

April

By Suzanne Spiker

From tall trees,
The cool moisture rushes
To the ground.
There soft grass springs,
Waving a green finger
High as a baby's head.
But the rain heeds it not
And seeps down through greedy roots
To the stream,
Spreading snowdrops and crocus
Along its banks
Before losing all identity
In the ever widening circles
Of a stone
Thrown by a small boy
Sounding the depths
For an early April swim.

