

“ Thinking of Spring ”

These are the things  
I think of in spring;  
Flowers, baby cranes  
and birds that can sing.

The woods are a twinkling  
with firefly light,  
And the whippoorwill singing,  
in the middle of the night.

The softest of seasons,  
spring is so fair.  
With the sweet smell of orange-blossoms  
filling the air.