

Spring

for Sam Thomas

I wake up now
Brain fires mind—one motif—
Green shadows grow,
The child unfurling as the leaf
I want to know

Jump in puddle
Water explodes intricate,
Riotous muddle:
Profuse and gay and delicate
Mummy cuddle

Daddy not help
See in small tender kind
The new world's wealth;
Spread arms, toss head, roar down the wind
Do it own self

Reuben Thomas

26th March 2013