

Sweet Days of Spring

Alice Muraya

The door to my backyard opens letting in a mellow breeze,
a gentle blow to my windswept hair.
Daffodils rise from the earth's surface with their chaotic stems that twist in the
bliss of spring's new life,
and hues of yellow as bold as any festival diva greet the chorus of the skies.
A seraphic acapella to the eyes.
The morning white dew is a mantle over the green grass,
each one so tall, I have to walk on it as if I'm on the moon.
It's a replica of woodland trees, a resort for nature and
a home for the squirrels. The trees make a mockery of the clocks, each one with
its own diary of nature, with its own lyrics of the wind and its own
retrospections of the birds.
A butterfly with wings of black and gold dances by in a twirl,
the colours blending with the aromatic spring air just like a ballerina's
pirouette.
The rabbits relish the land as they have a feast with the bees.
Flower beds blossom taking their space on the river that was once overflowing
with autumn foliage.
These wild flowers animate the environment with their vibrant blues and reds,
and their fluttering petals, supple enough to move in the wind, blow a kiss to
the heavens. A poetic photograph, aphoristic and infinite before decorating the
ground as earth's confetti. A candied rain before a luminous sun promises
rainbows to the day, an enticing serenade. A new warmth.