



**The little army**

Have you seen the little army rise?  
Between the solid sentries of the centuries,  
breaking through the bitter ground  
Galanthus Nivalis, Snowdrop to you and I,  
they stand one hundred deep in mournful pose,  
as if weeping at the graveside for lost loves,  
brightness to show the worst of winter is over.

The assault troops, the commando flora,  
pathfinders for the main body colour,  
I see the yellow and purple crocus vernus,  
so vibrant, a portent of warmth to come.  
Offering air support, Carrion Crows shout the odds  
across a place once so solemn, now freed,  
the still bare trees forming a twig cathedral  
where the dogs and walkers worship,  
muddy paws and wellington boots,  
screams of joy from small children  
while squirrels forage furtively  
lacking the summer camouflage.

Finally, the artillery, as the big guns move up,  
along the bank, before the daffodils turn gold,  
the variegated variety appears,  
writ large upon the grassy banks  
as Primula vie with delicate Spring Iris,  
the seasons of my youth, more pronounced,  
it all feels so early this year,  
but then I reap the joy of Summer's promise.