

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.