**Wolds Walk in May by Sue Austin**

Arching canopy of ash and alder

What Spring vistas to reveal, I wonder

Faerie glades of cow parsley beckoning

Crows harsh cawing atop treetops swaying

Flecked dun manure mound from recent equine

Swathes of grass swords lie flat and supine

Fading scent of soft garlic blooms

White petals decay in carpet green rooms

Ditch becomes beck and turns by the old barn

Cobwebs bouncing like a cat’s cradle yarn

Stony strewn farm lane leading the way

A feast for the senses this warm blue sky day

Syrup sticky sycamore leaves upturned to the sun

Supported by stems of smooth coloured dun

Blackbirds dart across chalk to green sanctuary

A landscape so different from far away January

Willow bough mid-air, shaped like a canoe

Woodworm holes doom its plunge into sea blue

Jostling sedge plants overflow the beck banks

Riot of greens, hairy, bristly and spike stalks

Uplifting see-saw sound of unseen Great Tits

Masked by dense willow boughs against faint cloud wisps

Cabbage white butterfly dips like a wave

In an ocean of green, a sight to save

Custard yellow lichen, encrusted, south-faced

On a stick insect shaped branch, I’m amazed

Hedge-lined beck bisected by arable fields

Birdsong wall of sound, waiting for future yields

Twin trunked willow with upward patterned bark

Nautical rope twines roughly making its mark

Orange tip butterfly with marmalade dipped wings

The dainty marionette dances below its strings

Rustle of crops and far “peewit” of lapwing

Beautiful vistas, to make your soul sing

Pink tinged frothy wedding white blossom

Hawthorn flowers drip like champagne bubbles

Drink in these sights, then turn and re-trace

How lucky to be able to wander and face

All these sights, sounds and scents

Now back on the lanes

Globes of dandelion seeds

Lighting swathes of verdant bank grass

Two yellow hammers brief sip from bubbling beck

My presence starts them flying up to check

Now follow snicket between wall and fence

Out of the bottleneck, what a difference

Swallows, like Red Arrows zoom low over a hedge

Then later insect-gorged, will rest upon their ledge

Homeward and mindful, perceiving this day

Resplendent is nature on my Wolds walk in May

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