

APRIL 10 POEMS, ADULTS (Click here to read adult poems)

1 UNTITLED

We  
Dad, Andrew and I  
Face the wind  
On the deck  
It is a heavy spring wind  
Sweet exhalations  
Stirring up twilight  
From behind the bare forest  
I want to be as bare as the trees  
To feel the wind on every surface  
We step inside  
Eggs to color lay out  
On the table mugs of vinegar and  
Fizzy color tabs  
Vibrant and hissing  
Calling the matte texture of  
Unblemished eggshells  
We dip  
I start with yellow  
Dad blue  
Andrew red  
Jenny orange  
Mom purple  
Grandma magenta  
And then the lights are gone  
Blown away by the wind  
And we gasp  
Our mugs of color look all the same  
Black  
So we collect candles  
Stumbling over house clutter  
Dog-shaped doorstops  
And an abandoned book  
In the hall  
The candles congregate  
Around the finished eggs  
They emerge from the mugs one by one  
Colors gleaming in yellow light  
Faces illuminated surreal  
And jovial  
We come to life  
Amidst candle flames

True rebirth on this Easter eve  
Gentle light and glowing daffodils  
Calm our spirits  
We are at home  
Our table a quaint vigil  
To family, or resilience  
Andrew's egg is brightest in the end  
A deep red  
Reflecting his patience  
It shines clear and wet, new like  
A dewed tulip or moist lips  
Filled with blood, alive.

-- Cassandra

2 HAIKU

cardinal's sweet trill,  
budding oaks, crocus emerge—  
gifts on first spring walk

-- Yousie

3 SPRING FLING

He  
struts the fence  
red as a Valentine,  
tail seductively flickering,  
issuing throaty notes  
of invitation.

She,  
without comment,  
finds a limb  
with a better view.

He  
sails to the ground,  
returns with a twig,  
his man-around-the-house  
not-so-subtle proposal.

She  
does not leave.

He  
approaches.

She flies,  
returns when he resumes  
an appropriate distance,  
everything considered  
at this point in the game.

How this ends  
I think I know.

He  
utters urgent yearnings.

She  
considers,  
seriously weighing  
her options.

-- David L. Harrison

4 DO NOT WAIT: A TRUE STORY

We should have known there was a problem,  
When we heard tapping inside the walls,  
Each time we ran the hot water,  
The garage became Niagra Falls.

The hot water kept on coming,  
So we ignored the impending doom,  
That tiny drip, became a spring,  
And Eventually a Flume!

So if you hear a tapping,  
Deep within your walls,  
Call the plumber right away,  
Don't wait for tides and squalls!

-- Genia

5 PRIVATE SPRING

boiling springs rise up  
merge with icy mountain stream  
nature's bubble bath

flowing hot tub invites us  
grab a rock seat with a view

-- Jackie Huppenthal

6 LIMERICK

There once was a man from Beijing  
Who thought winter a horrible thing.  
So he jumped into bed.  
And covered his head,  
And didn't wake up until spring.

-- Gay Fawcett

7 MAMA'S SPRING

He struts in like a haughty peacock,  
Poises on the edge of her bed,  
Smiles like he expects her to say something.

Oh, god! The questions! Here come those same damn questions!

Good morning, Mrs. Wilson.  
Good morning.  
Do you remember who I am?

He always asks me that. Why does he always ask me that?  
Maybe. Remember? What was the question?  
Um...I can't think. Brain like mud.

Um, what?  
I'm Dr. Cardine. Your doctor.  
How are you doing today?

Doing fine. Just fine. I think..um..what?  
Name? Dr. Peacock? I doctor fine?  
You go too fast. Fine. Doing fine.

Um...Fine.  
Good. You look good today.  
Do you know what season it is?

I need time...Let me think.  
Um...Um, season. Season?  
Just let me...um...muddy...season...um...just

That's OK. It's spring.  
Now, tell me. When's your birthday?  
Do you remember when you were born?

Birthday? Let me think...minute...um  
What season is my birthday?  
Um...birthday? Season...mud doctor?

Well, let's stop for today.  
I'm going to increase your dosage.  
I'll see you next week.

He turns and struts out of the room,  
Writes a few notes on his clipboard,  
Smiles...he knows all the answers.

