

The Moon's The North Wind's Cookie



The Moon's the North Wind's cooky

He bites it, day by day

Until there's but a rim of scraps

That crumble all away

The South Wind is a baker

He kneads clouds in his den

And bakes a crisp new moon that...greedy

North...Wind...eats...again

Poem by
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Tune Adapted and Chords by
ELEG for SBWE