



Sussex
Wildlife Trust

Emergence



Emergence



Tor Lawrence
CEO Sussex Wildlife Trust

Did it dawn on you? Or did it spring? Perhaps it was subtle or maybe bold. Perhaps it lay long dormant, torpid and concealed, with a flash of colour or a sound alerting your senses. Was it as early as the blue tits singing after the winter solstice? Or the woodpecker's drumroll on Boxing Day? Or when the snowdrops struck, the catkins flowed or the cuckoo called? Maybe you marked it by the song of the chiffchaff. With the wild daffodils I was in deep. Joy struck again with the flicker of a brimstone on a sunny day. Then I lost pace with the surging emergence.

Front cover: Wood Anemone © Peter Brooks

Creative Nature Writing

Last year, following an idea from Sussex writer, journalist and wildlife lover Lucy Townsend, we produced our first ever anthology of poetry and flash fiction – *Awakenings*. It was an outstanding success, so we wanted to make this a regular project to encourage and inspire people living in our beautiful county to write about nature.

This year we asked for poems, flash fiction and haiku with the theme of *Emergence*. We enlisted the help of Louise Kenward, writer in residence at Rye Harbour Nature Reserve, to lead a free webinar to advise on creative writing and we were delighted when over 400 people attended. Entries flooded in – more than double received last year and once again the standard of writing was excellent and made for joyful reading.

We then asked Rachel Playforth, a poet and editor, to read all the entries and select some for publication. Rachel was born and bred in Sussex and has been involved with local poetry publisher The Frogmore Press since 2004. She co-edited the wild swimming anthology *Watermarks* and has recently been working on an online poetry project exploring the twittens of Lewes.

rachelplayforth.com



Rachel Playforth

Philipa Jane Coughlan

Heads Up Snowdrops

Suddenly the white blooms surfaced
as the sodden thick soil
encased their slender stems
flowers caught
in the fog of winter
reaching out to spring
they laid aside
from all the gloom
short, sharp glow
prodded, poked, punctured
fighting doom.



Snowdrop © Dave Kilby



Redwing © Lisa Geoghegan

Peter Wellby

January

Pert, arctic snowdrops ring in the new year
like snow-blanching magic mushrooms, armed
with gear
of lop-eared helmets, sporting slender spears.
Lent comes early for redwing and fieldfare:
red hawthorn, holly, sweet berries are spare.
The church, frozen in moonstruck silver cloak,
its belfry's great bronze thimbles mute as oak,
sees two-faced Janus turn our lives amiss:
fear of tomorrow, fret for yesterday,
stone blind, ears stopped at blessings of today.
Twelve months the Spirit broods over our
sphere
plump as a smooth egg, filled with promises;
now the shell cracks and a fresh hope is here,
this, the first white month of the new-hatched
year.

Emergence

Hannah King

Branching

Here I am at the edge of the world as I know it. My talons hold me from my future, gripping stubbornly to this splintering branch. I yearn to stay here, at this precipice, teetering on the edge of independence. My warm nest is behind me but this uncharted landscape lies ahead, tumbling out to meet the horizon, a tantalising wing beat away. I screech defiantly at the hills. The branch creaks and buckles below me. I almost jump forwards. Almost. Instead, I leap back, alarmed. My body knows it is not ready. If I go, my wings may not catch the air, and if they do, I may not be strong enough to push my way up into the sky. Tomorrow, I tell myself, hopping back towards the heart of the tree. Tomorrow, I will leave.



Little Owlets © Peter Brooks



Great-spotted Woodpecker © Peter Brooks

Samantha Pyrah

Great-Spotted Woodpecker

A great spot
Opens the creaky gate of the slumbering wood
And in a blur of black, white and red
Plays a drumroll for spring.

