

Nature and Spring

March 2023

Spring

March, April, May – the season of rebirth.
The long, cold nights of winter are gone.
The sun rises to warm up the earth.
Nature awakes and puts a fresh mantle on.

The deprivations of Lent diminish.
The Easter wonders abound.
So much chocolate to finish,
Bonnets to be made, eggs to be found.

The beauty of the flowers delight us,
Bright colours all around.
The joys of the dawn chorus
In early mornings found.

Then, for the young there is the Maypole,
Ribbons, dancing, crowning the May Queen.
But, wait, for this May a new role –
A newly-crowned King will be seen!

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Wake Up

Wake up
Nature is waking up
Dark days of winter are over
Open your eyes
Open your heart to Nature
Listen to the Birds chirping
They are welcoming return of Spring
Buds showing their head above the ground saying hello
Be like the Birds
Be like the Buds
Be Happy Spring is here!

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A Time For Me

A calm March morning along the banks of the River Witham
 The signs of better days to come are there for all to see.
 The leaves are covering those bare branches once again
 And beautiful spring flowers are now surrounding me.

The pairs of swans are busy gathering for their nests
 It shan't be long until the first of the cygnets is born.
 The whole of Mother Nature seems to be bustling,
 Preparing themselves on this beautiful March morn.

I sit on my favourite bench and gaze on this beautiful scene
 See the tiny insects buzzing around glad of the sun's rays.
 A lazy cat is relaxing in the wafting blades of grass,
 Enjoying all that nature has given her on bright Spring days.

Overhead the fluffy clouds are drifting slowly by
 And the birds seem to be hurrying around finding where to stay.
 Always looking for the best spots in the tall, waving trees,
 Knowing that Spring is at last here on this glorious March day.

I enjoy the sun's rays as they start to feel warm upon my face,
 My heart is being uplifted by the thought of longer days to come.
 When I can take evening strolls beside this bountiful riverside
 Listening to the birds singing merrily and the busy bees hum.

A calm March morning along the banks of the River Witham
 The signs of better days to come are there for all to see,
 Spring is my favourite season of the year, a time to rejoice
 A time to exist, to be at one with nature, a time for me.

© Rosemary Brown 2022

Spring

An end, for now,
 Of struggle and strife –
 Simply to live in normal life –
 Or so it seems
 At the start of Spring
 With the joy of living
 It seems to bring!
 A revival, no less,
 Of spirit and soul
 And perhaps, for some
 A life made whole
 As nature starts to weave its spell
 And sick people start
 To feel quite well!

© Lewis Cole 2023

Spring and Nature!

Officially the 20th of March
A Monday, that is when Spring starts
Cheering us and filling our hearts
But the 21st June's when it departs

In three short months there's such a change
And we can start to re-arrange
And tidy up the garden plot
But wait! What's this? I know not what!

I did not plant this spreading thing
It must have blown in on the wing
I know I did not buy this seed
A plant in the wrong place! A weed!

So.....
Weeders of the world unite
And give those weeds an awful fright
Come armed with hoe and spade and fork
Get on with it. Don't stand and talk

Attack each aphid, mole and grub
And then nip off down to the pub
Your aim - to make the garden bright
A fragrant colourful delight

To make your home a place of beauty
Please do your best, it is your duty
No matter who is at the helm
Strive for this plot, this earth, this realm
This Woodhall!

© Jean Ellis 2023

One Last Spring

Our friend has gone,
And with her the hope to see one last Spring.
But Nature's clock's not for alteration,
Not for anyone, no matter the urgency.
Though it was only just a few weeks back now,
When she spotted the first snowdrops,
From indoors, where we chatted and laughed.
The delight in her eyes as they gathered them in,
The garden was returning to live again -
I could see it all in her reflection.

This garden that was shaped much by her direction,
Her hands throwing arcs through the air,
For plants, flowers, and trees to land, "There, there, and there."
But the worn brick path to the summerhouse
Had stretched too far this last year,
And much has grown unseen down there.
So we joined in that morning, spotting distant white heads of snowdrops,
Through the window, where we stood and looked out, together.

Are we missing her enough?
Will the spaces she occupied fill up too soon?
Will she be lost like a footprint overcome with a dusting of time?
I don't think so.
Her soft imprint on our lives, the effect of just knowing her,
Will for always pitch her name onto our lips.
And though the borders and beds bear, for now, the impression of her intention,
The first snowdrops will forever paint her smile in my mind's eye

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Spring Nature

This thought I think gives me a vapour,
Where are you? The longest winter which I feared,
has been endured,
And now I see brave Daffodils, Primroses and whispering sparsely blossom,
But such harsh winds and snow.

In my eyes and bones I long for Cerulean sky, wispy clouds and colour,
New Spring green on shiny leaves a promise of joy, fresh air,
Picnics, sea breeze and outdoor adventure,
But now I see a row of shivering Crocus and Blossom on the floor.

Hurry up, springtime joy depends on sun, warmth, light showers and
Lifted spirits with anticipation of new adventures.

© Irene Derwent 2023

When Elbee Came to Stay

Elbee the ladybird over-wintered with us this year,
she fell asleep on the cupboard door
that opens just under the stair.
She woke up the other day, perhaps it got a little warm,
so she flew around the living room
which isn't quite the norm.

In search of spring sun, she headed for the light,
and hunkered down in the fitting
where she settled for the night.
It must be quite confusing, every day she is in the shade,
and in the evening it just gets brighter,
but it suits her and she's stayed.

Now the winter's over and her friends are all outside,
gathered in bunches on frosted stems
of plants that may have died.

We haven't seen her for a while, she's probably still asleep,
i'll wake her up and put her out;
there's deadlines she has to keep.
I'll miss her when she leaves us, but nature has its way,
of making things seem just right
like when Elbee came to stay.

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Spring

After the long, grey months of winter,
With its cold winds, damp rain and snow,
Nature awakens from its slumber,
And the world begins to glow.

The trees bud and bloom with life,
Their branches reaching for the sun,
The flowers burst forth in vibrant hues,
Their petals dancing in the fun.

The air is filled with the sweetest scents,
As the breeze carries them along,
The birds sing their melodic songs,
Their voices a joyful song.

The earth awakens from its sleep,
And life begins anew,
As the sun shines down upon it,
The world is bathed in a golden hue.

Oh, the joys of spring are many,
As we leave the winter behind,
And bask in the warmth of the sun,
With a happy heart and a joyful mind.

So let us embrace this season,
And all the beauty it brings,
For it is a time of renewal,
And the joy of all living things.

AI Bot – Curated by Paul Membrey

Spring?

Crocuses may be lovely, as they show their tiny bloom
Snowdrops in abundance are certainly fine
The glorious star of Bethlehem dissipates the gloom
Spring is certainly heralded by the humble celandine
But you know for sure it's really here when daffodil spears
Burst into yellow trumpets, to play Spring's music no-one hears.
But from my window on this day
I wonder if there is
a temporary delay.

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