

# War over turf

First Saturday of Spring

**Lucas McDonald.**

**Special mention. 2022 Marysville BookNest Writing Competition**

The treaty has held for many a week  
No green blades nor rusty, toiled or spun  
But now the green stirs, a battle they seek  
Made strong by the rain, they drink up the sun

Their ranks are expanded, upward they go  
Capturing landmarks is their main focus  
Spreading abroad they continue to grow  
Pushing too far, their enemies notice

Battle begins with the pull of a string  
A vortex of blades meets a sea of green  
The sound throughout the neighbourhood does ring  
Straight flattened lines where the conflict has been

The green is cut down, a victor is born  
Such was the skirmish, of mowing the lawn