

SPRING GIVES THE GO

Traffic on the bypass blocked,
while trains on empty platforms wait.
Cities in their winter locked
are pressing at their prison gate.
Lights are red, the days are clocked
and tick towards their marching date.

*When spring gives the go,
there's no more no,
but green and go.
Spring gives the go,
there's no more no,
but green and go!*

People on the pavement stare,
their shadows cast in stone on stone.
Clouds are painted on the air,
and silence holds a ringing tone.
Pigeons pinned across the square
are feeling spring in wing and bone.

When spring gives the go...

Children on the playground swings
with breath on hold and eyes shut tight.
By the pond a boy with strings
is poised to launch a yellow kite.
On the fountain fairy wings
are shielding dancing fauns from sight.

When spring gives the go...