

**McCARTHY STONE**  
*Life, well lived*

# **The McCarthy Stone Spring Poetry Book**

**Spring themed poems from our  
wonderful homeowners and teams.**



**Spring is a time of renewal. New growth. Optimism and fresh starts.**

We asked our homeowners and employees to share their poetic musings on spring – the most emotive of seasons – and they absolutely delivered! With creativity, craft, beautiful imagery, poignant reflections and, sometimes, humour. It made it incredibly difficult to pick our favourites, but as we'd promised we would, our top three spring poems are...

**Spring Has Sprung, by Jill Hill, Homeowner**  
**Snowdrop, by Jacqueline Harries, Homeowner**  
**Looking Ahead, by Caroline Nash, House Manager**

Congratulations to them all.

**McCARTHY STONE**  
*Life, well lived*

## GOODBYE WINTER. HELLO SPRING

---

**Goodbye Winter. Hello Spring**  
**Mother Earth awakes**  
**Wind strengthens**  
**Days light lengthens**  
**Birds begin to sing.**

**Good bye Winter. Hello Spring**  
**Buds begin to break**  
**Snowdrop, daffodil and aconite**  
**Conspire to make the season bright**  
**Let's hope the oak is first.**

**Goodbye Winter. Hello Spring**  
**Put winter coats away**  
**Trees, plants and folk alike**  
**Make a colourful display.**

**Goodbye Winter. Hello Spring**  
**Life begins anew**  
**Be of a mind in work and play**  
**Don't fritter this new life away**  
**Make use of every day.**

**Goodbye Winter. Hello Spring.**

*- John Brumming, Homeowner*

## SPRING

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The wonderful hues are exploding onto lifeless stems  
Forsythia, the blossom of the Hawthorn and much more  
These miraculous magical events of gold and white  
In gardens and hedgerows, we find them.  
The leaves are rousing from their buds  
and soon the air will be filled with heavenly scent  
of blooms so intoxicating, evoking fond memories  
of the distant gathering of fruits, berries, and chestnuts.  
Emerging butterflies, bees and alike  
Their colour and humming filling the still voids who  
Visit open flower heads to gather and drink.  
Fearing the thought of a wasp or hornets strike  
Clocks going forward, less time for sleep  
Longer days promising brightness and warmth  
The emerging sounds from our gardens, of mowers and  
Bar-b-ques, all to come, with new memories to make and keep.

*- Linda McVey, House Manager*

## SPRING

---

To write a spring sonnet  
For the McCarthy Stone clan  
Is like wearing a bonnet  
Instead of a flan  
It fits where it should  
Adorned with flowers  
Cheered on by the brood  
With its mystical powers  
And when the sun shines  
The brim does its job  
Shading the wine  
That cost twenty bob  
The story is finished in 14 lines  
So gimme the prize, you know that it's mines

*- Steven Saddington, House Manager*



## SPRING STOCK-TAKING: A SONNET

---

The minor woes of age are always there,  
but unimportant in my daily life.  
Cushioned by comfort and much kindly care  
I observe a Spring where Covid's rife.  
Contentment is a hopeful state of mind,  
its advent unexpected yet complete.  
My work-forged self I've gladly left behind,  
and in the sunlit space revealed, I greet  
a vernal joy within me. Now I pause  
discovering those writers I've not read,  
exploring unknown music, opening doors,  
sensing creative sources, freshly fed  
by listening, playing, writing for myself  
and finding inner troves of unknown wealth.

- *Diana Swann, Homeowner*

## NEW BEGINNING

---

Close my eyes and take a breath in crisp, chilled morning light,  
Transparent mist dissipates to reveal a splendid sight,  
Softly caress bare skin to keep the breeze at bay,  
I delight at the beginning of a purely perfect day.

Hills of velvet bluebells melt into a lilac sky,  
A flickering dawn awakening like a fluttering firefly,  
Crocus and daffodils peep their heads, a rainbow of vibrant  
bloom,  
Like a colour palette painting, pride of place in a gallery room.

