

April

by Bill Batcher

It doesn't break a sweat or make you wear
too many woolen overcoats and hats,
(perhaps galoshes for a day, but that's
the end of it). It doesn't seem to care

it is not first or last. With thirty days
it is an average month, and none of those
are for parading flags. April agrees
to bring us Easter Morn but does not raise

a fuss if March usurps that Holy day.
Its nights are not too short and not too long
(though even equinox does not belong
on its grid). There isn't much to say,

yet in its quiet way with softened voice,
I find the days of April middling nice.

From *Celebrations*, available from Amazon in Paperback and Kindle,
or from Bill in #133.

At the Library

In honor of National Poetry Month, Bill who leads a writers' group in Riverhead will talk about the process of writing and publishing, at the Riverhead Library on Thursday, April 2nd from 7:00pm – 8:30 pm.

Signed copies of *Celebrations*, his newest book of poetry, will be available for sale.

In Honor of Memorial Day

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below
We are the Dead.
Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.



Canadian Lt. Col. John McCrea, WWI soldier who wrote "In Flanders Fields."