

The Pot of Gold

A handful of bulbs in a paper bag – hard, round, and faintly striped with a thin tissue of outer skin

There are a few dry whiskery roots, but no other sign of life

They hold their secret close

Planted in a pot they sit outside the kitchen door

Every kind of weather visits them, wind and rain are relentless

Weeks and months go by and still they seem to do nothing

They hold their secret close

In December a heavy frost gives the pot a glittering crust

It sparkles in the winter sun

In January heavy snow turns the pot into an iced cake

Still they hold their secret close

Then one bleak February day there are 3 green spears reaching for the light

They are the scouting party for the regiment of spears that will follow

Their secret will soon be out as nature works its magic

In March a few days of gentle sun encourages some of the stems to grow fat with buds

Soon yellow tips appear, then one by one full flowers, their fragile new petals quivering in the breeze

A group of bright yellow trumpets heralds the Spring

They lift the spirits and their glorious gold tells us that we are forgiven for the harshness of winter

Their secret is out.

Jan Rees October 2023