Delicate butterflies dancing, floating gracefully on air,  
Multicoloured wild flowers gently sway with undeniable,  
natural flair,  
Canvas of art Panorama, a page in a yearbook story,  
Kaleidoscope of wonder in April's awesome glory.

The sound of the dawn chorus, a melody of orchestral choir,  
Teasing tastebuds from sweet strawberry fields, a delectable  
desire,  
The fragrant aroma of blossom enhances my sense of smell,  
My soul is blessed with happiness put under a magical spell.

The changes of the seasons with nature's clock of time,  
From coldest, whitest winter to sensational Spring, sublime,  
The early morning begins the day, like the dusk precedes the  
night,  
The majestic season is Springtime  
The beginning of Beautiful and Bright.

- *Lyn Constantine, Sales Consultant*

## NOT THE SAME

---

Daffodils in profusion  
Yellow waves of confusion  
Blossoms of pink and white  
Bursting forth overnight  
Spring has arrived - but it's not quite the same

Days grow longer  
The sun's rays feel stronger  
Hedgerows are greening  
Mating birds are preening  
Spring has arrived - but it's not quite the same

Masks are needed for shopping  
Friends passing, not stopping  
Social distancing, sanitising  
But with the vaccines arriving  
A new Spring is coming - we're ahead of the game!

*- Barbara Fletcher, Homeowner*

## SPRING

---

The syrupy buds upon the trees are shouting out loud to set them free.  
This is the season I like best.  
There is a smell in the air of summer to come.  
The joyful colours that will flavour the air  
Oh what joy I shall indeed see.  
When the warmth of the sun will set them free.  
All God's colours, just for me.  
The smells of summer reach into my soul.  
The riotous colours for all to see.  
They pacify me and keep me strong.  
If only they could speak, they would sing a sweet song.

*- Pauline Hawkins, Homeowner*



## SPRING HAS SPRUNG

---

Spring has sprung life has begun  
The sand, the wind, the sea, the sun  
Please let it last a good few weeks  
So we can walk and use the seats

The joys of Spring are here again  
The last year has been a pain  
Can't do this and can't go out  
The rules are there so please don't flout.

We are so lucky where we reside  
On the seafront nowhere to hide  
We walk along with lots of space  
And everyone can choose their pace.

The trees are starting to look green  
The spring flowers needing to be seen  
The sun is warm the air is fresh  
Now you can feel there is no stress

I am so lucky to be here  
The Pier is vibrant the air is clear  
Not much longer to be free  
Can't wait to go on a spending spree.

*- Mrs Jill Hill, Homeowner*

## DREAMING OF BUSCOT PARK

---

Although the days and nights have been so dark  
Each day brings hope that things will change at last  
Early morn see the sunrise move fast  
At first light I listen hard  
Was that the robin singing that I can hark  
But my dreams are of having a lark  
Walking in fields of daffodils at Buscot park

*- Linda Diamond, House Manager*

## A LOVE OF SPRING

---

The rabbit from her burrow springs,  
Like a coil unsprung she skips the field,  
How I yearn to be as she, but no that cannot be,  
Too old now, no coils left in my aged limbs,  
But Spring is here, and flowers feel the warmth it brings,  
So they too will unfurl, a landscape of varied colours show,  
In some, Spring brings the urge to prepare the soil and sow,  
As I can neither bend or kneel, my seeds must thrive where  
thrown,  
And if by chance Spring weathers fair,  
At least I'll have a random show to share.

- *Mrs E Wade, Homeowner*

## AWAKENING

---

The restless Winter Spirits are loosening their grip,  
Hiding in the shadows of yesterday.  
As the brushstrokes of time soften their resolve  
Spring unfurls its glorious hues,  
And slowly banishes your melancholy blues.

I will dance for you and make you smile,  
I'll make music and let your spirits soar,  
I'll chase away your doubts and fears  
and sooth your troubled soul.

My calling cards bask in the sunlight hours,  
Carpets of flowers spread beneath your feet,  
The wind plays gently with your hair  
Leaving soft perfumes lingering in the air.

