

Time

Springtime Avenue

AN avenue's a special place:
Leaf-lined grandeur's quiet space,
Whence all but Nature's noise has fled.
Aspen Spring in apple green,
Dappled in a golden sheen,
Shimmer-shivers overhead.

This is Spring, whose verdant call
Still beams a brightness overall,
While trees stand sentry, boughs leaf-lined,
Their tunnels teasing grateful man
To gasp in awe at Nature's span
And how it came to be designed.

Where the well-spring, whence the source,
The font of such soft-speaking force,
Where leafy conversations nod?
Bright-brained science got the hang,
Since when, it's talked about Big Bang.
(Hasn't thought to call it God).
