

## ***Pollyanna***

*Surely there is nothing wrong with looking sweet and nice?  
Pollyanna certainly has a knack to make others look twice  
A dainty flower in her hair always makes her feel good  
Pretty and feminine, feeling like a guinea pig should*

*On Monday you will see her wearing a poppy of red  
For Tuesday its blue forget-me-nots that tend to spread  
Perhaps some sweet violets on the days that follow  
Sometimes creating a daisy chain that gleams like a halo*

*At the weekend she favours a golden dandelion head  
As it's Sunday she often has a longer lay in her straw bed  
Whatever the occasion she's not dressed without a bloom  
Smiling as she passes you wafting her gentle perfume.*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2021

# *Spring is Hare*

*I walk through the meadow with joy in my heart  
Baby blue skies above blowing the clouds apart  
New life and promise emerging from every new thing  
The call of the curlew heralding the arrival of spring*

*Birds bustle in and out of hedges building their nests  
Bluebells burst through in a carpet of blue mist  
Lambs and ducklings with speckled blue eggs  
Tulips and daffodils with trumpeting heads*

*Buzzing of bees circling on invisible threads  
Blue tits and swallows busy making their beds  
Butterflies gently waltzing in the new spring air  
A spider gracefully spinning her web as I stare*

*Bright golden dandelion heads following the sun  
Trickling riverbeds now free to flow and run  
Fluffy ears of foxgloves and ladys mantle emerge  
Cheerful cherry blossom in delicate petals unfurl*

*Fields of Yellow lesser calendines begin to shine  
The glorious splendor of the British Countryside  
And sitting right there in a patch of fresh blooms  
Is the elusive little hare, just enjoying their perfume*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

# *Honeybunny*

*When bunnies are born there is a little bit of  
magic inside them waiting to be found  
That's how they make everyone feel happy  
and special when they are around  
With the softest of fluff and droopy floppy  
ears twitching a little pink nose  
Waves of happiness and joy spreads to us  
all wherever they hop and go*

*Sitting in a patch of primroses Honeybunny is as tender as can be  
The bees visit her where she enjoys the shade under the old hazel tree  
They are attracted to her magical bunny  
charm as she grazes on the grass  
The mice also enjoy an afternoon chat with  
Honeybunny as they scurry past  
The smallest of creatures can have the most kindness I have found  
Make her laugh and her magic releases in glowing sparkles all around  
For bunnies' hearts are pure and their place in this world is quite clear  
Bunnies are for cuddling and loving and for  
us all to hold especially dear xx*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2020

# ***Badger & Bee***

*There is a woodland in the heart of the English countryside old as time  
Trees become dense the deeper you go as the air grows cool and fairy bells chime  
The branches above sigh with age as they creak and groan softly whispering tales  
Lichen covers their bark and their roots are entwined with primroses and bluebells  
Beneath these roots an ancient tunnel system lays where many animals roam  
For hundreds of years a generation of Badgers have called this place home  
Golden rays of sunrise shine down on the earth lighting up a head of black and white hair  
As a little wet black nose pokes out of the tunnel entrance and sniffs the air  
With weak sight but a keen sense of smell little Tommy badger emerges from the hole  
Whilst his clan are asleep he has eagerly planned this secret morning stroll  
Curiosity burning in his heart, his young and inquisitive nature won't allow him to sleep  
What happens during the day? He has asked himself, I really must know, just a peek  
So up and out climbs this brave little badger, on an adventure to find blue skies  
The warmth on his fur and twinkle of sunlight dazzling his gentle eyes  
The world of day brings new sounds and life very different to the cool of the dark  
He can smell the flowers of the meadow and hear the morning song of the lark  
Following the scent of wild meadow flowers padding along on his powerful feet  
What awaits in this world of the day? He wonders who he might possibly meet  
Suddenly he hears a mysterious noise as it fills his ears with a buzzing sound  
With a flash of black and yellow fluff and a tangle of legs flying around  
"I'm Tommy" says the badger nervously, "who are you that I can see?"  
"Why of course I am a humble bumble" comes the reply, "but my friends just call me Bee"  
Would you like some breakfast young Tommy? I know of a bush full of delicious elderberries  
With joy in his heart to have found such a friend Tommy happily replies "yes please"  
So, whilst the other badgers slept soundly, Tommy knew it was friendship that he had craved  
His adventures were only just beginning, such wonders awaited him because he had been brave.*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2020

# ***Spirit of the Forest***

*If you stand very still deep in a forest under the trees  
You can feel her presence, there is an energy in the air  
She is the Goddess, the ancient spirit of the forest  
She protects and nurtures all who inhabit there*

*She is the earth beneath your feet, the wind in the trees  
The wheel of life keeping balance through the turning seasons  
In Autumn she changes the colours and blows the leaves  
From sparkling gold to rusty browns and shiny coppers*

*She is the cool breath of Winter as the animals gently sleep  
Protecting the land with snow to allow the ground time to rest  
Awakening the fragrant earth in Spring as buds burst into life  
Bluebells colour the paths and birds emerge from their nests*

*She is the warmth of glowing Summer sunshine on flowers  
The invisible energy in the beat of dragonfly wings  
She is the soft rainfall and rainbows full of lazy long hours  
Mother Nature, divinity, magic, she is the balance of all things*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2019

## ***Curious Hare***

*A wild apple tree sends blossoms spiralling  
down in the warm spring air  
Settling on buttercups and primroses  
of yellow hues so fair  
Bustling traffic of birds in and out of  
the hedges building their nests  
Gathering tiny twigs and twines  
there's simply no time to rest*

