

The smell of change comes even before the trees open bud, before the eye can verify what is happening. The precise date is unpredictable, but one warm afternoon the change is in the air, winter turning to spring, and it is more than sunlight, more than warmth. It is a kind of presence smelled and felt most keenly in the open country but also in a suburban street and even in a city park.



From Hal Borland's - Twelve Moons of the Year

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