

When Spring is in the air and that certain swift aroma hits our senses
We step outside the door and know the moment for what it yearly is.
A sudden lifting of spirits; we sense a new beginning. Our hearts lighten.
Life is good. This early morning brings a sense of renewal. Forewarnings in
February brought the first fragile snowdrop. How they conquer and beat
The hard yet softening earth! Periwinkles galore and primrose tufts aglow.
Hazels in blossom. Catkins in their lime-green attire. Spires of gorse. These
bend
To the warm wind, and the new-garbed trees in delicate yellowy-greens, do
signal.

Song thrushes fly in pairs already. Black, early-nesting ravens
appear. Chaffinches
Sit wobbling in the wind. The ever-present pigeons swoop and swerve now in
glee
A sight to see with morning light on glistening wings. Moss thicker, dark
greener.
Buzzards in pairs over woods clothed in small new leaves and buds tight and
waiting
The blackbird, sweetest singer of them all and faithful enduring robins bring a
warm
Song of Spring. The raucous rooks outcry the mimicry of starlings in blue, blue
sky.
Soon, bluebell leaves will appear, enticing humans to view their multitude of
flower.
Picnic baskets will open. Blankets spread. Human voices light; happy in Spring
bower.

Spring appears and brings a song of hope, especially this heartbreak year of
loss
Of what can never be replaced. Lives gone swiftly in this war of attrition and
fear.
Children long for school. That's a first. We are learning anew the things that
matter.
The taste of freedom just to do and go where we will without limit on whither,
when
Or how we travel. To wake up in the morning and know we can use this day as
we will
For better or worse. It is up to us. To party or to pray. To go or to stay. To rush
or delay

We believe we have a deadly virus at bay. We are winning a war and victory is sweet.

Sun over the horizon in a yellow glow. Yellow trumpet of daffodils to fulfil the show.

In the lengthening daylight both ends of the day, children will be out at play. Old people's Homes will wheel out their blanketed folk released from hibernation

Young people will again meet and court and make plans for a wedding reception.

Uncertainty will surely lessen. Wariness will give way to the old social interaction of

A new beginning. The feeling is even now creeping in of the springtime we once knew.

Crowds will gather for events with real people to view. Spring is here. Hearts will cheer.

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