**The Signs of Spring**

By Kathy Hawkins

The dreary days of winter are soon to be in the past

As snow turns to rain and the earth comes alive at last

Crying children wanting to be outside to run free

Parents wondering if it will ever dry up so it can be

A trip to the farm to let the kids exuberantly run

The squeals and giggles describe all the fun

Traipsing down the driveway through mud and muck

Wanting to get to the puddles just like a duck

Standing at the edge looking as the water ripples in the breeze

The little ones know mom and dad would want them to freeze

The thoughts of jumping in are so urgently strong

Would it really be so awfully terribly wrong

When coming from behind they hear boots approaching

They turn to see the person they were hoping

With a smile and a laugh in jumps the crazy lady

Who on more than one occasion has been a bit shady

The splashing begins with various sizes of rubber boots

The squeals and hollers and oh the many hoots

Puddles being emptied one splash at a time

You would have thought they were losing their mind

Exhaustion eventually flows through all of their bodies

Clomping back to the house and snickering at the follies

Met by the stern eyes of dear old mom and dad

Knowing it’s okay because they can’t be mad

The drips and the dibbles of mud off faces so sweet

Surely they wouldn’t be the ones to take the heat

That crazy lady was leading the charge they said

Grandma caused the uproar and should be the one sent to bed

Mom and dad stood shaking their head with disbelief

With a Grandma like that they were in for countless years of grief