

The Pause

**Buds burst from barefaced boughs that sleep the death of winter days,
The clutch of ice still threatening to stun their future blaze,
And people wrapped in something warm bemoan the sunless skies
Not seeing life beneath the shroud with beauty for their eyes.**

**For them, nothing has happened since the burnished leaves fell down
And dressed the concrete pavements in their gold and amber gown,
They only saw the sad thin twigs lift inch thick snow on high
And small birds shiver, now unhid, to feline passers by.**

**But nature has been busy where no eye could ever see,
She snipped and cut and stripped away the old dress of the tree
And in the searchlight of the sun that holds small warmth of ray,
She is preparing awesome garb for some grand opening day.**

**And suddenly it's Spring, and people smile a fraction more,
Now daffodils caress the breeze and snowdrops kiss the floor,
And buds burst into stunning life, and bees begin their dance
And brides clutch close her tokens as they take their one big chance.**

**Old eyes could tell complaining youth when all the skies are grey
That nature isn't resting, she prepares her bridal spray!
For nothing that the Lord God made will ever merely die.
Death is the pause, before *real* life bursts forth with rapturous cry.**

Annette Keeble Martens.