Sharon Harmer

Emergence

Are we emerging from our Wintering
Our shielding?
Is it safe to come out
To push up into the sunlight
Dazzled by its glare

Celia Hunt

Kingfisher

Flash of turquoise
cross-stitch
and herringbone
dart folded
dive and dip
water bubble
and fart
wing struggle
and out
waterproof
gleam streaming
fish flap
back to branch
clawing and gulp



Kingfisher © Richard Sharman



Tangled tree roots © Sue Curnock

Terri Meadus

It's time

She's calling.

The mother tree is calling you.

The unseen world below the feet of the others awakens from its winter pause, warming.

The quiet idea of new life spreads through the twisted roots of the ancients call the young forward to grow and flourish.

Show yourselves, it's time.

What about them?

They're waiting, they've been waiting.

They slowed down, they've seen you.

They've bathed in the glorious green more than ever before.

Families connected with each other and with you.

You saved them, mind and body.

Now it's your glorious time.

Be glorious.

Emergence



FOX © Daryl Peters

Lila Katz 12 years old

The Fox

It is a majestic creature, beautiful and elegant.

Yet it is a lone scavenger, prowling the streets at dusk,

a menacing glare penetrating those sharp, black eyes.

What does it think, when it stares at you with those powerful eyes. Is it scared? Is it hungry?

Will it pounce? or will it run? A coward or a warrior?

Who knows.

It screeches and howls, cries and growls, echoing through the night.

Friend or foe?

You never know - with the fox.

Steven Hitchmough

The Emergence of Winter

The sea pounds insistently on the pebble strewn beach, calling for an answer, the echoing reply comes with the withdrawing rush of icy cold winter grey water. No other sounds play across the waving reed beds behind the dunes. In the distance, crouching furtively yet resolutely, stands a bird hide empty and coffin like in its reed bed grave. Greylag geese, standing stones peppering the mudflats, ignore the anxious robotic dance of the smaller plovers and dunlin, oystercatchers at the shoreline, their red shanked matchstick legs stiffly reconnoitring the salty surf, cormorant and shag silhouetted in the distance, black and evil eyed shadow killers and at the low tide mark large black beetle like boulders squat and immoveable impose themselves and declare "we are the guardians of this place, we are testament to wind and water, we are proof of age and entropy."



Oystercatcher © Dave Kilby



Daffodils © Nigel Symington

Ms Owl

My daffodil poem

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Among the garden's humps and rills
When all at once I felt the urge
To lie amongst the daffodils.

I lay and listened carefully
And in a while I heard
The popping sound of opening buds
As daffodils emerged.

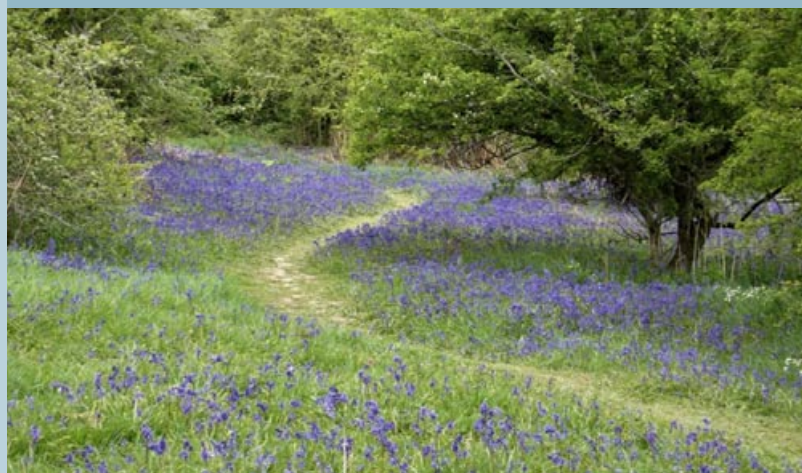
I was surprised to find out that daffodils made a noise when their buds opened and didn't hesitate to get as close as possible to see if I could hear this noise via my cochlear implant.

Rachael North

Bluebells

This year
I'm going to the bluebells.
It's a thing -
going to see the bluebells bloom
in spring.
This year I'm going too
in my new chair,
with all-terrain wheels, the bluebells
won't stare.

