

Eau de toilette

Digging the garden took time
But rhubarb craves soil sublime
'You should try horse's dung,
(though it smells in the sun.)'
He said, 'I prefer custard on mine.'

In Spring's silent morn
A delicate bluebell rings
Its peal of promise

Gliding
The Loch's surface
Reflecting its beauty
Majestically graceful, royal
Swan lake