

Fueled

Fueled
by a million
man-made
wings of fire--
the rocket tore a tunnel
through the sky--
and everybody cheered.
Fueled
only by a thought from God--
the seedling
urged its way
through the thickness of black--
and as it pierced
the heavy ceiling of the soil--
and launched itself
up into outer space--
no
one
even
clapped.

-Marcie Hans
(in that great old 1966 book,
Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle)

Forsythia Bush

There is nothing
quite
like the sudden
light
of
forsythia
that
one morning
without warning

explodes
into yellow
and startles the street
into spring.

-Lilian Moore

Spring Oak

Above the quiet valley and unrippled lake
While woodchucks burrowed new holes, and
birds sang,
And radicles began downward and shoots
Committed themselves to the spring
And entered with tiny industrious earthquakes,
A dry-rooted, winter-twisted oak
Revealed itself slowly. And one morning
While the valley underneath was still sleeping
It shook itself and it was all green.

Galway Kinnell

Tree

It is foolish
to let a young redwood
grow next to a house.

Even in this
one lifetime,
you will have to choose.

That great calm being,
this clutter of soup pots and books—

Already the first branch-tips brush at the
window.
Softly, calmly, immensity taps at your life.

by Jane Hirschfield

And—a favorite Shakespeare quote--perfectly
describing an April Day...

"O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."
Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona

The Cardinals

The ways of the wild are queer
by human standards
but long ago the Hebraic Old Testament
God gave warning when he said
My ways are not your ways
implying
the storm that rages
out of human understanding
implying time beyond time
space beyond space
stars beyond stars,
I create evil, he said
and make the good, that too,
in proportion

Here on my window ledge
two cardinals
male and female
having lived alone all winter
in that silence of the solitary
who seek their own food
and depend on no one
suddenly exchange seeds
in an ancient ritual
welcoming spring
They are not too intimate
the horn of the beak preventing
they are very wild
but grave and dignified
at this moment
So much so
that if I could
with the proper manners
I should like to give
a seed to you.

Loren Eiseley from his book --
Notes of an Alchemist