We'll be there together
ordinary in awe,
this family,
this year,
bluebells galore.



Bluebells © Sarah Bonnot-Tijhaar

Emergence

Mark Philips

Spring Emergence

Tiny fern, unfurling from a clef note into a shading parasol, anticipating a summer heat that feels impossible in the dark corner of this wood. It stretches and yawns into its emerging world, turning its face towards a sun as yet unseen. What ancient force must it feel, that propels its drive into air and light and space? What communion with the warming soil provokes its grappling rise and spread? And as it turns its unfurled fronds to the sky, a great shadow falls beneath it, calling into eclipse all life below.

So light and dark emerge together, are one thing.



Fern unfurling © Mike Read



Violets © Roger Wilmshurst

Chris Goode

Violets

tattered under February winds
they've ventured out once more
occupying their minimal space
inscribing their tiny poetry
in banks and hedgerows
so retiring and so reticent
Chopin loved your fine introversion
your muted accents of the evening
your memories of dancing
under silent trees
I can't quite believe in you
it's like you're not really there at all
just the faintest pulsation
whispered statements of Spring's intent
the violets have returned

Tracey Holmes

Emergence

On the East Beach in Littlehampton,
I stroked low-drifting clouds

Come to quench the tips of branches
sleeping still.

A pink tide washed the Downs and
glowed on the Arun

With the arrival of a star, bestowing
a wish.

There is green so lush in the lime and
the laurel

The manes of dwarf hyacinths sweep the
floor around the door

Piles of cushions, hiding carnations and
bulbs

As if scattered by a child, wild, untamed.

Snowdrops stayed buried, warned of
terrifying winds

By fungi holding tight to the roots of old
oaks.

Now they've passed, there is light,
branches signal with waves,

Reaching around gates and infusing
our air.

See us, stroke us, do not trample us
underfoot

We were always here, always green.
Just hidden from view.



Dartford Warbler on Gorse © Derek Middleton

Ellie Evans

Gorse blaze

Flames burn, scar and sear.

Furnace-fire drawing near.

Deep in the darkness below

Seeds heat up, start to glow.

Warmth brings power, a force ignited.

Dormant life to the surface invited.

A single shoot: germination.

Rooting, piercing into creation.

New growth now upon the downs;

Tough spikes paired with butter crowns.

Emergence

Clarissa Bird

Time

Everyday now I look for you
Look for your shoot in the soil
Sometimes you surprise me
Why didn't I see you before ?
Now here you are
Fully formed yet still on your way
To becoming
You pushed through when I wasn't looking
You knew your perfect time
Is now



Grey Seal © Alexander Mustard/2020Vision

Meriel Whale

The Seal

There's a seal in the river, the man says,
we just saw it, swimming, poking its head
up, looking at us!

Yes, the children say, we saw a seal!

I ask where it is.

Gone, they say, swam off. We were
lucky, they say, we saw it just in time.

Yes, I say, yes, you are lucky.

My gaze stretches beyond them,
perhaps it will come back in a moment,
I say.

Bye then, says the man, gathers his
children.

I step down to the edge of the river, I try
not to feel angry.

I walk here every day, have done for the
whole of these two years, have never
seen the seal.

I hear about it often. Every time, it has
gone before I arrive.

Sometimes I doubt its existence.
Sometimes I think this is my river, I think
I should see it.

But no-one can own a river. No-one can
own a seal. Longing means nothing.

If I could have what I longed for I would
see the seal.

I would show it to my own children on
the bank of the river.

