

L'ENVOI

In the Spring
When apple blossoms rustle gently
In the cooling morn,
I shall make my way across the
Clover-scented fields of day
Into that pleasure-pasture where all is
Fragrance and new-seasoned hope -
Where only the scent and flush
Of growing plants are pulsating with
The stir of beginnings -
Oh yes, I know,
That must be the perfect hour
To translate this Chapter Finite
Into the endless Volume Infinite -
In the Spring.

I shall not leave -
I shall merely accept the transformation
As I stroll through wispy morning mists
Along dewey dulcet paths
Of coming-to-life-hereafter byways
That lead to celestial discoveries
For a soul long separated
From its earth-delayed destiny -
In the Spring.

So Sometime come with me?
I'll be There
Waiting
With smilefull arms awide !

(Dedicated to all my "beloved" pupils who
still keep me "young.")

- Kenneth D. Sever, March 1985.