

Strange April

I will be sad to say goodbye to this strange April, not because of the adjective but because of the noun. It's certainly not the cruelest month, ever. That was just T. S. Eliot's spleen talking. I will always remember this one, and the million birds and five deer and the turtles on the logs and the geese who took over the park and the fresh green buds and what they promise(d). I walked well over 100 miles, always after work, saw the same lovely places changing from day to day, froze through three layers in the wind and snow, and dripped with sweat in the pale evening sun. Got stopped by the police for walking late at night on the edge of the woods and lay down in thick monastery grass to admire Venus, the moon, and the milky way. Learned to pick out the same tree from a forest of such by caring enough to look long enough. Found a way to be still enough for the deer to get close and the mother robin let me, finally today, stand near enough to watch her feed the babies.

And those cardinals!

I never try to calculate and say x is worth y, because suffering is everywhere and in everything. But only this, I will always remember this April. Welcome Lady May.