-- Gay Fawcett

## 8 BABY BUNNIES IN SPRING

There once was a mean little girl  
Who loved to steal baby bunnies  
She lived in a town that was rural  
And always looked forward to spring

She knew of a place where violets grow  
And the mama bunnies gather around  
To nest their babies in grass never mowed  
As blades cover babies sleeping sound

Bunnies are not brave in the face of great might  
No they scare quite easily still,  
At three feet tall, to them, she would fright  
Her presence tested their will

She would scare off the mamma by coming too close  
And snatch a sweet bunny then run home  
To tell her own mother the terrible woes  
Of a poor baby bunny left all alone

Each spring was the same and her mother no fool  
And baby bunnies are quite hard to feed  
She scolded her daughter for being so cruel  
For stealing a baby bunny is selfish and mean

Baby bunnies belong with their mothers  
Who can care for them right  
Cats always scratch and blankets can smother  
In our home they won't last through the night

This spring the girl has her very own daughter  
As a mom she has grown thoughtful and kind  
So when her own girl asked for a bowl for some water  
And dragged her over to see some unusual find

She knew in her heart she would have to foil this fox  
And teach her daughter the value of life  
There laid a baby bunny trapped in a box  
So scared and riddled with strife

Hand in hand with tears on their faces  
They brought the bunny back into the wood  
After walking only about twenty short paces  
The mama bunny was found guarding her brood

The girls placed the bunny back onto the grass  
and the baby bunny hopped away  
with its mother at last  
to make more bunnies next May.

-- Adrienne

9      SPRING THAW

Spring warmth embraces the mountain crown;  
Melts trickles of sweat from the snow.  
Rivulets join together, tumbling down  
Free and wild—leaving scars of mud-brown.  
Spring rejoices with Winter in tow.

In joyous descent, streams grow rash—  
Bounce unrestrained over cliff and crag;  
Snag roots and leaves; sieze timbers and brush.  
Impertinent, Spring Thaw makes its dash  
Racing, swirling downward—playing tag.

The deluge pours through breach and plain,  
Jubilant in its run to the sea.  
Barriers try to hold ground in vain.  
Spring Thaw becomes the cowpuncher's bane.  
Red River crossings rise to the knee.

Constantly upward—waist high now.  
Beeve and drover hate torrents this deep.  
Quicksand and silt, difficult to plough,  
Snatches at feet of trailhand and cow.  
Death Specter rides near, a soul to reap.

A morass of flesh, hooves, and hide  
Struggle across the span of the Red.  
Bodies of beeves form a diverse tide  
As they swim across the river wide  
To travel miles, yet, before they bed.

Oblivious, Spring Thaw cavorts on—  
Chasing Winter from mountain and vale;  
Opening gates for Summer's sweet song.  
A sigh of relief escapes the throng  
Of survivors left to tell the tale.

-- V. L. Gregory

10      YELLOW FEVER

Spring rain kisses dormant buds  
awakening golden sunbursts  
Insects bounce on nature's  
topaz trampolines  
Children gather unwanted dandelions  
Gifts for mothers everywhere  
A lone chrysalis  
flushed with ocher  
gives up its ghost,  
As the first butterfly  
sips honeysuckle nectar  
amber wings quivering with joy.

-- Darlene Beck Jacobson

11      UNTITLED

The birds; the bees  
An open field breeze  
Inhale pollen; sneeze  
These are great times  
The lemons; the limes  
A tan from Spring Break  
Feel the warm bake

Too much; not good; Ouch! the ache  
Mistakes, not a thought  
The best beach sought  
Don't drink that; you might get caught  
Whether playing cards; or at a party  
Whether in a yard; or sipping Barcardi  
Whether it's Kool-Aid  
Or even Minute Maid  
Lay back relax; in the cool shade  
Enjoy Spring Break; enjoy the whole thing  
So you'll tell your kids; "I did the same thing"  
Then they will know; don't doubt spring, never  
As long as there's life, it's here forever and ever

-- Ashley Burns

12 AN ACROSTIC POEM

Smell the roses; smell the flowers  
Pure wind; April showers  
Rain falls fast; past the tall towers  
In 24 hours, it will be dark  
Noon comes again; feel the sun's spark  
Green grass and trees

-- Ashley Burns

13 EARLY SPRING:

Spring blows in fits  
and starts. Then  
stops.  
We wait for warmth.  
We wait for green.  
Til then,  
robin's reveille gives  
Hope.

