

## Eighteen Aprils

Michael Franks

Me again, you again  
Robin's egg blue again,  
Eagerly notice the crocuses,  
Suddenly, Spring arrives,  
In the sky bluebird reconnaissance,  
Phoebes dip straw in the mud-  
Winter's done, hallelujah!  
All the clouds ungather  
And the sun shines through.

Swallowtailchrysalis  
Hides in the hyacinth.  
Never flowed this endlessly  
Unless you include solitude's end  
On that day eighteen Aprils ago  
When we met, I recall how  
All the clouds ungathered  
And the sun shined through.

I recall how  
All the clouds ungathered  
And the sun shined through

And the sun shined through