

Awakenings!

Fresh shoots stir the earth,
Moles burrow underground,
Birds flit from branch to branch.
Of animal life, no more dearth.

Doves and pigeons flirt and flutter;
Across ploughed fields foxes steal;
Sheep give birth to skipping lambs,
The air fills with a soft stutter.

Signalling a new beginning
Beside a tomb, beneath bare trees,
White bells streaked with green
Snowdrops, soft, are swaying.

Old Man' s Beard lingers, ghostlike;
Of a yellow so pale, pretty primroses
Congregate on sunny bank;
Some cower shyly in a dyke.

Flashes of yellow, friendly sprites,
Nestled in prickly hedgerows,
Choked by their leafy ruff,
Gleam cheerful aconites.

Cyclamen, cultivated or wild,
Cry out with colours bold,
Undemanding of rich soil,
Gorgeous gem, cyclical child.

Now cast aside that winter gloom!
Look around, listen as
Dangling daffodils ring their
bells.
The Natural World bursts into
bloom.

