Spring Again

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But up in the tree none of this was visible. Only little people and the birds that screamed and dipped around their threatened nest and children. She worried about the young birds because, in their blindness, they sometimes stretched stringy, naked necks precariously near the edge of the nest in their frantic plea for food.

"Come up into the tree with me, Peter, and I’ll show you an apple that has no seeds," she said. Coaxing him, up and up they went until they were alone with the wind. Pink blossoms, blooming apples. "Peter, apples when they’re blooming don’t have seeds. Reach for one, hang on to my hand and reach."

"Peter, who will scream and dip frantic wings when you fall?"

Now there would only be three of them, and she could ask for the things she wanted. They would give her money that was for things for him. She could tell them the beautiful things she had seen from the top of the tree and they would only have her to listen to.

Bending down she took a fallen blossom and stuck its stem deep into the ant hill. But she didn’t even wait to watch the ants scurry blindly, but cautiously, away.

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**Spring Again**

Drunk with the day  
And with daffodils  
That filled blue pitchers  
On window sills,

I held my breath  
As a robin talked,  
Kicking stones ahead of me  
As I walked.

And discovering everything  
Over again,  
I couldn’t help wonder  
Where the world had been.

*Toni Jane Morris*