

## A Spring Day on the Taw

In the brown coolness of the sun dappled shade,  
The river flows onwards towards the sea.  
From Dartmoor`s misty, cloud topped heights,  
Where the Taw rises and bubbles out of the ground,  
It follows a winding but purposeful path  
Through banks bestrewn with daffodils and celandines,  
Soft cushions of fragrant primroses, and tall trees,  
With bursting buds and tails of catkins,  
Bending towards the water.  
Here`s the old stone bridge,  
And the sign that says: "No Fishing".  
Here Nature plays her music,  
Water rippling over rocks,  
And the sweet song of the rapturous blackbird  
Calling to his mate, and the bleat of newborn lambs.  
My bones are warmed by the sun, while a cool wind  
Speaks to me of other lands, and other voices.  
Now home across green velvet fields,  
Each blade a shimmer and white with daisies.  
Spring has been proclaimed, and the winter`s cold a dim and distant memory.

*Sally Cunis April 2015*