



(Photo: Dwarf Alpine Willow, Spring—the Alps)

Out of an April

Once again the forest is full of fragrance.
It lifts the soaring larks up into the heavens,
which laid so heavy upon our shoulders.
It is true, one could see the days through the branches, how empty they were,—
but after long, rain-filled afternoons,
come the newer hours overflowing
with golden sunshine,
before which, the sore windows
of the distant facades of houses
flee in reverence with beating wings.

Then it is quiet. Even the rain goes more softly
over the stones' peacefully darkening shine.
All sounds tuck themselves wholly away
under the glistening buds of the bushes.