

April First Poems

And thus it begins... the challenge to write a poem every day during April, National Poetry Month. Begin at the beginning: April First, Welcome to April once again!

All Fools' Day

Give me a sense of humor,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life
And pass it on to other folk.

Anonymous

The airport automatic doors
Slide open
To a blast of shockingly cold wind
Welcome to April
Welcome to Iceland
With a sweet orange glow
A giant seagull
and moon-like hills

Slink Moss

1. Spring

A smattering of red buds
high up in understated sprays,
the rest of the trees all
undressed limbs open to the sky
displaying gnarls and corners,

their splitting and splitting until twig.

Last night in the dark
I, startled by large wings
from near the compost pile,
dropped the bucket,
wondered owl? turkey?,
the stars bright against matt black,
Orion's belt low on the horizon.

Am I flapping my extended wings
into dark space, scared
by encroaching footsteps?
Or am I finally budding, the crows
cawing, the bluebirds returning,
the taupe grass wearing patchy green,
my roots in the earth murmuring
through mycelium, knowing I am
not alone, warmth has returned.

Kim Kaufman (2024)

we call this April
and it is snowing
but our planets
know nothing
about april or any aprils
they only obey the
centrifugal centripetal
energy of their
orbits
"what is April?"
is what they would
say.

"we orbiters
have our own majestic
rhythms to admire and
love
april is an invention in mensminds
we have much larger
responsibilities"
then galaxies would
say:
"your planets
are pretty
but insignificant
in the grand galactic
scheme and even
one enormous
galaxy is unimportant
next to infinite space."
then Time might say:
(not to be bested)
"even your
limitless space
is a minute thing
in the light of eternity."

Sandy Noyes