



## **BACKWARD SPRING**

The trees are afraid to put forth buds,  
And there is timidity in the grass:  
The plots lie gray where gouged by spuds,  
And whether next week will pass  
Free of sly sour winds is the fret of each bush  
Of barberry waiting to bloom.

Yet the snowdrop's face betrays no loom,  
and the primrose pants in its heedless push,  
Though the myrtle asks if it's worth the fight  
This year with frost and rime  
To venture one more time  
On delicate leaves and buttons of white  
From the selfsame bough as at last year's prime,  
And never to ruminare on or remember  
What happened to it in mid-December.

*Thomas Hardy (1840 - 1928)*



Snowdrops – March 2006, St. Blasius Church, Shanklin, Isle of Wight (Photo: Sandra Jackson)