I will dance for you and make you smile,  
I'll make music and let your spirits soar,  
I'll chase away your doubts and fears  
and sooth your troubled soul.

So Winter Spirits, slip back into the shadows of yesterday.  
Let me weave my magical threads of colour and light  
As I festoon the land with life again.  
The Spirit of Spring will tarry a while  
And leave you with a smile.

- *Mrs Susan F E Young, Homeowner*

## MICHELDEVER WOOD

---

Bluebells in the wood so blue,  
Green beech leaves shimmer o'er so new,  
Just kneel in nature's own religious place.  
Enjoy the smells that will surround your face,  
a century may pass and then one more  
until those centuries number a score  
You will be gone, your footsteps faded  
but beauty, joy returns unaided  
to Micheldever Wood.

- *Denis M. Pentlow, McCarthy Stone*

## McCARTHY STONE SPRING

---

March 21st the first day of spring

Cold winters gloom passing by.

Cosy spring sunshine, brings warmth to the earth and life starts  
to sing with delight.

Awaken the bird's dawn chorus aloud, you cannot deny

Rich are the wonders of the world far and wide.

Time for rebirth, renewal and awakening

Healed by lockdown, nature's rejuvenating.

Yellow daffodils dance to and fro in the breeze

Spring is here to cleanse the mind and soul, to appease.

Time to reflect and remember those lost

Only nature rebounds with what it has cost

New-born lambs in the fields with hearts all a flutter

Ends springtime for summer must get some sun tan cream  
butter

- *Michael Heseltine, Concierge*



## ODE TO MY CATS

---

I have a cat called Misty  
She's really rather nifty  
With an icy glare  
She'll guard the stairs  
So, you have to pass her swiftly

I have a cat called Alfie  
Who minces around and flounces  
He loves to prance and even dance  
Especially when food is announcing

I have a cat called Snuggles  
Who loves a lot of rubbles  
He'll seek out his mum and sit on her tum  
While paddling and nuzzling for cuddles

I have a cat called Narla  
Who loves to chase birds for drama  
She leaps in the air with oodles of flair  
While trying to make herself look calmer  
But what she does best is be food obsessed  
And the others don't get fed before her

- Mandy Lefley, *McCarthy Stone*



## LOOKING AHEAD

---

I'm looking ahead to brighter days,  
Hoping to bask in sun's warm rays.  
Looking for growth in plants and trees,  
Enjoying the warmth in a southerly breeze.

I'm happy to welcome the longer days  
Choosing whether to walk or laze  
on a bench by the beach; looking out to sea,  
Watching the swimmers - braver than me!

I'm looking forward to smelling the flowers  
in gardens and parks, and leisurely hours  
just sitting, and watching the world go by.  
With winter gone, my spirits are high.

I'm looking ahead to meeting old friends  
When hopefully, finally this pandemic ends.  
When restrictions are lifted, with thought and care,  
Then spring will have sprung - we're almost there!

- *Carolyn Nash, House Manager*

## SPRING FORWARD

---

One step forward, two steps back,  
The pandemic that has held us back.  
Frosty footprints from winter have passed,  
The winds calm down at long last.

Starling murmurations clear for all to see,  
The unity presented on how we should all be.  
On the horizon is the equinox,  
Life alive in everything, but we will remember the loss.

Balmy days ahead and flowers that will bloom,  
Life will feel a bit brighter, it can't come too soon.  
The waking sun the chirps from up above,  
And even a rainbow presents itself, a sight that is much loved.

An arch of colours visible in the sky,  
Caused by refraction and dispersion of the sun's light.  
Science explains the colours that we see,  
But now a rainbow means more, more than we once believed.

Bees buzzing around the sweet delights,  
Buds on the tree's rejuvenation in sight.  
April showers from the clouds above,  
To help life grow with required love.

Holding on to hope to see our loved ones again,  
 Creating memories, we can then frame.  
 Celebrations of new beginnings will soon start,  
 But let's not forget those we hold close to our hearts.

One step forward, let's not reverse,  
Let us spring forward and together write the next verse.

