April 29th

Let me stand breathing
before the sycamore tree
that knows in its own breath
the intimation of spring

and sends out two small hands
folded together in a pink capsule
that falls away when I touch it,
and then two more hands after that

and two more still, each pair opening
to the trusting air to let light
leech away the blood rust of their birth
and green flow in.

Dorothy Baird