Freya Bezencon age 10

Second Week of February

Second week of February, that's when it's here
 Little froggy eggs in ponds start to appear
 Later on they'll grow black dots
 Soon there shall be lots and lots!
 When the tiny creatures emerge from their
 eggs
 The water 'll be seething with tadpoles without
 legs
 A few weeks later you have miniature frogs
 Hopping and dropping round hollowed out
 logs
 Give them some time and they'll be fully
 grown
 Ready enough to lay eggs of their own!
 Second week of February that's when it's here
 Little froggy eggs in ponds start to appear



Froglet © Paul Marten



Stickleback © Derek Middleton

Stephen Briault

We never thought the sticklebacks would
 breed
 in our half-ruined mock-gothic garden
 fountain,
 its render chipped and chipping off, its sides
 unable to contain the intended volume:
 but see, the fry emerge like fingernail-
 sized ghosts between the spreading milfoil,
 flicking
 like flicked clippings into and out of the open
 water spaces, and unembarrassed announce
 their feat of multiplication from the pair
 we never quite identified in the bucket
 triumphantly borne home eight months before.

Emergence

Cat Forrester

Cissbury Ring

Striding out on a pale February afternoon, we go left. Mud, flint, thistle. Left and up. You are dog-sure while I pick my way. We pass the final wind-bent tree and the sea comes into view. And with it, on age-old cue, comes the wind. Eyes sting, ears burn and wild hair refuses to be caught. I give up and push my hands more resolutely into pockets. You turn your head and long ears into the wind to feel it run through your fur.

We follow the curve of the ancient ring; the view expands into a panorama of coastal towns and sea. Behind us, the leafless oaks wait for better days.

We walk on, the wind punishing me and paying homage to you.

Finally the path turns inland. We walk on. I am looking for relief from the wind, looking for Spring.



Peacock Butterfly on Damson blossom © Roger Wilmshurst

Bronwen Griffiths

The Moment

The moment
of first unfurling
a leaf small as a distant star
the moment a magnolia blossom
releases its petals into the blue of sky
giddyng the air with its sweet scent
the moment a bee
finds its way into the heart of the damson
blossom
and the wind sculpts the cloud into feathers
which fall white into the grass
this is the moment



Wind blown tree © Vanda Pellins

Gill Potterton

A Volery of Long-tailed Tits

Venturing out for a winter walk, just as far as the village green and into the churchyard, I stood and took in the sheer splendour of the biggest oak tree. From its centuries-old trunk, up through its strong spreading arms and into the fine tracery of its bare branches, all blackly silhouetted against the pale wintry sky. The majestic tree seemed motionless, like a still-life painting, until I discerned tiny movements; not leaves, but flashing, flitting birds, never still, unmistakably long-tailed tits.

A volery of long-tailed tits, passing through, as is their habit. Here, there, everywhere, my eyes flitting to follow them moving inexorably from one side of the tree across to its furthest reaches, then emerging skywards one after the other until all had disappeared from view, leaving the stately oak (and me) to stand and mourn their decision not to linger.



Long-tailed Tits © Roger Wilmshurst



Bumblebee © Nick Upton

Karolyn Mnich

Eye-Spy Spring

It will be an adventure.

We have our hopes held high.

Is it warm enough for adders to emerge
 from under layered logs by the zigzag path?

Will we see the geese take off, flying back to
 arctic north?

Or spot an orange tip and holly blue dancing
 above the grasses near the froggy pond?

The air is no longer grey, damp, un-welcoming.

Although our trudge through mud and kissing
 gates

is quiet, heavy, the sounds of chiffchaffs and
 wrens calling

amongst trees and bushes are brightening
 the day.

An optimistic bumblebee flies low, greeting
 sunny celandines.

Teasing us. It's spring. It really is!

Humming, buzzing, adding Razzmatazz!

Emergence



Honeysuckle © Alan Price

Keith Marsden

I live in a third-floor apartment. The view from my window includes a lovely old Victorian school (built in 1840) which has been converted into a private house. Between my flat and the school house is a large Dutch Elm tree. I can see the house through the bare branches of the tree.

As Spring and Summer approach, I know that leaves will have their “emergence”. Lovely as they emerge and grow – but my view of that house (and other things) will gradually disappear behind a blanket of green and my flat will become darker in the day time. I look forward to leaf-fall in the Autumn, when the house and the light will again emerge.

