

Michael Franks

"Eighteen Aprils"

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Me again, you again
Robin's egg blue again,
Eagerly notice the crocuses,
Suddenly, Spring arrives,
In the sky bluebird reconnaissance,
Phoebes dip straw in the mud-
Winter's done, hallelujah!
All the clouds ungather
And the sun shines through.
Swallowtailchrysalis
Hides in the hyacinth.
Never flowed this endlessly
Unless you include solitude's end
On that day eighteen Aprils ago
When we met, I recall how
All the clouds ungathered
And the sun shined through.
I recall how
All the clouds ungathered
And the sun shined through
And the sun shined through

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