*- Kelly Mayes, Sales Operations Manager*



## SNOWDROP

---

After the dark days of winter I begin to grow,  
Up from the cool earth, I'm the first to show.  
Slowly like a swan, my petals unfold with grace  
Then to the golden light, I lift my face.

Above me fanfares of tuneless trumpets sway  
As blackbirds announce this new Spring day,  
With bright green shoots and nodding head,  
I feel like the queen of the flower bed.

Gems of crocus crowd my feet,  
My floral friends rejoice in nature's treat.  
Through ruby lips tulips whisper their cheer,  
Glad to welcome Spring for another year.

*- Jacqueline Harries, Homeowner*

## SONG FOR SPRING

---

A new phase in our lives has just begun.  
Soft and tempting is the sun,  
Touching with promise the warmth-starved earth,  
Reawakening new interest,  
Reaffirming new birth.

Tickling, teasing, is the sun,  
Rousing the land to a different scene,  
Painting our country with shades of green,  
Tinting our lives with the year's first dream.

As new life emerges, new hope surges.  
We witness creation, experience elation.

Spring's arrival - our survival.

*- Patricia Rigg, Homeowner*

## INTO FREEDOM

---

Will the signs of Spring we've always loved so dearly still be there, still be there,  
I wonder.

As we walk out into our freedom, friends all waiting, songbirds singing – won't  
We find it rather strange to share our news, our views and laughter as we used  
To do?

Of course we will at first – but what a thrill it will be still;

Just love is what we're after.

*- Mrs June Ridley, Homeowner*

## SPRING IS FINALLY HERE

---

Spring is officially here,  
And as we all know, we love it very dear,  
From the bluebells rising,  
To the new flowers showing being surprising,

Many babies are born,  
Some will have a horn,  
Maybe even at dawn,  
But let's hope they eat all the thorns!

Children will be playing outside,  
On very slippery slides,  
Swinging on their swings,  
Saying mummy I feel like I've got wings!

Spring is very surprising,  
But now there's no more hiding!

*- Rachael Green, Duty Manager*



## AFTER THE DARK

---

After the dark,  
here comes the light  
shining so bright!  
Here comes the spring!  
Welcome to spring.  
Magical spring.  
Spring is King!

Spring is for birth and renewal;  
A season and a real precious jewel.  
Spring is King!

Beautiful spring,  
so much to enjoy,  
so much to give.

The landscapes and vistas  
are all in sight.  
Easy to see  
by day or night.  
Village cottages of mellow stone  
present a visual and gentle ageless tone.  
The forest trees sway to and fro,  
giving their greetings as they grow.  
The historic oak stands erect and proud  
demanding its branches  
reach for the clouds.  
The willow, awake from its winter sleep,  
and beginning to weep  
into a river so deep.

Swans, ducks and Canada geese -  
Will their squabbles  
never cease?

Wild life is abundant,  
easy to see;  
all God's creations  
and all living free.  
Rivers, lakes  
and meandering streams -  
a lovely countryside scene.

The skies at night  
are bright and clear  
when thousands of stars and planets appear.  
The sun and moon  
play their part,  
producing a canvas  
of cosmic art.

Who has designed  
this national scheme  
for us to see?  
After the dark.

*- Joseph Nash, Homeowner*

## ODE TO SPRINGTIME

---

When everything and everywhere looks new  
There are a multitude of things to view  
To take a heart felt pride in creations  
Across our vast and many nations

Flowers and blossom to make your heart swells  
For your senses that encourages the fresh smells  
A chance to meet family and friends  
To banish the cold winter winds that ends.