-- Jane Heitman Healy

14 SPRING LEAPED

From a its dormant stage  
into full bloom.  
I am dancing  
among the flowers



and weeds.  
I do hope Spring  
didn't come too early.  
King Frost is known  
to be watching  
from the tops of the trees.  
Watching a gardener  
filled with eagerness.  
King Frost can sneak in  
on the wings of the wind.  
Then he's gone  
Leaving death among plants  
and disappointed gardeners.  
Gardeners are a hardy bunch  
they spring back to go again  
with one eye on the sky.

-- Mary Nida Smith

15 UNTITLED

I love the smell of new cut grass  
that spring dictates must come to pass

and how about those daffodils  
in vases on our window sills?

I sleep with open window panes  
to lullabies of April rains.

Gone from our view are brown and gray  
As shades of green hold them at bay.

With snows now gone, the redbuds bloom  
to rescue us from Winter's gloom

and piles of blooms on our fruit trees  
are all abuzz with honeybees

This special season can't be beat  
No bitter cold or summer heat.

So drink it in and hold it dear  
It won't be back ... until next year.

-- Terry Smith

16      SPRING 'N' FLUNG

I's sprung forward, not fallen back,  
lost an hour to hit the sack.  
Too bad I's up 'n hour late –  
wanted a-leave at half pas' eight!

Thirty gallons of pure gold fuel –  
wished oil prices were still old school;  
four bucks a gallon when I gassed –  
they took six twen'ies I'd amassed.

I pulled out 'pon the in'erstate –  
wind-ers down 'fore I hit the straight.  
On my route t'was road construction –  
orange vests bent on destruction.

Had ta get 'round a fat slowpoke,  
tailpipe a-spew'n' black diesel smoke.  
Ol' man drivin' that motorhome,  
looked like he lost his pocket comb.

At last I parked 'neath ol' oak tree  
No one there but nature an' me.  
Two hun'erd fifty miles or more,  
Yay-ee! That's what I went there for!

I heard the calls of whippoorwill,  
and spring peepers from down the hill.  
Up in the night t'was a firefly,  
a-dancin' 'cross the starry sky.

Light 'n' balmy breeze blew well,  
but in the night it turned to hell –  
A storm approached, the wind did blow –  
I's flung home in a tornado.

-- Stephen Clay Bush

17      SNIFFLES

Spring has sprung,  
is there a doubt,  
'cause allergens,  
are all about.  
I sneeze and wheeze,

and blow my nose.  
I'm all stuffed up,  
can't smell a rose.

-- Marilyn Smith

18 AFTER FLOODING

Worms compete with mold  
To say it's spring.  
River crests quit quagmiring.  
Ducks in mated pairs  
Canoodle in parking puddles.  
Junipers, alders, poplars  
Lob pollen bombs.

And on an Easter blanket  
Ants of shaded April grasses  
Skirt a napping newborn boy.

-- Steven Withrow

19 UNTITLED

In Spring, Mother Earth whispers her promise of renewed life  
with soft greens and sun yellows to bathe our eyes,  
the chirping of chicks and cooing of babes to tickle our ears  
and—once in a lifetime—the blessing of twin grand-girls to soar our souls.

-- Lynne Smith

20 PIECE OF HEAVEN

I looked upon your face tonight like wishing on a star.  
I knew at that moment my prayers were heard from a far.  
We traveled a great distance to meet you , you see,  
We had been praying for you our daughter to be.  
I had no idea the joy I would feel, the new spring in our step, the smile in  
our heart...  
I have never seen your Dad smile so much!  
When they placed you in my arms,  
I was airlifted by your touch!  
We feel so blessed to have you now that you are safely home.  
So, we thank our heavenly father each night before we sleep, and every  
night he says to us, "This is your little piece of heaven to guard and keep!"

-- Valorie Provenzano

21     SPRING

Peeking out  
from her crystal cocoon  
Nature feels  
the time is soon

to pop cold buttons  
from coats of snow  
warm earth for birth  
watch babies grow

crowns of crocus  
squeezing leaves  
chickadee chicks  
bursting bees  
hidden kittens  
mare and foal

life  
more life  
her only goal.

-- Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

22     ALL NESTLED IN

With soda and chips  
I sit on the couch  
put up my feet  
slide into a slouch  
turn on the tv  
click a channel or ten  
find a good program  
I'm all nestled in

When suddenly a scream  
flies off of my tongue.  
What in the world - - -

Spring's finally sprung.

