

Frolics of Spring

Raisin poppies and redwood peonies line the blissful garden
As we step and trudge throughout the forest
colors of pinks, yellows, and greens shroud our vision
and we walk further into the colorful abyss

An aroma of delicate dandelions float throughout the air like a love letter to Aphrodite
Sunlight caresses the golden clips of gleaming dewdrops
and tall trees and trilliums reach for the sky as bees cry out their secret songs
hoping for our applause

The rolling hills of mossy rivers soon run regular
and we stop to sit in the fields
The evening breeze flaunts our hair in waves
while we lay down our blankets before our feet

Ruby carnations flood the gardens of golden green
Puddles of pallid tears melt in the fields
We spread our food on the checkered tiles
and release our sandwiches from their prison

The sun toasts our evening meal
The trees dance in their new myrtle garments
The first day of spring has blown away the winter air
and we loll in the frolics of spring days

This poem was inspired by the photograph Spring Bulbs in Wooded Setting by Molly
Adams