Catherine Craig

Goldcrest

Happiness is a goldcrest
Appearing among the bramble thicket
Where clusters of newborn honeysuckle leaves
Speak translucent green
To the murky tangle
Just metres from the place where my heart beats
Like an ember
Thrown out by the ascendant sun
Tiny feathers alight with intricate fire
How much does the heart of a goldcrest weigh,
I wonder?
Can such a thing of fierce minuteness be
weighed in any balance
Other than in its own luminous moment
In the ecology of being and belonging
It beats, and that is surely everything



Goldcrests © Alan Price

Diane Moulton

Mothology

In my hairy adolescence: my orange spots, my braids and spikes

I was vulnerable to revulsion, hatred, fear and spite.

So I built my frothy caterpillar nest to rest and pupate

Ah! Then behold my magic mystery altered state

A camouflage of grey and black and downy white

It would not need a lens to see beauty

In my exquisite dusty symmetry

So on the chalky grassland above the Sussex sea

I dance with Adonis and Chalkhill Blue

I mingle with rare blue Sussex Rampions, nettles and Campions

I'm drunk on Knapweed nectar and have a drowsy need for eventide; yearn for night

Then, besotted by moonlight, I flutter

Upwards and onwards on my mothy moonlit flight



Beautiful Demoiselle © Bob Eade

Ysabel Cameron

Emergence

Freed from the depths of ancient ponds
frogs rise to greet the new-born sun
and sing till fresh spring waters run.
Among pale-budded willow fronds
a hind drinks at the water's edge
as quickening life within her begs
to stand and run on its own legs
in hours to come. Now in the sedge
there's magic as the waters sway –
bursting from her carapace
blue jewel with wings of finest lace –
la demoiselle est arrivée.

Emergence

Suzanne Stronge

The Field Dew Pond

The low sun sets an eerie atmosphere over the deeper southern end. of the clay depression that forms the field dew pond. Fallen branches look as if they are crawling out of the water, caught in a cycle of ebb and flood, from winter storms. Tentacled roots of a fallen tree range from straw to black in colour, indicating the higher reaches of the water. Grass creates a green film over the northern end, but the centre section always remains clear but dark.

The dead wood and live roots of trees provide a natural habitat for amphibians. There is more movement in the pond as the toads, frogs and newts emerge from hibernation. Mole hills of dark brown clay make an incoherent line to the waters edge. A flock of sheep like to drink under the mirrored tall trees. The pregnant ewes will start lambing at the end of March.

The field dew pond described is on the Pulborough side of the Roman Road just before Hardham.



Toad © Sam Roberts



Ladybird © Martin Munn

Ruth Lawrence

She Wakes

Stilled by darkness, all life held dormant in her. Tied to sunlight as trout to river, the photons she has waited for are travelling ninety million miles to return her to the world.

I cannot rouse her, but I can help. I strip away anything that blocks the light and in moments the miracle begins. Sun lends her enough fuel to power her hair-breadth legs. I gather her feather weight on my finger nail, bearing her into heavy June warmth.

She begins to vibrate, sun-speaking her way into the blazing day. Her wings fall open, her colour meeting those particles of ancient starlight sent for her alone, roaring through dark and silence to ignite her slumbering beauty.

And then, she is flying. No easing into the sky, it is sudden and complete. My spirit leaps aboard, holding tight. We become a scarlet-winged Icarus, climbing to the light

Margo Wright age 10

A Block World Gaming Narrator's Spring

Hello, today I'm going to be building a
spring world in Minecraft

I'm going to put some flowers around
the place

probably some snowdrops and crocuses
and maybe a few daffodils

There's lots of snow around here

I'm going to break all that, get rid of it

I'm going to put some hedges with
flowers over here

to make the place look nice

I'm going to plant some saplings over
here

Then I'm going to use some bonemeal to
make them grow

I'm going to place some beehives on the
trees

and I'm going to use some bee spawn
eggs to make it look like spring

as they fly around and collect pollen

I'm going to break the old sprucewood
trees that look like Christmas trees

I'm going to plant some more saplings,
probably oak and birch

And this is our spring world



Spider's web © Roger Wilmshurst

Lorna Mason

The morning star,
Still bright in the sky,
Now hides in the mist
And from afar –
Yet, right by my side,
A question hangs in the air,
Delicate as a spider's web
Spangled with dew as
The sun's prisms
Shake of night's dreams –
And the chorus sings
From tiny throats –
Far and wide
Joy! Joy! To all!

