

## **Longer Days**

The light now lingers longer  
as February prepares to slip away.

The snowdrops, that speared the soil  
to herald Epiphany, are now grown tall,  
their white-capped heads more bowed  
in deference to the brown-edged rest they favour.

As they fade and fall, spring rises up  
the sap awakes and stirs in leafless branch,  
Bulbs unseen, pulse again and suck  
their strength from fruitful soil.

While new life resounds, the snowdrops  
close their eyes and drift away,  
to fall asleep until another New Year's Day.

*Ken Franklin - 24th March 2020*