

# 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.



From *Sex at Noon Taxes*, Louisiana State University Press, 2007.  
Courtesy of Louisiana State University Press.

# {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.



Courtesy of the University of Northern Iowa Foundation.

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# 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.

