

Spring Love

by Angie

“Loveliest of trees, the cherry now.

*Is hung with bloom along the bough**”, Vincent whispered to himself as he stood beneath a cherry tree in the Park.

The breeze sent showers of petals to flutter around him like butterflies. The faint scent tickled his nose. The trees seemed luminous, other worldly, in the night.

*“Fifty springs are little room”**, he whispered, delighting in the knowledge that he was very happy, with no regrets. None.

Inside the culvert entrance, Catherine waited, and he shook petals over her.

“It’s always Spring with you,” she said, smiling up at him.

*A E Housman