

Words for another day

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I wrote a lot of words last night - around 3,000 of them.

None of them are ready for publication, as yet. That's just the way it is sometimes. Long weekends are for thinking, writing, reflecting and then having another go at refining what's appeared on my screen, in my opinion.

Although they're not just about that, of course. Birdwatching and a lot of gardening were also done yesterday, and I can feel the muscles involved in filling a wheelie bin with pruned material as I try to recreate some order in the spaces the ivy has tried to take over, which is all my fault since I love the stuff.

It does, however, mean there are fewer words than expected this morning. Those I drafted will have to see the light of day some other time, if they ever do.

Meanwhile, happy Easter, if that celebration has meaning for you. If not, just feel the renewal that it does, appropriately, celebrate as spring really does begin to deliver on all its promises.

I am off birdwatching again, soon. Wicken Fen will be alive with warblers.