

Spring Sing 2021 Poetry

In Perpetual Spring

by Amy Gerstler

Gardens are also good places
to sulk. You pass beds of
spiky voodoo lilies
and trip over the roots
of a sweet gum tree,
in search of medieval
plants whose leaves,
when they drop off
turn into birds
if they fall on land,
and colored carp if they
plop into water.

Suddenly the archetypal
human desire for peace
with every other species
wells up in you. The lion
and the lamb cuddling up.
The snake and the snail, kissing.
Even the prick of the thistle,
queen of the weeds, revives
your secret belief
in perpetual spring,
your faith that for every hurt
there is a leaf to cure it.

What the Robin Told

by George Cooper

The wind
told the grasses,
And the grasses
told the trees.
The trees
told the bushes,
And the bushes
told the bees,
And the bees
told the robin,
And the robin
sang out clear:
Wake up! Wake up!
Spring is here!

Marvel

By Christian Eckford

Why does the ground keep changing clothes?

And why have the days gotten less tired?

Spring Spring Spring

That can't be it!

Why is our roof spitting all over our driveway?

Why are the clouds crying way more?

Spring Spring Spring

I'm positive that can't be it!

Why are the tulips having a fiesta?

And why are the bluebirds bantering?

Spring Spring Spring

Yes! That must be it!

Warmth of Possibility

By Keva Kirby

The possibilities, the hope
that's what Spring represents
A new beginning, turning over a new leaf
Breathing in a sigh of relief,
Straightening and stretching out after a year of grief
Oh rise to the possibilities Spring can bring
Arise
Awaken
Like the buds on the trees
The blooming flowers, the yellows and greens

Oh people of the world
Rise
Stretch your hands to the skies
Can you feel it in your fingertips?
The power in your hand
Can you feel it or can you not?
Try.
Try again.
We are strong, not weak
Open up your wings, spread them wide
Fly.
Fly up high
Have you got there?
Have you arrived?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel the possibilities, dancing on your fingertips,
Spreading through your hand?
You can.
All you had to do was fly to reach it,

To feel it, to hold it in your hand
You can mold it, create it, make it be you.
You can share it with others like I am to you.

Or perhaps
You already have it inside
You need to let it out
You need to let it shine.
Inside and out.
Wear it like a crown atop your head
Sprinkle it like Pixie Dust upon everyone's bed
Sew it like thread, into your clothes
Tell it like a story that has to be told
Wrap it around you like a blanket if you are cold

You see
So much you can make with hope & possibility.

I Am Proud To Be a Bahamian

By Shamara Rose Curry

Conch Salad, conch fritters, oh so many things to eat
Crack conch, scorch conch all add up to Bahamian treat

Chicken shack, fruit stand, straw market, then the beach
Rake and scrape, maypole plaiting
And oh that good Junkanoo beat

Straw bags, straw hats, just to name a few
All these things is Bahamian to me child
I ain't know bout you

Aquamarine, gold and black
That's the Bahamian flag

Forward, upward, onward, together
That should be we guide

Come on now we Bahamians
Show some national pride

Child I proud to be Bahamian
An this one ting I ain't gonna hide