Emergence



Sparrowhawk © Derek Middleton

Sarah Hill Wheeler

Migration

She almost crushes it. Another clod of drab on a slab of London Paving. A stray glove, a curled-up sock limp with yesterday's rain.

Hurry past. Her feet itch to escape the battle grey skies and drizzle. Here spring comes mired in cloud and diesel. Today even the convenience store's strip-lighting and soldiered shelves shine with the promise of refuge.

Once, she shopped in sunlight, the air ripe with blue basil and mango, her fingers testing scarlet peppers and plump aubergines, their skins dark and shiny as the president's limo.

A flicker, thin as the shadow of a candle flame, pulls her back to the present. What she thought was rag morphs into other. Feathers ripple, clavicle wings falter, its tiny heart fluttering like an overwound pocket-watch.

Gently, she moves the swift to the verge, whispering into its soft brownness.

After 4,500 miles, you need to rest, like me.

Claire Booker

Earthworm

Gender fluid eco-warrior, grown plump on leaf and mould. Spring showers bring you wriggling across paths in your shiny red coat, then down again, through the earth's precious soil, turning base matter into gold

Jane Holbrook

New Life

Amidst a canopy of fresh foliage, Within a nest neatly hidden,

Patently sits a brooding hen, cleverly camouflaged.

Waiting for the tapping of small beaks within eggshells,

Announcing that her chicks are beginning to hatch



Green Woodpecker © Derek Middleton

Laura Sykes

Emergence

Lurking in the playground, seeking the weak morning sun as the mist hangs low in the trees, small bodies are squealing and laughing. In a pause of sound, we hear the quick and insistent knocking of a woodpecker.

It feels as though the sound is early, as though he is desperate for the new season to begin. He raps insistently, drumming out his solid rhythm, and I ask if they can hear him above their playfights and chasing games. There is no reply from amongst the rowdy joy, and I smile trying to hear the bird as he follows the rhythm of light and morning.

The next day, the most exuberant of them says quietly; 'I heard it, I heard the woodpecker.' Like the trees, and the yaffle, he has been awakened.

Adam Rafael Holmes aged 12

Spring Emerges

Dappled is the shadow of the light through the trees,
 Cast upon the swing hanging below,
 The hail of February is just a memory,
 Of Winter days long ago.
 The blizzardous winds soar over the horizon,
 Whispers replace the roars,
 As the meadow-flowers, shielding themselves,
 From Winter's icy grasp,
 Raise their heads once more.
 And the clocks of the trees; all will strike,
 And the eucalyptus bells will ring,
 To signal the arrival of the Season of new life,
 To announce the birth of Spring.



Wildflowers © Sam Roberts

Emergence



Chalk stream © Fran Southgate

Natasha Padbury

The Winterbourne Stream

Bourne of the Winter.

Seasonal gift from the mighty downs.

Our rare chalk stream. Blue vein running through Lewes.

Flint bed, Hart's tongue fern lined, dappled sun canopy.

The waterfall raging, fizzing with life.

The A27 drone just metres away.

Road rain runoff, murky and grey.

Encased in dark tunnels. A concrete slide through civilisation.

Gentle meandering through the heart of rustling reeds.

Mullet mass paying tribute to the tributary.

Mingle with the Ouse out to sea.

Tides turn. Seasons roll on. Flow, trickle, stop.

A summer sacrifice.

