

Claire Jessop – The Backyard – Springtime

Warm spring breeze caresses the blossom tree, barely there pink petals-a-flutter,
an occasional rosy bud.

Pure blue sky overlaying the backyard oasis, vibrant with optimism

Neighbours-a-chatting; dogs-a-barking; young ones exalting indignantly at life
Brings a restoring calmness for the soul, a relaxing deep breath in the hazy idyll

The industrious bee, deftly hovering with acrobatic prowess; takes a selective
pause

the petals lull with the weight of the visitor, invasively exploring bloom after
bloom

claiming it's sweet reward - a lifeline for bees, a luxury for us.

Returning for your bounty again and again

No time to waste, not a second to spare, do you ever stop just to stare?

as the day's warmth creeps higher, your pace starts to slow, a sleepier kiss for each
flower

They've made a re-appearance, the bees, a consolation prize of our current
dystopia

The ivory white Butterfly makes a fluttery appearance, delicately enchanting,
fancifully romantic,

languidly and nonchalantly bewitching us all, a beauty and delight that transcends
the ages

A lone skink, gone before it's even there, a hurried game of hide and seek with it's
feared predators.

Finally the Ants, such a fascinating creature, a throwback to prehistoric times
intriguing and strong, invincible in their cohesiveness

the foundation, the very grass roots, quietly underpinning our entire ecosystem
a strength that knows no bounds, a resilient survivor

Are you descended from the same elders as your cousins on the flip side of the
globe?

or did you travel here on ships over oceans and re-colonize as did we?

Every living thing existing in unison, linked and connected