

**April 29<sup>th</sup>**

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**