



It All Begins In Spring

**The world is grey on this bleak winters day;
Every single creature is hiding away.**

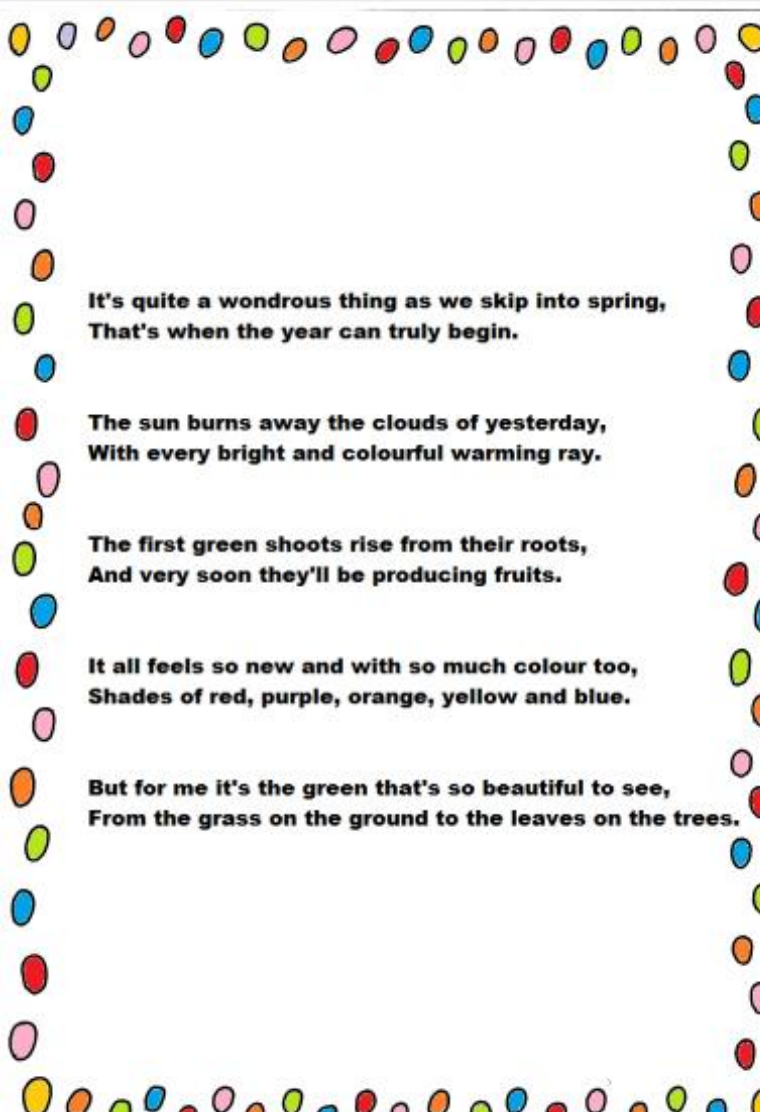
**See all the trees without all their leaves,
Their skeleton branches dancing on the breeze.**

**No shadows can fall as there is no sun at all;
Watch the lightning strike and the thunder call.**

**The rain hammers down, on the snow covered ground,
Making a dull sort of drumming sound.**

**The noise starts to low, but still nothing can grow,
As the rivers and lakes start to overflow.**

**In the mist and gloom, no colours can bloom,
But this will all change, really quite soon.**



**It's quite a wondrous thing as we skip into spring,
That's when the year can truly begin.**

**The sun burns away the clouds of yesterday,
With every bright and colourful warming ray.**

**The first green shoots rise from their roots,
And very soon they'll be producing fruits.**

**It all feels so new and with so much colour too,
Shades of red, purple, orange, yellow and blue.**

**But for me it's the green that's so beautiful to see,
From the grass on the ground to the leaves on the trees.**



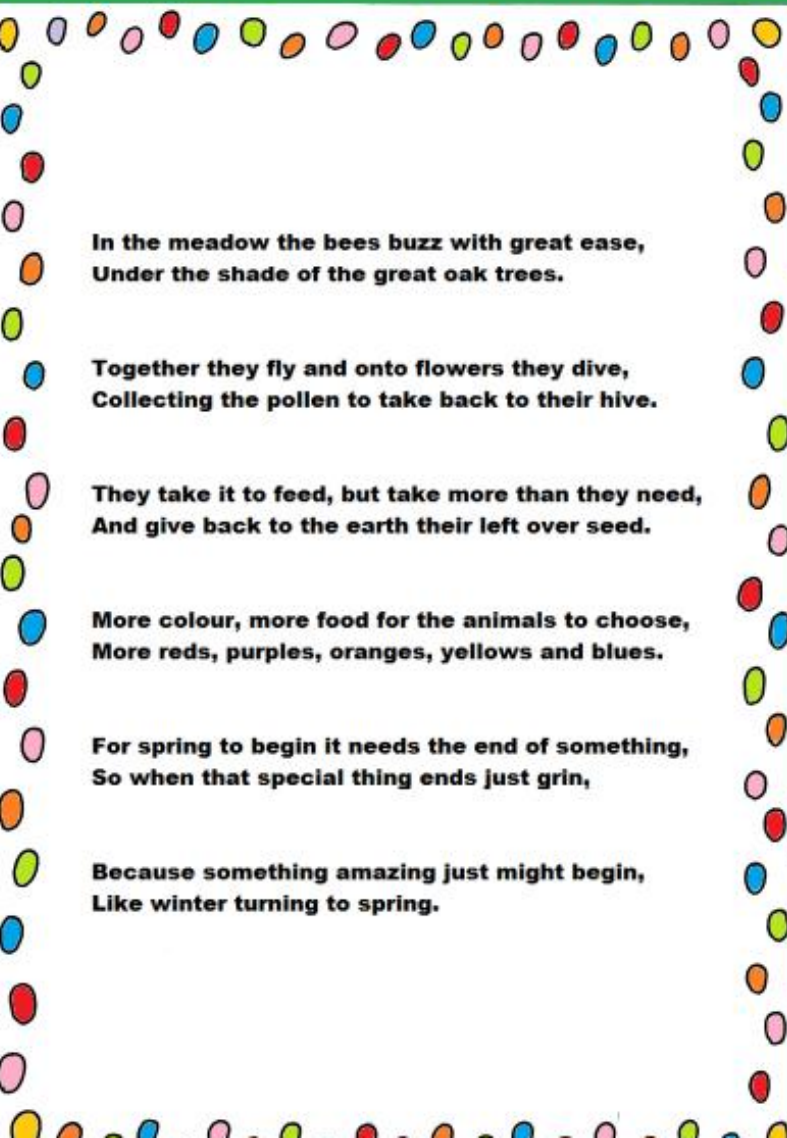
As the plants begin to grow the creatures seem to know,
That is time for them to leave their warm, cosy home.

They wake from their sleep and out they creep,
Looking for something tasty to eat.

They hear birdsong and it doesn't take long,
Until the first crop of food is all but gone.

But this is the spring when it all begins,
Soon nature will grow all sorts of sweet things.

They go back to their young, who are out having fun,
Playing games in the light and the warmth of the sun.



In the meadow the bees buzz with great ease,
Under the shade of the great oak trees.

Together they fly and onto flowers they dive,
Collecting the pollen to take back to their hive.

They take it to feed, but take more than they need,
And give back to the earth their left over seed.

More colour, more food for the animals to choose,
More reds, purples, oranges, yellows and blues.

For spring to begin it needs the end of something,
So when that special thing ends just grin,

Because something amazing just might begin,
Like winter turning to spring.

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by Newton
Park

RRP
£8.99

