

Bournemouth in Spring

for Ian Furgeson

*Past the shores of Boscombe
Beyond the Solent Meads,
A gentle headland rises
Where wildlife grows and feeds.*

Maybe we'll see the kestrel drop,
Or shoppers pausing as they shop
Hear the love song of the linnet
And feel there's something deeper in it.

For those up in the big balloon,
The Pleasure Gardens, now in bloom,
Have flourished in the season's rain
To win the annual prize again.

For who's not browsed through the arcade,
Or strolled along the promenade,
Watching as the last light disappears
The sun dissolve between two piers?

Kinson to Hengistbury Head
Now the borough has gone to bed,
May sea sounds soothe us all night long.
Sweet Bourne run softly ever on

'Til flower, bird and baby wakes,
The long night over. A new day breaks.
The egret, stockstill in the mud,
Quickens something in the blood.

Perhaps the little skylark sings
For patience in the name of things
Invisible, eternal.
Maybe some One loves us all.

James Manlow

Poet Laureate for Bournemouth

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