

## NEW SHOOTS â?? Chris May

### Description

New shoots, emerging from the seeds,  
that laid dormant in the soil through winter. Leaf buds swelling from the branches.  
The blossoms soon.  
Soon the flowers along the lanes.  
All hues, all shades and colours,  
processing to the carnival; the Foxglove, Rosebay Willow-herb, and the Campion  
The swooping Swift and Swallow.  
The bees the buzzing,  
lazy shady days under swaying trees. Cornfields, the gathering the fruit,  
the nuts the grains of Harvest.  
Thanksgiving.  
The dancing. The turning.  
The golden leaves. The falling.  
The passing. Dying, Disintegration.  
Compost now, to nurture seeds,  
that sit in darkness through the winter.  
The cold the damp, rain and rain and rain.  
Meanwhile, out of mind and sight,  
while manic winds set drainpipes singing, mycelium sinews creeps..  
communicating like the synapses of our fungus coloured brain.  
Oh thank the winds that brought the leaves down.  
And thank the rain that soaked the earth. Thank the seasons and the spinning.  
Hark the herald Bluebells ringing.  
Itâ??s spring again; the season of rebirth.

### Category

1. Images

### Date Created

24th November 2024

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