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Hocking Spring

I am so happy as I can be
While driving home on Route 33.
My spirit soars, I'm filled with mirth
Each winter spawns a spring's rebirth,
And on every hand I see
Dogwood blossoms on the tree.

Where leafless trees once staunchly stood
Is now a densely forested wood.
And like a white crocheted doily
Covering Hocking's every hill and valley
Are dogwood blossoms--they do more good
Than any spring tonic ever could.

And as if to mock my very glee
Tiny warblers sing from every tree.
While springing from the forest floor
Garnished with their sweet allure,
Wild flowers rise to welcome me
Programmed by nature's own decree.

What price for this, this beauty spot
That nature, alone, not man hath wrought?
Where from the top of every knoll
I find new wonders to extol.
Beauty like this can not be bought;
It's spring's own refreshing draught.

Jeanne Thomson
1927-1996

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