

## IN THE TIME OF QUIET

No one's told the daffodils about the pause to Spring  
And no one's told the birds to roost and asked them not to sing  
No one's asked the lazy bee to cease his bumbling round  
And no one's stopped the bright green shoots emerging through the  
ground No one's told the sap to rest, deep within the wood  
And stop the sleepy trees from waking, wreathed about in bud  
No one's told the sky to douse its brightest shades of blue  
And stop the scudding clouds from puffing headlong into view  
No one's asked the lambs to still the springs beneath their feet.  
To stop their rapid rush and quell each joyful bleat  
No one's told the stream to halt its gurgle or its flow  
And warned the playful breezes, not to gust and blow  
No one's asked the raindrops not to fail upon the earth  
And fail to quench the soil in the season of rebirth

No one's locked the sun down, or dimmed the shimmer of the moon  
And even in the darkest night, the stars are still immune

Remember what you value, remember who is dear  
Close the doors to danger and keep your family near  
In the quiet all around us take the time to sit and stare  
And wonder at the glory unfurling everywhere  
Look towards the future, after the ordeal  
And keep faith in Mother Nature's power and will to heal

Philippa Atkin. March 2020