

# *The Tardy Spring*

By BRO. GREGORY HEROLD, O. P

I often wonder what the birds can be talking about,  
For early this morning, long before the sun came out,  
They were busily chatting away,  
As though time wouldn't last for all they had to say.

Perhaps, they were merely speaking about the mist,  
Whether it would rise and leave the earth sun-kissed.

But more likely, they were complaining  
How of late, it had always been raining,  
Or else a cold wind would blow  
From the north, and bring a shower of sleet and snow.

For they had homes to build,  
And who cared to live in a place all chilled  
With sudden drafts of cold, and where  
An unfriendly sky looked through branches brown and bare!

And in truth, it would cause no surprise for me,  
If they had come together to agree  
On whether they should leave for other climes,  
Where surely at times,  
The golden sun smiles for a few hours  
To coax back the April flowers. . . .

Or where, peeking from behind a lace of leaves,  
Far, far above one sees  
Patches of blue sky  
With white clouds drifting by. . . .

And where too, the mamma birds,  
With no uncertain words  
And a flutter of wings, declare  
Soft breezes would rock their cradles in the air!