

1.

April First 2024

It's April again. Write a poem of spring arriving or of any sort of new start.

I.

Last night the geese came back,  
slanting fast  
from the blossom of the rising moon down  
to the black pond. A muskrat  
swimming in the twilight saw them and hurried

to the secret lodges to tell everyone  
spring had come.

And so it had.

By morning when we went out  
the last of the ice had disappeared, blackbirds  
sang on the shores. Every year  
the geese returning  
do this, I don't  
know how.

Mary Oliver  
part I from "Two Kinds of Deliverance"  
in *Dream Work*

### **A Prayer in Spring**

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;  
And give us not to think so far away  
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here  
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,  
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;  
And make us happy in the happy bees,  
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird  
That suddenly above the bees is heard,  
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,  
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,  
The which it is reserved for God above  
To sanctify to what far ends He will,  
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

Robert Frost  
from Collected Poems, Prose & Plays

## April

In a dream  
my friend April  
told me her birthday  
was April first.

Oh goody, I told her,  
I love birthdays;  
I will put yours  
in my calendar.

Quite lucid, I thought,  
Oh, this is only a dream.  
I'll have to ask her again  
when I wake up.

That woke me up,  
and awake I realized  
I've never had  
a friend named April.

jch 10/9/2022

## IV

A man is walking in a field  
and everywhere at his feet  
in the short grass of April  
the small purple violets  
are in bloom. As the man walks  
the ground drops away,  
the sunlight of day becomes  
a sort of darkness in which  
the lights of the flowers rise

up around him like  
fireflies or stars in a sort  
of sky through which he walks.

Wendell Berry  
Sabbath Poems IV, 2008  
in *This Day: Collected and New Sabbath Poems*

### **A Sonnet to Change**

A daffodil emerged, its bloom unfurled,  
Its yellow a reflection of the sun,  
No matter how its beauty stunned the world,  
It seemed that in mere moments it was done,  
And all that marked the spot where it had been,  
Were spears of leaves that wilted where they grew;  
Though daffodils would flourish here again,  
No other would be that one born anew.  
And so the seasons come and seasons go,  
Each heralding its entrance with a flower,  
And change is ever constant, quick and slow,  
While constancy awaits the altering hour.  
The truth of transience has made it plain,  
Though nothing changes, nothing stays the same.

Pauline Clarke