

## On The Birth Of A Daughter

*Nor does it matter that the trees  
relent, and scatter their identities  
like tears upon the ground; one sees*

*no portent in the old distress  
of seasons, no fear of chill, unless  
the wind shares his barrenness.*

*I read no malice in this mild  
curvature of limbs, but gnarled  
time born gracefully now, beguiled  
of summer by its autumn child.*

-- John Judson

## March Wind

*The wind spurts and  
ecstatic red and  
(shirt and skirt)  
yellow cracks and snaps.  
The grey tenement's wash  
is alive on a line,  
dancing, dancing,  
blown red and blue  
snapping into fleeting purple.*

-- M. K. Book

*Lincoln, Nebraska*