

Bird of hope

A little blue tit

bounced upon the fence;

brightened a dismal day.

Blue tit briefly bobbed

past the garden pond;

baffling the pundits of despair.

A little blue tit

brought me back today;

miracle of flight

bringing delight.

Simply Spring

If you lift your head to the breeze

know now that Springtime is here.

If you smell grass on the breeze

know now that Springtime is here.

If thrushes puff breasts to the breeze

know now that Springtime is here.

Know now that Springtime is here

and God knows it holds no fear.

Love is ...

Love trickle-tips

a fickle heart;

chaining itself lamentingly parts

from selfishness, to find time to kindly remark.

Love sings like a

swooning lark;

dropping from

unreachable height

nests quietly rested, contented, yet still disturbed.

Love is not puff-chest

crested, but in its

very being waits

misty-grey, spanning

an abyss; for love, if simply put, simply is.

Snowdrops

Dewy snowdrops spring-white to carpet woo

awakening sun's white-light heat, that weds

white in innocence.

Crazy Idea

**Seems to come when you are out,
never seems to be in doubt;
wonder why it's just because?**

**Breathes a dream when not awake;
you fall in love by mistake;
wonder why it's just because?**

**Fascinates and always aches
on wayward paths, creaky gates;
wonder why it's just because?**

**Shy's away to fret and shout;
ask yourself what it's about;
Wonder why it's just because?**

A wren rondel

**Jenny Wren is a dumpy bird,
with warbled notes that never fail.
It loves to cock a tiny tail;
from springtime on can best be heard.**

**Sad, lonely hearts are often stirred
by this plucky bird braving hail.
Jenny wren is a dumpy bird,
with warbled notes that never fail.**

**Wren may be your corrected word,
but Jenny used for when we ail.
This bossy bird, from bale to rail,
busily wings like messaged-mail.
Jenny wren is a dumpy bird,
with warble notes that never fail.**

Most of us

This world would be a perfect place,

but for,

meddlers, murmurers, pedlars and moodies,

political, with or without scandals.

shop-lifters, drifters, alcies and vandals.

This place would be a world we could handle,

when it comes to push and shove, let's be fair,

but for,

nosies, doseys, rudies and nudies,

moaners, groaners, saddies, maddies,

losers, bruisers, know its, and poets.

This world would be an abandoned place

especially as,

most of us are already there.