

Sonnet to Spring

When one surveys a bird's-eye view of things,
As season rolls to season through the mist,
One sees a world of war and all it brings –
The children cold and lonely, never kissed;
But who is this fine bird with zoom-eyed lens,
White outstretched wings, still, hovering on the air?
He is the harbinger of peace and friends
Are travelling to Spring to meet him there.
He promises a token fit to keep –
A drop of blood falls from the feathered heart,
The Earth receives it as a snowdrop sweet,
So blessed with peace it is a work of art.
White flowers look up with grace towards a sky,
Thus in the Spring the wings of love pass by.

Mary Vallender