

Country Poetry Corner

Senses by Lindsay Waddell

It's carried along, it's in the breeze
Makes some of us just sneeze and sneeze
No matter where it's in the air
From here, there and everywhere

The yellow tassles on the earthly willow
Falling downward to make earth's pillow
Sycamore, coltsfoot and celandine
I love them all, they are all mine

As the mower drops the swathes of hay
It's drifting off in clouds of grey
Midsummer senses they all compete
Scent or sight, it is complete

Clouds of yellow on August boots
Shedding off from new year's shoots
The willow herb, a purple haze
A stunning sight- just stand and gaze

As autumn's rains come along
The scent and sound will soon be gone
No more aroma of mown grass
All of that it will soon pass

Jack Frost will sparkle on the ground
The scent of pollen no more found
We'll have to wait a few months more
Before the willow's on the floor



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