

# The Scent of Spring

by Ulrike

Vincent was standing on Catherine's balcony taking a deep breath, absorbing the air, when Catherine came outside and joined him.

It was a mild spring evening with a balmy breeze, one of the first of its kind after a long, seemingly endless winter.

The evening air was full of birdsong, which wafted with the wind from Central Park to the adjacent buildings into the City.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Can you smell it? Winter is decisively beaten. There is a first faint fragrance of summer in the air," he answered, putting his arm around her.

"You can see him retreating when you look over the river. There is still a veil of mist on the surface of the water, one last leftover, but he is beaten." Vincent made a sweeping gesture.

"Yes, you are right, there is something in the air..... ." She gestured too, searching for words, nestled in his embrace.

"It's heavy with scent, isn't it?"

"A potpourri of aromas - bloomy, spicy, fruity and aromatic - at the same time. Amazing! Something familiar, a promise of warmth, a sign of the revival of life."

"It has been an extraordinarily warm spring. You can watch the flowers blooming, and the plants growing, between nightfall and daybreak," she responded.

"On my way here, a vole crossed my path, so they're out of hibernation," Vincent told her. "So, all the amphibians and reptiles must have enjoyed sunbathing during the day, after their torpor, as well."

"It's him, definitely!" Catherine confirmed.

"It's him?" Vincent looked puzzled, "Oh yes, it's him....."

*It's Him!\**

*Spring displays His ribbon blue,  
fluttering through air's expanses.  
sweet aromas over fences  
touch with hope the lands anew.  
Violets still dream,  
dream of soon appearing.  
Hark, I hear a harp, it seems!  
Spring, it must be You!  
You I have been hearing! 1*

Catherine was taken under the spell of Vincent's recitation.

"Wonderful, and so appropriate. It seems familiar to me, somehow. I know this poem, but from another context," she reflected, then turned around finally, going inside.

There she rummaged around for a moment, loaded and started the CD-player. Afterwards, Catherine returned into Vincent's embrace. The music began.

"Listen," Catherine whispered.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vtp2AGC9kME> 2

They stood still, caressing each other, while listen carefully to the music, which was blending itself with birdsong and the other sounds of the city. They felt as if they were outside time and space, part of eternity.

END

1. Eduard Mörike, 1804-1875 -German poet  
<http://myweb.dal.ca/waue/Trans/Moerike-Fruehling.html>

2. set to music by Robert Schumann, 1810-1856 German composer  
Op. 79 No 23 (circa April 1849)

\* *Note: In German, all the seasons are male.*