A Spring Poem by Wyatt Boone

When I go outside, I can smell the spring flowers,
The sun has been shining for several more hours;
Daffodils and crocuses dot the countryside,
Their smell fills the air, they’re so bright they can’t hide.

Ramps poke through the ground, also called wild leeks,
They are pungent when stepped on and grow by the creeks;
I can smell the earth when the ground is damp,
I have to wear boots through the mud I tramp.

I can see a honeybee she has a full pollen sac,
She has stripes down her body – yellow and black;
Orange, yellow and grey she carries back home,
She stores all the colors in her honeycomb.

I see harbingers of spring, also called pepper and salt,
They signal a new season is here, so hopefully the snow will halt;
Bright yellow forsythia blooms all around,
Now I will describe Spring’s cheerful sounds.

I hear the wood frogs croaking such a beautiful tune,
The red-breasted robin sings her croon;
The squirrels chitter and chatter at one another,
The buzzing bumble bees collect pollen for their mother.

Spring is here and there are lots of transformations,
I know the bears are coming out of hibernation;
These changes come after a long, cold winter,
I’m thankful to see a new season enter.
Picture 1. Daffodils and crocuses dot the countryside.
Picture 2. Ramps poke through the ground, also called wild leeks.
Picture 3. I can see a honeybee, she has a full pollen sac.
Picture 4. I see harbinger-of-spring, also call pepper and salt.
Picture 5. The red-breasted robin sings her croon.