It is an annual form of a MONUMENT  
To find among your fondest memories a PLACE  
That can be recorded or retold in years to come  
For everyone to share together as one

The birds in song and bees gently humming  
Enchant the ears and minds to spring coming  
Everyone needs to shake off the thoughts of the past  
To look forward to a bright future that hope may last

Both of new born lambs gambolling over green fields  
Along with the joy of sturdy calves and goats that yields  
It is a time to wonder and enjoy nature  
In all its glory and promise of a renewed future

*- David Beaumont, Homeowner*

## HOORAY FOR SPRING

---

Spring's arrival is glorious,  
A vista of beautiful scenes.  
It gives a pleasing connection,  
To a vision of wonderful dreams  
Hooray for Spring

Baskets filled with purple Aubrietia  
Borders sown for Summer Godetia.  
Birds sing, tweet and trill  
Awaiting sight of the first Daffodil  
Hooray for Spring

Hedgehogs awake from hibernation  
Emerging to a summer vacation  
Squirrels dig to find their stash  
Frogs and Toads make a splash  
Hooray for Spring

New born lambs gambol and bleat  
Chicks are hatched fluffy and sweet  
Farmers sow new crops in the fields  
Hoping to read a good Summer yield  
Hooray for Spring

At the blue skies we gaze  
Absorbing suns warming rays  
Embrace the comfort and feeling  
Of love, hope and healing  
Hooray for Spring

*- Gloria Gardener, Homeowner*

## SPRING

---

Warmer days creep in.  
Green shoots, Lords & Ladies unfold,  
As the sun's rays warm them.  
A haze of yellow catkins  
Dance in the gentle breeze.  
Full of exuberance,  
Pussy Willow burst forth  
In soft grey coats.

In quick successions,  
Wild Daffodils, Primroses,  
Celandines and Wild Garlic,  
Cover the banks.  
Birdsong is increasing,  
Nest building, at fever pitch.  
Eggs to be laid,  
Fledglings to feed.

Fields run alongside the path.  
Lambs chase each other,  
Then back to mother.  
Tails go round,  
As they suckle.  
The woodpecker is busy too,  
High in oak tree  
Tap, tap, tap.

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At the foot of the hedgerow,  
Bluebells, Ladies Smock and Campion  
Speedwell creeps amongst the Blackberry.  
Along the path, white fluffy Blackthorn,  
Promises a good crop of sloes.  
This then is Spring,  
Joy of warmer days to come.  
All is in the eye of the beholder.

*- Joan Hopkins, Homeowner*

## BE WHATEVER YOU WANT TO BE

---

I walked into my room and saw that empty chair  
Loneliness kicked in, and I was full of despair  
What can you do, to stop feeling so alone?  
The answer is quite simple just pick up the phone.  
Talk to friends and neighbours you're not alone

I thought I would write a poem, to while away the time  
That might cheer me up, as I think about a rhyme  
Then I thought I am a daffodil, just coming into bloom  
That just made me giggle, as I walked from room to room.

All of a sudden, I looked at the sky and down came the rain,  
Washed off all my petals, they disappeared down the drain.  
So now I'm back to reality, looking at that empty chair.  
So now I think perhaps I should have been a little bear.

I could then let out a great big roar  
As I plod across this floor,  
I don't feel so lonely now, as I look at that empty chair,  
As I have a little giggle, and pretend I am a bear.  
If you liked this poem, and it filled you full of glee,  
Then you write one as well and send it back to me!

*- Olive Myatt, Homeowner*

## SPRING HAS BEGUN

---

Spring has begun, daffodils in bloom,  
The weather will be warming soon.

Clocks go forward, days get longer,  
Our wellbeing is getting stronger.

Lots more flowers starting to bud,  
Masses of colour appearing from mud.

Leaves are budding on the trees,  
Swaying gently in the breeze.

Spring is here for us to treasure,  
Enjoy the wonders at your leisure.

*- Dawn Christopher, McCarthy Stone*



## JUST HOPING

---

It's always good to see an early Spring,  
And the end of even a mild winter,  
And a prolonged Spring is even better  
Knowing the season that is to follow.  
Is it too soon. Come to think of it.  
To hope for not too hot a summer,  
No heathland fires, thank you.  
Whatever its nature, let the  
Summer merge invisibly into Autumn  
And let that Fall drag its feet  
Into the next season, with long strides, hurdling Winter.

