

Come on Spring!

As winter wanes
and cleans its muddy roots
the crocus and the snowdrop
take centre stage
lifting the spirits from our boots.

The sparrows natter
and start to pull for nesting
Though still the skies are grey
and meadow's flooded
to finer days they are attesting

Come on spring!
We've waited far too long
For planting pots and digging dirt
For the fragrance
of cut grass and sunny blackbird song.

More than this
Lockdown also yearns to end
Oh, how we long for that sweet moment
Friends and family
Hugs to give and take, not just to send

Nick Malden

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