February Thought

I am giddy with the ecstasies of a spring not yet come. There is beauty in neutrality—brown woods and white swamp and invisible hands hidden in the breezes, that guide my wandering way.

"April, when she comes . . ."

April, when she comes, will whisper softly in my ear and say, "You silly sad child, come away, and wander with me." Wistfully smiling, I will follow—
together we will roam the early-flowered meadows under soft skies, and our laughter will ring in the fresh damp woods. Bleak winds chill me now, no cheering zephyrs run with my heart.

Mud March is my guest now, and keeps me home, but April, when she arrives, will say "Come away, and wander with me."
Gone

A night that reluctantly dies into dawn,
  raindrops casually caught in his hand
  and tossed away,
golden leaves carelessly strewn in his step,
  thus am I
  to him whom all the earthly angels once adored
    when we as one
    soared to their heights
    throughout the nights
    that had to end.
Now I descend
  into the dark valleys
  of the river Why.