*- Derek Mann, Homeowner*

## AN EASTER POEM FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

---

Easter is a time for all kinds of eggs  
Some small, some big and some with legs  
At Easter time we think of the bunny  
Cuddly and fluffy and sometimes funny  
Out in the fields we have the little lambies  
Playing with their brothers, their sisters and their mummies  
Easter is the time for daffodils  
Big yellow trumpets and collars of frills  
At Easter we see the newness of spring  
Flowers grow and the birds sing  
Easter is a time when the kids are free  
No school for two weeks and they wish it were three  
Easter is spring and spring is new life  
Bringing hope beyond the virus strife  
Together we travel a brighter road  
With family and friends to share the load  
Welcoming good times in days to come  
"Happy Easter Everyone"

*- Ian Knox, Homeowner*

## SPRING

---

Daffodils dancing  
Buttery yellow  
Crocuses appearing  
Everything's mellow  
The grass is greener  
Blossom on the trees  
Scent wafting on a gentle breeze  
The dark days are gone and it's finally Spring  
And I suddenly want to dance and sing  
Bluebells scattered like a cloak  
New Leaves forming on the oak  
A new awakening after the winter snow  
How lovely to see my garden grow  
Balmy skies of a duck-egg blue  
Oh, how I love this time of year  
Don't you?

*- Janet Penny, Homeowner*

## THE JOY AND SORROW OF EASTER

---

Amidst the sadness of today  
We can still lift our hearts in joy and gladness  
To know for certain our Jesus lives within  
Forgiving us all our earthly sin  
No longer do condemnations thrive  
As our new love is very alive

Teach our children the real meaning of Easter,  
The Passover, Last Supper and all the world does offer  
and never again will any feel alone  
With Jesus, chocolate and a blessing at home  
May God bless you all with feast and peace

SHALOM

*- Frances Lawson, Homeowner*

## FRACTURED ENGLISH

---

Spring is sprung  
The grass is ris  
I wonder where  
Those birdies is  
And  
If you know  
Then just keep stumm  
Because  
Sooner or later  
They'll  
All want summ

*- Colin Hadley, Homeowner*

## APRIL

---

Buds are swelling  
Sap is Rising  
The start of Spring is so surprising  
Feel the Joy  
Hear the Birds  
Listen to the Easter word.

*- Audrey Scheidegger, Homeowner*

## BLUEBELLS IN THE WOODS

---

It's April. Bluebells in the woods again  
This year's blooms unique, never seen before  
have one short life and vanish for ever.  
Last year's flowers were their ancestors;  
next year's blooms, the future generation.  
Spring sunshine shafts through leafy canopy  
lending gold, turning the blue to turquoise.  
In shade, dark sapphire punctuates the grass.  
Each generation lives in isolation,  
unaware of past or future splendour.  
Only we recall blue of spring woodlands.  
When this magic fades, we wait for April  
to return once more, so we can gaze at  
the haze of bluebells in the woods again

*-Joan Torkington, Homeowner*

## CHANGING SEASONS

---

The glass-like lake lies  
inscrutable and still, reflecting only  
grey from the skies.  
Where are the blues,  
the hues of Summer?  
Do they dose in the depth of the lake  
waiting for Summer to tell them to wake?

Then one day the lake is rippled  
by a balmy breeze.  
We'll see reflected images stippled  
of blue skies and trees.  
Once again, on our faces we'll feel  
the warmth of the sun.  
Then we'll be sure, that Winter has gone  
and Spring has begun.

*-Joan Torkington, Homeowner*



## SPRING

---

Spring is a lovely word  
It puts smiles on people's faces.  
Friends are starting to chat  
In outdoor spaces.

This winter gave us  
So much sorrow.  
Let us hope that Spring  
Brings a better tomorrow.

With this awful virus  
There is a lesson that we can learn.  
It is people that matter  
Not how much they earn.

Our wonderful NHS workers  
We can rely upon.  
Though tired and weary  
They still battle on.

Our carers have cared so much  
Right from the start.  
Frontline workers and job volunteers  
All played their part.

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Now there are green shoots  
And as birds start to sing  
Let us all smile  
And think about Spring

- *Gwen Merritt, Homeowner*