

Mon

It is a rainy morning - The first lone blossoms of the juicy pear are twisting in the wind of their russet leaves. We are leaving early spring and entering the full season of blossoming. But this chill morning belongs nowhere as passing as ^{The wings} flocks of blackbirds that fell the bare cherry trees.

The day continued overcast allowing the early (^{blossoming} ~~blossoms~~) fruit trees an extra ~~bliss~~ (ohime) I saw an orange oriole in a tree of peach blossoms and now I hear him singing.

Wed

Such days are marvelous to be alone, to hear the heart thump on, to dream a little longer to the sound of rain. Then to breakfast quietly and peer from each window at the world of rain and blossoms.

In spring the leaves of some shade trees are pale green, some as russet as arbutus hairs - in summer they are indistinguishable.

Thurs

Today there is a quiet sun, the fog still hangs in the bushes - fog and shad - white smoke embracing white smoke.

From my windows the hills are creamy with these blossoms that come and go in a flash - they begin the real flowering of spring.

Fri 19th
May

Already the shad petals are drifting, powdering the grass the paths the porch with white petals - four days, at most five, and some of the buds are not yet open. Myron has returned from Greece just in time to see them. In those five days the mustard blossoms have opened and the pink leaves and tassels of the oak trees, ~~we are here now the full season of blossom~~ This year has been windless and quiet - sun at midday the fog hanging over the ocean. The petals drift slowly evenly ~~everywhere~~ Don't move so quickly