

## Spring Poems by Owl Class

Winter meets spring – old friends: reunited  
A change of role – new work – a vision ignited  
The baton is passed from season to season  
Winter steps back, spring's work can ease in.

Gnarled fingers on unclothed trees bobble and curl  
Spring blossoms awake on branches and unfurl  
Through the echoing timber the wind starts to wring  
A choir of leaves is shaken and starts to sing.

Emerald green grass long, lovely and lush  
Erupts from the ground and shoots up in a rush.  
Before white wispy clouds the golden sun is shining  
Enabling, empowering flowery heads tall, inclining.

Eggs crack as soft yellow chicks emerge  
Ewes bleat as their lambs arrive in a surge  
Winter is gone and spring is here.  
New life. New hope. New joy for the year.

**B**eautiful trees blossoming and blinking in the sunlight  
**L**ight swallowed by majestic, growing trees  
**O**h! Here come the flowers shooting out of the ground like fireworks  
**S**uddenly, nature uncoils like a spring  
**S**oothing birds chirp cheerfully in their tuneful choir  
**O**verhead the fluffy clouds bubble in the deep blue sky  
**M**emories will be made under the blossom trees.

Red chest flaring bold and bright  
Robin stands proud against the white  
Soft snow falls quick and fast  
Nature remembers when this happened last.

On the branch of sycamore trees  
Winter finally rests in the breeze  
Ten acre fields for the birds to find  
Snow is falling, quick make up your mind.

Blue fades in the sky, now it is grey  
Winter is facing its dullest day  
Christmas has passed, children now play,  
Parents keep them occupied day after day.

Now spring has come, the sun's job is to shine  
That power that makes the spring flowers sublime  
Robin twittered, "Look!" to its young  
The winter's work is finally done.

A flint eyed raven gazes down the husk of a stream  
Claws wrapped tightly around a fence  
Twitching its head to lock its sight on a tree  
He spreads his wings and takes flight – quick as night.

The raven lands lightly on its new found haven,  
The rings reveal that the tree is six years old,  
And the tree shaked and quaked in its wake.

Now he knew what he had to do  
He began to pick, pick at the tree  
Until a seed of sap broke free  
Caught by the raven in its battered beak.

Once again he flew down a path he knew  
Raven glided graciously to the ground  
He hacked at the earth, dropped the seed in the hole  
That one day would be a magnificent tree.

Wise, observant, knowing the old tree stands,  
As warm breath of wind brushes his hands.  
Swishing, circling, the wind calms – a tired fighter,  
The tree smiles – spring is here- the days draw lighter.

Winter retreats, spring finds its voice,  
It whispers, “Nature awake” – the people rejoice.  
“We’re here!” reply the flowers as they stretch and yawn,  
“So are we!” cry the birds as they awaken the dawn.

But winter patiently, shyly, awaits its time,  
Knowing the falling autumn leaves will be a sign,  
To gather its troops to attack and finally win,  
When once again the winter’s cold harsh reign will begin.

Two old friends meet again, the first time in a year  
For the battle of the season.

New lambs are born in the blink of an eye,  
Blossom trees sprout out of the ground,  
Like old men stretching, emerging from bed.  
Busy bees wake from hibernation to collect their pollen.

Spring clashes against the winter forces  
Driving back frozen ice, snow and strong bitter winds  
Until only two opponents are left.

They race rapidly towards each other,  
Like a matador in a bull ring  
It’s a tough battle but only one can sit on the Raven Tree.

In the end its spring who sits on the Raven Tree.  
Winter fades away not to be seen for another year.

“You’ve done well, old friend,” says winter with a grin.