-- Barbara J. Turner

23 DANDELION PRIDE

Dandelion weeds roar, "SPRING!"  
Like no other wild thing.  
Yellow stalks throughout the lawn –  
A sudden burst – and Winter's gone.

-- Liz Korba

24 SPRING

Seasons come and seasons go  
But there is one we can't wait to show

Spring is that special time of year  
When the sun is out and there's lots of cheer

This is when all the flowers bloom  
And all the beautiful butterflies start to loom

The sunny, cool weather is really great  
Especially for adventurous outside play dates

We hate to say good-bye again  
But we know that summer is creepin' in

-- Ginnie

25 PERSONAL AD FOR A FROG

Winter sleeper  
spring peeper

champion hopper  
eyes copper

log squatter  
loves water

eats flies  
swimming prize  
winner

-- Tricia Stohr-Hunt

25 UNTITLED

good kisser  
tongue twister

show stopper  
quite proper

king's daughter  
fly swatter

eats pies  
spinning prize  
princess

-- Stephen Clay Bush

26 THEY'RE BACK

Up from cracks they creep  
scraggly green ruffians  
sprawling crawling  
sticky tentacles  
grasping pavers  
scaling walls  
chickweed  
nutsedge  
crabgrass  
henbit

villainous roots  
gangster bosses  
spawn recruits  
ginned up on spray

ten perish  
hundreds come  
chickweed  
nutsedge  
crabgrass  
henbit

weeds the weeds the weeds  
the weeds

27 CHIPMONK DANCE

Chipmunks dance, chipmunks play.  
Spring has arrived today.

Run over rocks, be quick.  
Scamper fast, watch the stick.

Prance to the old oak tree.  
Circle round, watch the bee.

Climb the tree very high.  
Up, up into the sky.

Dart behind a big rock.  
Hide in the hollyhock.

Pause once, smell the flowers.  
Don't stop for spring showers.

Chipmunks dance, chipmunks play.  
Spring has arrived today.

Swing around the daisy.  
Skip, run, don't be lazy.

Now scurry to the east.  
Please don't stop for a feast.

Grab a leaf, make a hat.  
Spin like an acrobat.

Virginia bluebells ring  
As chipmunks jump and sing.

Hyacinths twist and bend.  
For the dance will not end.

Chipmunks dance, chipmunks play.  
Spring has arrived today.

-- Linda Duncan

28 CALL THE CHILDREN

Winter's dried oak leaves cover the cool ground,  
Until warm spring breezes blow all around.

Spring flowers stretch toward the warming sun.  
Gentle rains nourish. Growth has begun.

Birds scratch the dirt. Squirrels frisk about.  
Nature awakens with a loud shout.

Spring breeze announce an amusing day!  
Children come out! Come see! Come play!

Bare feet in puddles, oh, feel the mud.  
Little toes wiggle and bottoms go thud.

Turtles to discover, bugs to meet.  
Caterpillars hidden; snakes to greet.

Four leaf clovers are hard to find.  
Turn over rocks so ball bugs unwind.

Winter's gone. The earth dances with zest.  
Come enjoy! Come celebrate! It's best.

-- Linda Duncan

29 RELAY

Spring is a sprinter leaning forward in the blocks.  
Poised for that sudden rush—shooting stems, thrusting stalks.

First to run the seasonal race  
it's mission is to set the pace.

No hesitation the start is clean,  
so little time to make it green.

Gathering strength as it rounds the track  
Summers is sight— hand reaching back.

Spring arches forward the hand-offs smooth  
Summer grips the baton with time to lose.

-- Roberta Stewart

30 THE DANCER



Soft murmurs filled the crowd  
as the theatre lights dimmed.  
Cell phones off; Kids too loud.

Music began, slowly at first  
Booming drumbeats building tempo.  
All holding breath, about to burst.

As the red velvet curtain parted,  
Audience sat still with excitement.  
First, a toe—then a leg—darted.

His tall, toned body swayed  
As he leapt onto the floor.  
Staring ahead, eyes of jade.

Extending his arm, he twirled  
Soared like a bird, fluid like water.  
Dark hair spinning, curl after curl.

Jumping high into the air  
as if he had springs in his feet.  
His muscular body mostly bare.

Children's wide eyes looked ahead  
Friends and family clapped wildly.  
As the critic turned and said,

“Take a well-earned bow  
graceful, beautiful dancer.  
You wowed us—and how.”

-- Beth Carter