



Bluebells.

**A gentle May breeze blows across the field as we make our way to the wood,
Bright stars of golden dandelions mark the way,
Pausing at the wooden stile we climb with practised ease
To see the nodding bluebells dance and sway.
A haze of blue delights our eyes as far as we can see,
Ten thousand fragrant bluebells, maybe more,
With careful tread we make our way between the trees and flowers,
Our footsteps soft upon the woodland floor
Early spring sun peeps through the trees and warms the soft still air,
Tree shadows painted on the ground,
The bluebells shine and glisten with the touch of springtime sun,
Each year we say these are the best we've found!**

Liz Brown