



The Rooks Have Come

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The rooks have come, they settle in the fields,
they clamor in the branches, scattering space.
Spring peeked into the windowpane and smiled,
and warmed the distances with dawn's bright grace.

The river stirred and shrugged away its ice,
where sun plays carefree, as in childhood years.
And the loud sky, spread wide across the rise,
gilds gently, warmly, in its golden tiers.

And somewhere at the edge of waking grain
the birches weep their merry, glistening dew.
Spring has flown in, spring, like a soft refrain
that whispers, rocking willows in the blue.

The rooks have come, and spring is in the heart,
the earth smells sweet, the waking light is shown.
And high above, a stillness wheels apart,
as if spring smiled, returning to its own.

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