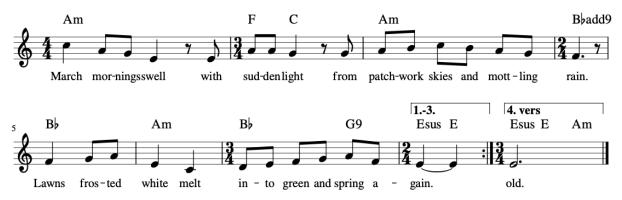
March





March mornings swell with sudden light from patchwork skies and mottling rain. Lawns frosted white melt into green and spring again.

March chorus swells with chimes and trills that echo domes of lofted blue. Now lark song fills lost valleys rich with lamb and ewe.

March waters swell with melting snow and salmon spring the rushing falls. Still pools hide roe, and overhead the heron calls.

March wonders swell on forest floors where stars of blue and white and gold spell magic spores as deep as earth and just as old.