



The Youth of Spring

by Séamus Ó Cinnéide

The floods slip and slip from the low fields,
leaving only pools like broken mirror bits,
and herons stand beside them, or peer out of sedge,
warily as hunted kern, and an ash finger
stirs with a kind wind in from the river.
Green stubble of young corn and the halved cocks
of the old year's hay beside the yellow farm.
Hens go scratching the soft ridges of spring ploughing,
bent over hilly fields, up to green headlands,
under hedge-eaves speckled with blackthorn snow.
The sun silvers the rain-wet roads that go
up to farmhouses, between green insurgent hedges.
The wood, thinly walled and roofed with leaves,
cups the birds' song and the song the stream
sings, slipping like a silver eel to yellow stars
of new-born primroses and green fern plumes.