Few poets can match the image-making of Appleton’s Kate Barnes. Her gift with the image is on full display in this week’s poem.

April and then May
by Kate Barnes

April and then May, 
violets up in the field,  
the ewes with their twin lambs;

time has decided  
to turn into spring again 
after all.

The maples are unfolding their leaves,  
chives stand green at the kitchen door,  
the black flies have decided to come back;

and the work mare has her new foal  
capering over bluets in the pasture,  
and the hall smells of daffodils;

and everything  
is divinely ordinary—  
the deep ruts in the field track,  

the spring overflowing,  
the excited swallows,  
the apple trees

budding for perhaps the hundredth time—  
and the pruned boughs budding too  
that must bloom just where they lie.