

Touch of spring (21st March 2009)

The sun shone down on Scrabo Hill

To banish the long months of chill.

The dull, grey hold of winter cold

Broken by the warmth of springtime gold.

My cheeks caressed, my soul uplifted,

Perceptions, in an instant, shifted.

With Strangford sparkling down below

I watched the ebbing water flow.

As myriad little isles appeared,

My spirits rose, my heart was cheered

To look upon a land so fine

And feel that paradise was mine.

Terri Richardson