

The Third Month



This, the month
of Red Nose mirth,
when life returns
to Mother Earth.

Daffs and narcissi,
gold and cream
wave their heads
‘gainst field of green.

Tall pointed conifers
loom up so high –
dark green rockets
in blue-grey sky.

Named after the Roman
God of War.
The warm sun teases,
then chill winds roar.

Season of lambs;
‘Beware the Ides’;
Madness of hares;
Very high tides.

Our walk numbers
continue to grow,
as through fields
and woods we go.

Then, shortly after
the Equinox,
an hour is stolen
from our clocks,

and into Summer Time…

we March.

The Babbs Mill Bard
March 2017
Inspired by narcissi growing on Collector Road verge

