

## Walking Through Woods on a Spring Evening-

Above the gentle patter of rain

Thousands of tiny bells begin to ring

As winter begins to wane

And nature shows us the gifts of spring

These spring peepers call these woods home

Above red-winged blackbirds' cheerful trill

Across the path, salamanders roam

Lying in vernal pools, perfectly still

The scents of these thawing bogs

Perfume the rural air

While the distant cluck of wood frogs

Brighten up the world we all share