

*Time*

## *Spring*

A BILLION bulbs have burst upon the hills.  
A crocus chorus sways and seems to sing.  
A golden fanfare marks the daffodils –  
The mute musicians of exploding spring.

What store of secret energy is here?  
What force has surged unstopped through sleeping earth?  
Hedgerows wave, green-gloved, to greet the year,  
As life comes back in multi-budded birth.

The bright-beaked blackbird skirts the snail-crack thrush;  
A spite of starlings makes a fierce affray;  
The feathered frenzy of the year's first flush  
Erupts rejoicing on an April day.

Fleecy clouds sit brightly on a hill  
Whose happy pastures suddenly are full  
Of lambs which skip with spindly joy until  
The earth and sky are laughing, wool-to-wool.

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