fishing, out on the bay,  
When the first signs appeared. Clouds banking in the west,  
All that. This morning ants were among the first  
Things on the kitchen bench and who is to say  
What the chooks were doing downstairs and whether they  
Had taken the high perch. We always fail the test  
Of symbols, and let's face it, we had to make the most  
Of the weekend. The water was blue and sparkling. All seemed okay.

We weren't to know how suddenly the change would come.  
The fishing had been good, and lunch had been a ball  
Out on the boat and we did not remark at all  
On the sudden drop in the breeze or how the light grew dim.  
The bay's a big place and dangerous if you're not prepared.  
The language was clear. Weather happens and must be understood.

---

Thomas Shapcott is now retired in Melbourne  
but still writing poetry and short stories.

---

Image Simon Lownsbrough