

SPRING POEMS

Spring (1)

It's arrived,
finally it's here.
The season's sprung
with the lustre of Magnolia.
stellata shining through the evening gloom,
lighting the room
where I sit and stare,
at the chair;
where you sat,
until this day last year.

Spring (2)

The day Ibiza glows;
when millions of almond trees
explode their blossoms
of coral and pinky white.
White Island, Isla Blanca
from above; guides pilots
from the peninsular,
from Mallorca and the west,
to the tiny island of
love and peace.

Spring Contest

Renegade rape stems flounce;
prance and dance by the roadside.
Barred from joining their crop cousins
by intertwined thorn, haw and black.
Bouncers both, guarding the golden field.

Opposite, cymes, umbels and umbels
of cow parsley mimic their movements;
thumb stigmas, puff pollen in ridicule.
'You're merely annual,' they mock,
'four-petaled spikes. We're pentamerous.'

'Where's your oil?' the brassicas taunt.
'Canola, the healthiest in the kitchen.'
'Your seeds beloved by birds?
Not skimpy nectar for occasional visitors.'