

SPRING TIME

(Inspired by the Spring experienced in the mid-1970s)

When I was a child
Spring time was a delight
Of changing constellations
For the sky to recite

In those first few days
A breeze spoke to reveal
Goalposts replaced
By stumps in the field

And there we would bowl
And bat-on 'till tea
As our days grew longer
In evenings we could not see

Walks on dry paths
And the Manor House to visit
Opening its oak door
To its splendour and exhibits

Discarded coats
And winter jumpers
Blanket and picnics
And scrumptious lunches

Bells would ring out
From belfries and steeples
A Reverend at the lychgate

Welcoming his people

The sound of lawnmowers

First cut of the year

Painting of fences

A coffee, a beer

The FA Cup Final

Last kick of the ball

No more referees

'Til a return in the fall

Boats on the water

Regattas and fetes

Poetry in the fields

And the setting of dates

Planning for summer

Activities for all

Spring was the siren

As I recall

The Sun arching high

The Moon tracking low

Less time to observe

From the garden below

But Spring meant warmth

The coming of the light

In nature's colours

Bold and Bright