

## Poem

# ***Spring Fling***

**by Connie Fowler**

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There are robins sprinkled on the lawn  
And the river's madness has all gone mellow  
Here and there a spot of yellow  
Pokes its crocus head out to greet the semi-warm Aquarian sun  
And I have but a little time to get the garden planting done.  
Before the river's but a little trickling thing  
The skies all full of leaf and wing  
And rosebuds nod at sunny daffodils  
Who lift their faces to the warm spring rain  
And drink their fill.