

A Poem of Flowers by Rupert Skey

January

Snow begins to melt, chilly winds blow
and out of the ground the Snowdrops grow.
Bowing their shy heads like little bells they chime and ring
that winter will soon be gone and that spring will begin
bringing warmth back to the land and into our hearts.

February

Soon it will be time for the vibrant Violets to start
blooming blue like the sky as the time passes on by.

March

And as you pass by the Daffodils growing,
glowing yellow with their heads to the sun.

April

As the Cherry Tree blossoms with petals pink and red
like snow they fall on to my head and to the green grass and Daisies below.

May

Chilly winds go and the warm air begins to blow
through the Lily of the Valley.

June

Forget Me Not and the sweet smells of Honeysuckle and Rose
fill the air and up my nose.

The Foxgloves grow tall to the sun and by night
that's where the fairies come to dance and have fun

July

Is the month of love and joy,
the sun shines hot and we sing and dance.
Delphiniums reach for the sky, butterflies fly high as bees collect pollen below
I always stop to admire them wherever I go.

August

The dragonfly is in flight, warm is the night and the moon is light
and out from the lake the Waterlily blooms bright.

September

Morning brings new glory with dreams of untold stories.

October

As the trees turn orange and red,
I lay in my flower bed with Marigolds as a pillow on which to lay my head.

November

Before the colours, the smells of the flowers are gone,
Chrysanthemums are left to remind me of my Mum.

December

All the colours are gone, covered in snow
and only the Narcissus, paper white, and evergreens glow
with dots of red berries on the holly bush grow.