

April Skies Remind Me

Ken Lundquist, Jr.

The clouds puffy on each other pouring,
The blueness of sky in-between.
How I wish I was an eagle,
Winged and soaring.
Through golden eyes seen,
A world so regal.
A tail feather white and spread,
The awesome sights-
My heart fed.
The grass green and sprouting,
The morning birds shouting.
The Cardinal bouncing,
The Wildcat pouncing.
I smile back at the daffodils,
And shine as hard as the Sun.
Gazing at budding trees on the hills,
I see Spring has sprung.
Each breeze is ripe with earth.
Wound in the wind,
The sense of renew, rebirth.
Light and flowing,
Bright and glowing.
The floor of the sky pinned,
To the ceiling of the ground.
The willows dance,
The squirrels prance,
I whirl with anticipation,
My mind in contemplation.
I see the next steps,
I feel colds' frets.
The buds pop,
The trees sing.
The Robins hop,
It strikes Noon in a ding.
The time has come.
In my imagining there is clarity,
Free from disparity.
Deep in the ocean of spirit tides,
An awakening that no longer hides.
For a distant calling harks,
Beyond the blooms and the Larks.
A resonating hum.
A Spectrum of foresight-
An inexhaustible Glee-

It's April Skies that remind me.