*The woodland glade is bursting with  
wildflowers stretching their heads  
Whilst underneath, silky mushrooms and  
scampering beetles as life spreads  
A pair of golden eyes fall upon me, I  
daren't move as she softly stares  
With a whisper of a smile and a flick of velvet  
ears it is, of course, a curious little hare.*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

## ***Bee Lovely***

*Today I saw my friend, his name is Mr Bee  
He's always extremely happy, which  
I'm very pleased to see*

*He's beautifully fat and fluffy,  
swooshing and flying around  
I often sit among the flowers waiting  
for his buzzing sound*

*We always have lots to talk about,  
Bee gathers all the news  
From the meadow to the hedgerow  
he never stops to snooze*

*The poppies dance and sway with  
a gentle graceful ease  
"Well must be off" says Mr Bee, and with  
a wave he's off on the breeze...*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

## ***Rosie Robin***

*Think of a country garden and one thing springs to my mind  
A sweetly singing little bird of a very special kind  
The gardener's friend with a scarlet crimson breast  
Darting from wheelbarrow to spade with very little rest*

*My friendly loveable robin is always welcome to me  
She swoops in to get some worms; she watches me you see  
Flitting and hopping from garden cane to flower pot  
Patiently waiting for me to dig over the vegetable plot*

*In spring she nests in unusual places, an old hat or boot will do  
I live in harmony with this little bird her trust in me which grew  
So dear, as she reminds me of what my mother used to say  
That when missing loved ones are near a robin will appear*

*She remains a loyal visitor as the summer turns to fall  
When I feed my little Rosie, I feed a piece of my soul  
As the garden turns to white and the leaves drop away  
She provides a welcome flash of colour on a crisp winter's day*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly



## **Bumblelove**

*What is it about Bumblebees that we love so much  
Is it their gorgeously fluffy bottoms that we long to touch  
Or the way they zoom around free as the wind  
Buzzing around the flowers, such happiness they bring  
Or is it how hard they work that we admire  
Their little wings frantically flapping to lift them higher  
Or the way they are so clever making their honey  
A golden treasure more valuable than money  
They always seem friendly and happy with each other  
Busily collecting nectar to take home to the queen mother  
There are so many things we can learn from the bees  
Gracefully keeping our environment balanced with such ease  
Whatever it is, they have captured our hearts forever  
Lets all try and be like them and live in harmony together*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2020

## ***Moongazer***

*The full silver moon hung heavy in the velvet sky  
I am Hare, gazing into complete quietness  
Beneath my strong paws the seeds of wheat  
The earth recharges with energy and grows anew  
Earth is listening*

*We hear more in the sweet silence  
Mother Nature whispers straight into my heart  
I gaze up to the far beyond and see a star  
By the time its bright light reaches me  
The star has died and gone, and I feel the wonder  
We are all simply stardust in the ever-expanding cosmos*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2020

## ***Hares My Heart***

*I wished on a shooting star one night  
To bring me a love for my heart to burn bright  
Along you came with your warmth and kisses  
Fluffy cuddles and snuggles, I got all my wishes  
Listen to your heart, it will tell you what is true  
My heart is yours forever, I love you so, I do*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2018

## ***Berries & Snowflakes***

*The winter hare always has to be so cunning and clever  
He scampers about in the open despite  
the awful chilly weather*

*For precious food becomes sparse when the temperature drops  
Shimmering snow covers the fields and  
there are no more farmers crops*

*As a wise and mystical creature, the hare will always survive  
Chewing moss and hunting for berries they dig and they dive  
As glittering snowflakes softly fall and land on his wet nose  
The shining moon above watches over him wherever he goes  
As others silently hibernate, the hare travels all winter long  
But soon it will be spring and the birds  
will burst into sweet song*

*The harshness of winter will be a distant memory for the hare  
As sunshine returns bringing an abundance of food to share  
Refreshed and relaxed he will be sipping  
fresh water from the lake  
Remembering his long days chasing berries and snowflakes*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

## ***Mr Prickles Christmas Party***

*The smell of fresh spiced gingerbread biscuits wafted through the woodland to Badgers hole  
Excitedly he threw on a scarf and hopped out to join the cheerful crowd on a stroll  
For today everyone would join in the festive fun for it only happens once a year  
Today is the famous Mr Prickles Christmas Party of celebration and good cheer  
A fragrant wreath of moss, pine cones and mistletoe adorn his little front door  
“Knock Knock!” they all cried merrily as they heard his padded feet running across the floor  
As he threw open the door, they all cheered and piled into the home at the base of a tree  
As they looked around, they gasped in wonder at such wonderous sights they did see  
Thousands of fairy lights twinkled all the way up inside the tree sparkling from every branch and twig  
“It’s like being inside a star!” cried Squirrel as she suddenly spotted a bowl of frosted honey figs  
As the animals all arrived, they were handed hot apple cider and the party got into full swing  
Brown Hare cheerfully handed out hot bowls of wild chestnut stew and said “let the games begin!”  
Blackbirds and robins tweeted merrily above singing carols as they played pin the tail on the deer  
Badger couldn’t stop laughing as he removed all the toasted marshmallows stuck to Mr Deer’s rear  
“Pull the cracker” cried Mr Prickles and as they pulled out his loose needles, he shouted BANG!  
They told stories of the ancient forest and filled their bellies with delicious winter treats  
The young foxes full of energy and sweets were still playing games like hide and seek  
And so, into the night they all merrily danced and sang until the stars appeared  
Old Barn Owl raised a glass and declared it another successful party to end the year!*

*Art that tells a Story...*

*Love  
Country*  
by Sarah Reilly

[www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk](http://www.lovecountrybysarahreilly.co.uk)

© Sarah Reilly 2020