October Blast, Musings

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October Blast

The Cold swept through my pantry garden.
With long white fingers it strangled the tomatoes
Till they hung limp on the stakes.
It stroked the squash leaves lightly.
They recoiled and curled up like old parchment.
It blew mock kisses at the morning glories.
Like a ghost it slipped under the door,
Flowed down the stairs,
And set up camp in the basement,
Where it will stay,
An unwelcome guest
Until May.

Musings

The other day I heard
Richard Dawkins on the radio.
He said it was highly improbable that
God exists at all.
He’s a learned man.
He ought to know
If that is so,
Where do all those prayers go?

Liz Wurdak is Professor of Biology.