April

Sally Van Doren

I chart the psyche, observing how I force myself to speak to you, imagining that together we might transform a life.

Why this need to document change, to reverse a mood, to carry forward the time when magnolias bloom?

Let's follow the itinerant we up and over the jonquil's back, treading on its spilled bullion.







{I wandered lonely as a Cloud}

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a Cloud That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills, When all at once I saw a crowd. A host of golden Daffodils; Beside the Lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the Milky Way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves beside them danced, but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:— A Poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company: I gazed—and gazed—but little thought What wealth the shew to me had brought: For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the Daffodils.





In April

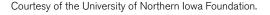
James Hearst

This I saw on an April day:
Warm rain spilt from a sun-lined cloud,
A sky-flung wave of gold at evening,
And a cock pheasant treading a
dusty path
Shy and proud.

And this I found in an April field: A new white calf in the sun at noon, A flash of blue in a cool moss bank, And tips of tulips promising flowers To a blue-winged loon.

And this I tried to understand
As I scrubbed the rust from my
brightening plow:
The movement of seed in furrowed earth,
And a blackbird whistling sweet and clear
From a green-sprayed bough.







Developed in partnership with

Loveliest of Trees

A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now Is hung with bloom along the bough, And stands about the woodland ride Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten, Twenty will not come again,

And take from seventy springs a score, It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom Fifty springs are little room, About the woodlands I will go To see the cherry hung with snow.



