

SPRING'S DREAM

BY BETHANY BIRCH

The blanket of heather blushes,
Blue skies blink awake,
Our muted land shall colour,
Whilst lambs frolic with merry haste.

Sweet cherry blossoms bloom,
Alongside fresh buds and seedlings,
The season's weather shall warm,
Gracing us with her gentle healing.

All the world's alive again,
Our sleepy dreams shall thaw,
Stirring from winter's longing,
Ready to flourish again, once more.

PHOTO: A SPRING TIDE LAPS AWAY AT
LLANBEDROG HEADLAND
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