

Spring On Broomhill Drive, Glasgow
James Roberts

On a Saturday evening
stolen back from due rain,

with all the joy
that brings,

the air on this edge of the scheme
feels freer.

Between the thin soles
of my canvas shoes
and the pavement
it lifts my feet that bit further
after they fall.

The light catches everything
it possibly can.

Concrete greys drop back
or they soften.

There is a back-lit hot glow
to all the blossom.

Poetry

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*The University of Sheffield's
Creative Writing Journal*