

## Britain in Lockdown Bloom

This year Britain is not in Bloom  
At least not quite as usual.  
In our city squares and parks  
Some lonely tulips , deep in the soil  
Before the day of doom,  
Wave above nettles and docks  
Defiantly reminding us  
Of lunch on benches in the sun  
Of weekend strolls and family fun.  
Although a very different year from most  
All is not completely lost.  
On cherry trees the blossom froths,  
Roadsides glow dandelion bright,  
Azaleas and rhodies are right on time.  
We may not sit but walk much more  
So find pink campion, bluebells , primrose  
On byways we've only started to explore.  
And gardens many years neglected  
Are being enthusiastically rotivated  
For the novelty of growing potatoes.  
Trays of seeds on windowsills  
Are watered and nurtured by small hands  
Eager to fill new beds and borders.  
It may not be the same, we know  
But many of us now see Britain Blooming  
As we never have before.