



Colour

They appear, who knows quite where,
with a life of their own, unsown,
or more accurately, growing naturally
amongst the silent stones,
they are the harbingers, the messengers,
the pick and mix of early Spring,
the smattering of colour between the grey and green,
the snow drops first, then crocus, daffodil and Iris,
brightening the darkest months with a riot of hues,
we pay our dues to the jollity they bring,
they sing of summer's warmth song
that is to come in only three months' time,
sublime, they resonate with all the hopes
of resolutions still kept, of a world still alive
with possibilities, I smile, and wipe away the dew,
that collected overnight, under my eyes,
and look to the changing of clocks.