1. April First — Here Comes Spring

Begin your poem-a-day in April with a tribute to April herself.

Forsythia

What must it feel like after months of existing as bare brown sticks, all reasonable hope of blossoming lost, to suddenly, one warm April morning, burst into wild yellow song, hundreds of tiny prayer flags rippling in the still-cold wind, the only flash of color in the dull yard, these small scraps of light, something we might hold on to.

Barbara Crooker
anthologized in The Path to Kindness: Poems of Connection and Joy edited by James Crews

In Early April
A white spiral of pelicans slowly drains down out of the pink late afternoon, settling onto a pond far in the distance, its surface reflecting the sky like an opening, a second sky showing through from beneath, the prairie no more than a film between the heaven above us and another below, the pelicans all of one mind, gliding down, none of them beating one wing in resistance, before passing through to the bright other side.

Ted Kooser
in Kindest Regards
In an Old Apple Orchard

The wind’s an old man
to this orchard; these trees
have been feeling
the soft tug of his gloves
for a hundred years.
Now it’s April again,
and again that old fool
thinks he’s young.
He’s combed the dead leaves
out of his beard; he’s put on
perfume. He’s gone off
late in the day
toward the town, and come back
slow in the morning,
reeling with bees.
As late as noon, if you look
in the long grass,
you can see him
still rolling about in his sleep.

Ted Kooser
in *Sure Signs*

Each year it’s a surprise
that the world can turn green again.
It is the grandest surprise in life,
the birds coming back from the south to my open
arms, which they fly past, aiming at the feeders.

Jim Harrison
final stanza from
“Winter, Spring”
from *Dead Man’s Float*