

Spring Poems

Poems about Spring inspired by Keats' 'Ode to Autumn' and a walk around their gardens and local areas

To Spring

Season of blue skies and birds with their choirs.
Time when the trees do not look so bare.
Gone are the winter days of warm open fires.
Now the sun begins warming the cool frosty air.
The clocks begin walking in front of the moon,
And the ones who have slept begin their routine.
The blossom of trees is a sure sign of life.
Those waking from slumber are so weak and lean,
And life adds new notes to Mother Nature's tune.
Ice no longer covers the frozen lagoon.
And farewell to the seasons of hard work and strife.

And for all the ones who wait for forgiveness,
Easter arrives with one not on a steed.
The birth of a messiah may have been Christmas,
But April brings one who undoes all bad deeds.
But elsewhere in the world the children rejoice,
For the other meaning of Easter is here:
Chocolate and sweets fill all of the homes,
And on the morning of Easter all children cheer.
The bunny has come, she heard the voice,
Wishing for eggs for the girls and the boys.
Where are they hidden, under the patio or by the gnomes?

March winds, April showers brings forth May flowers.
This verse sums up the beauty of Spring.
For Spring is relief from the hard working hours.
Flowers blooming, nectar for bees and birds on the wing,
And the other colours fly through the air.
Ribbons spin and twirl, as children dance:
The day of the beautiful maypole has come.
The beauty of nature is now truly enhanced.
Dandelions tell time as they throw seeds without a care.
And with Spring having arrived, children run to the fair.
And to watch lambs prance is a joy, before they cuddle with mum.

Katherine, Year 8

Your fields are rich with daffodils,
A coat of yellow paint covers your hills,
And I must dance, and I must sing
To see the beauty of Spring.

I know you're here when the snow melts away,
And it's never rainy and grey,
Flowers bloom everywhere
That daisy smell fills the air.

No more mittens and boots,
No more bulky snow suits,
Birds are singing
Bees are buzzing.

There's still a chill in the Spring time air,
Winter is gone but the memory is still there,
But I must dance, and I must sing
To see the beauty of Spring.

Giselle, Year 8

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*Season of blossom and flowering buds,
Whose birds sing merry in the trees so green.
A memory distant is snow and mud,
Hibernation for animals has long been.
Birds search for worms, through the soil they tear,
Through the leaves and grass and earth and grit.
A slight smell of pollen fills the air,
And bees buzz busy to collect it.*

Elspeth, Year 8

*The birds are singing gently.
The wind is blowing softly.
The trees are changing their leaved from brown to green.
The sun is shining behind the trees.
The sky is as blue as bubblegum.
The insects are coming back from a cold winter.
The insects are buzzing.
The bluebells are so vibrant.
The crops have just been planted in the fields.
I can no longer hear the sound of squelchy mud.
I can hear the tractors in the nearby fields.
I can hear sweet sounds of newly born lambs.
The flowers blow gently in the wind.
The flowers fill the garden and surrounding fields
With a burst of colour.
Everything looks happy and exciting.*

Ismay, Year 8