

The Path to Spring

There are beautiful blossoms on the purple plum tree,
And green, green grass as far as the eye can see.

Tall, tall tulips greet us at each new stair,
And yellow daffodils come up everywhere!

A rowdy rainstorm pounds on the deck,
But our chatty chickens still hunt and peck.
They know that spring is spreading its wings.
Can they hear all the robins sing?

During the fall she had nurtured the dirt,
Planting bulbs for the spring's special spurt!
But the dead of winter was a world of gray,
Closing in with each new day.

She looked out the window, waiting for spring,
Awaiting the day when the robins would sing,
When flowers would push through the mud and the earth,
Keeping their promise of the world's rebirth.