Thoughts of Spring

by Michael D. Ryan

Rejoice with me, for days of spring
Are here again, the small birds sing
Of peeping primrose, dew-bedecked
And bright new daisies crimson-flecked
And 'rayed in colours of the sky
A timid violet's nodding shy
At early questing droning bee
Buds have burst on rowan tree
To show that 'neath their dull black sheen
They really do have hearts of green
    Yesterday a jenny wren
Had conversations with our hen
Who clucked off feathers, soft and brown
    Fit for wren-childs eiderdown
And just this morning newses came
That set the pine trees all a flame
And rowdy, riotous, rancous rooks
Squabble over nesting nooks
So, off with you, ye Winter woes
The corn is springing green, who knows,
    At this days troubles you may laugh
Ere autumn blade has scattered chaff
And if your house of dreams has fallen,
    Don't be sad, or look forlorn
Just heed the rook and busy wren
Pick up the pieces. Build again.