In Bloom

I don't know your date,

That distant day of not-here,

I seek a sign of you

In fields, in bloom;

In the first sprouting, just those

Who sing with rain and bread,

When the sun draws out from limbs

The warmth of greening days

And they walk with bread on their way.

 Horses, too, probably feel

The bloom in the air

And stretch their necks up high

Freed as though blooming.

Serenity shines from the earth

Through thin root-song,

Where have I heard this melody-

In your eyes, or in song?

Suddenly I discover

Your more distant day of not-here,

Which seeps into roots

And asks for bloom.