Today’s column features three poems about arrivals that celebrate spring in Maine.

**Spring Thaw**  
*by Ruth F. Guillard*

Night, early April  
White rivers of rain, snowmelt  
Roar over the rocks  
Scouring the steep slopes  
Tripping over grey boulders  
Hillsides echoing

Every spring I wait  
For this sweet sound of release  
The earth rejoicing.

**Loon Return**  
*by Carol Bachofner*

Long ribbons of loons  
descend through a cleft  
in the spreading morning;  
resplendent in formal attire,  
they dip into icy meltwater ponds.  
Beautiful, eerie laughter heralds  
oncoming spring, breaks the boreal  
winter silence with its return.

**Growing Lettuce**  
*by Henry Braun*

I have broken soil  
and run a line in the blackness with my finger  
and dropped the flea-like seeds in  
too thickly.

Even so, even so,  
the lettuce comes, standing room only,  
as a favor to a first try  
and is a shy green.