

Spring
E.R. Paget

Somewhere,
between the sheets
of wind and rain,
the sun's rays blaze,
and as March strides on
green shoots rise
and choirs of birdsong
fill the skies.

Shy buds unfurl blossoms
of delicate white and pink,
and the low hum of bees
drifts over a sweet
and gently heated breeze.
Under the leisurely
lengthening sun,
spring has slowly,
gracefully sprung.