

## *APRIL*

J.B. Drori

A poet once wrote  
'April is the cruelest month.'  
Because it promised  
A brilliant rebirth  
Of a spring of flowers.

Instead it brought  
A time of thunder and lightning,  
Whipping winds and hard hail,  
Smothering the planet in an opaque fog  
And the people in melancholia.

I say look again  
And you will see through a rainbow  
Trains of fluffy white clouds  
Drifting leisurely eastward  
In a translucent turquoise sky

Where the sun will rise to warm  
Earth's leafy trees and tickle the plants  
To blossom and perfume the air,  
To give glorious colors to the eye,  
And joy and beauty to the soul.