A dry dent in our land and memory until you are Winter Bourne again.

Charles Barrow

Emergence

I steel myself to step outside. A final glance through the window reveals crystal blue skies, an early sun gilding black branches, glittering frost in pockets of shadow on the borders; riming emerald crocus spears.

“Bury them deep. Bulbs are a promise of brighter days. Like treasure.” These were almost his final words to me, as we laboured last autumn. “Golds, amethysts, pearls. Riches for when you’ll need them most. Afterwards.”

I’d been wrapped in a smothering duvet of despair. Since. With neither the will nor strength to cast it off. My heart a bitter winter graveyard of grief.

Yet today breaks, somehow, differently. Those resolute crocuses will have pushed their way through earth like iron, just as he’d promised. A reminder that hard winters do fall away, springtime does return, offering renewal. I crack open my door. Birdsong drifts in and calls me out into a newly defined world.



CROCUS © Dave Kilbey



Oak seedling © Simon Colmer

Linda Ling

Emergence

Deep in the dark, dank earth I wait,
 Locked into the coarse coldness surrounding me.
 I sense it won't be long.
 Time passes, then I feel it –
 The slow, seeping warmth, like lifeblood,
 Giving me strength and power.
 I strain and push as energy surges through me,
 Seeking the sunlight I sense
 Surrounding the soil above me.
 My need drives me upwards, outwards,
 Breaking through into a world of light and
 warmth.
 I am here, my journey has begun.

Roxanne Rodrigues-Betts

4am. 5am.

4am. 5am. I know not which
 The hour is early; I sense you shift
 And from the dawn, Spring's chorus clear
 Since you were born, the first you'll hear.
 I twitch beneath Dawn's duvet hours
 My eyes adjust but eyelids tower
 Like lead. They try to send me back
 To dreamful lands of calm and lax
 Yet stronger still, my instinct pulls
 A song so loud, a parent's call.
 Your tininess won't linger on
 But every year this tuneful morn
 Will march on with melodic might
 4am. 5am. Until it's light



Wren © Simon Linnington

Emergence

Haiku entries

In this year's anthology we have included Haiku – a form of Japanese poetry made of short, unrhymed lines that evoke nature and the seasons and often contrasts two things. Haiku can come in a variety of different formats but the most common is a three-line poem with a 5-7-5 syllable pattern.

Spring

A green fuse awakes
Into an icy blue sky
A sparrow applauds

Andrew Sutton

New Web

Nature show, light show
Sun caught, lustrous filaments
Glinting. Free of charge.

Beryl Docherty

Emergence

bone knocked into soil,
a pinch of beak lightly tapped
by rolling spring dew

Isobel Dyson

High sun, short shadows ~
A summons to growth and bloom
And just one jumper!

Peter Thomason

the wren appears
feeds fleetingly
returns to her unseen nest

Geoffrey Winch

primrose butterfly
flies the yellow sun in wings
here now here oh! Here

Kay Syrad

A falling snowflake
gently meets its own shadow -
becomes a snowdrop.

Keith Massey



Nesting?

The blue tits are back
inspecting the birch. Each day
they seem more certain.

Alison Allen

Spring. Silent but for
The bud bursting with sharpness
Snap, Crackle, Allure

Nathanael Wilson age 11



The Seed

Darkness, stirrings, push,
Down, down, down, up, up, up - light!
Push, unfurl, stretch, bask.

Susan Tindall

Friston Forest walk
splay of new lime-green beech leaves
rash of white bluebells

Lisa Dart

Brewer's Dubbins

There's brewer's dubbins
On the South Downs this morning;
The sun will emerge.

John Doy

*Brewer's Dubbins is an old Sussex term I once heard for
the mist that hangs on the downs in the morning
which resembles the white haze that hovers
over brewing beer.*

Blue Tit © Lisa Geoghegan



Woods Mill,
Henfield,
West Sussex BN5 9SD

01273 492630

sussexwildlifetrust.org.uk

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