

A Spring Invasion

Kate Ennals

This week I walked a warzone
A flotilla of dandelions glided
Up through the grass,
Pursued by ranks of cow parsley,
Parading the lane
At their feet, in the ditch
A regiment of green bracken,
Symmetrical leaves directed skyward,
Like jagged bayonets
They rooted among six foot nettles,
Stings like sharp shooters
Violet Vetch crawled,
Trench soldiers up a ladder of leaves
And mud
Pink Herb Robert sidled close
To whimsical butter cups
Adding to the fray,
Saboteurs, maybe
Shots of yellow gorse fired the valley
Clusters of silver daisies
Guarded like fusiliers
A droning bumble bee,
A time bomb in the meadow
Of rocket, and blood red poppies
In the bog, I saw snipers in reeds,
But it was the pollen
Flying in formation
That finally got me.