

# Country Poetry Corner

## THE HAWTHORN by Lindsay Waddell

As white as snow in a sea of green  
A prettier sight can ne'er be seen  
But in a trice they are all gone  
Such is the blossom of the sweet hawthorn

The grass is white as if a frost  
Simply the petals of the hawthorn lost  
Blown in the wind and rain last night  
Nothing so delicate could win that fight

'Stock may come and 'stock may chew  
But hawthorns are rather more than few  
Those inch long thorns are quite some protection  
Leaving little for the graziers' selection

And when in autumn, covered in berries  
Looking like a load of cherries,  
Our feathered friends from afar  
Take to it like an open bar

They feast until they take no more  
Winter is at the country's door  
And when the snow falls deep and fast  
Those berries have the birds to last

For if they fail, what will they eat  
When the countryside's under snow foot deep?  
Those rose red berries see them through  
When noses are a shade of blue

And when it warms off they'll fly  
Away back into the northern sky  
Over the sea so cold and grey  
Back to the land by the light of day

Safe again from winter's fingers  
Back home where it no longer lingers  
Saved by the fare from the sweet hawthorn  
Back home again to where they were born

Over the sea past Britain's shore  
The hawthorn's leaves again burst fore  
And when that land's a sea of green  
Again that snow in summer's seen

