Tower Power

Sixteen Sabrinas in the gloom such a small small room hear honk! honk!

geese in a wild
quick silver sky
Sabrinas in fear there's the broom AND the bear hover in their doom
Husssh! Soft on the stair a slither and a snarl
Oh quick! Sabrinas, try a wild wilder dare
You two, get this chair that chair pile them here
Twelve Sabrinas must shear and share their hair

wild honking

While this Sabrina listens where

geese

quick-silver sky

Now fourteen knit a snare Sabrinas in a square We can't spare fingers or hair You others pile sofa, table, armchair just here before the door

e're the bear his teeth
gleaming bare
or the broom slithers near and nearer
while quick-silver wild
in honk
a geese-sky

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climb
                           on
                          this
                         sill
                       feet
                      to
                     shoulder
                    form
                   a tower
                 Sabrina
                at the top!
               fling the snare!
         NOW! GO ON! THERE!
  with the geese on a wing and a prayer
away from the bear from the broom-slither on the stair
               to sky
                         geese
                                  honk
                                           in a wild
                                   wild
                        quick
               silver
                                             CLAIRE HARRIS
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Quick, Sabrinas! Hurry, no flurry, or scurry

This poem was inspired by a headline in the Leisure section of *The Guardian Weekly* (16 March 1997): "Sabrina: Geese honk in a quick-silver sky."