

Slow Spring

Do you remember the year of the slowest spring?
When the grass stayed brown and wouldn't green
And the bluebirds came but couldn't sing.

The trees held buds but nary a leaf,
And the flowers lay still in the ground beneath
From the frost that came most ev'ry night,
Though the sun shone clear and crisp and bright.

And all of us thought she'd never show,
We watched and we waited through dustings of snow.

But I remember the days when Spring finally came,
Then things seemed back to nearly the same.

And then all the birds sang the purest of notes
And the bluebells flourished 'neath the great oaks
And the greens from the garden were tender and nice
Tasted even better with watercress spice.

The daffodils bloomed their prettiest ever,
The scilla so blue and lasted forever,
The asparagus sprigs that had the best flavor
And the rhubarb pie... we'd just sit... and savor.

Do you remember that year of the slowest Spring?
With the best of things it came to bring.
Let's welcome slow Spring [for always she'll grow]
To temper our patience of the world that we know.

By John Herm Spring 2009