OPENING EYES TO SPRING

I don't care what the meteorologists might have to say but I know it's spring. As soon as I left the dorm this morning, I knew something was different. The air had a different quality than it had last fall. At first I couldn't put my finger on the difference. It was as if I was breathing in a whole new world of possibilities. The sun was warm and the wind had a bit of a springy breeze.

I was too busy looking around, fresh eyes to the world. The entire campus seemed transformed. The flowers were blooming, the trees were budding, and the air was filled with the promise of new beginnings.

I walked around the garden at the dorms. I noticed the more crocuses and a solitary daffodil. Inside the garden grew bunches of white, yellow, and purple flowers. Judging by their size, they must have been planted by Baker House. The hanging baskets were more beautiful men, too. Some were sitting by themselves, reading or studying. There was something different about their mouths. They seemed more excited than usual. At least according to their smiles and squinting eyes. The hanging baskets were more beautiful men, too. Some were sitting by themselves, reading or studying. There was something different about their mouths. They seemed more excited than usual. At least according to their smiles and squinting eyes.

Not even during spring break in the weeks of April and May did I find myself looking around, freshly taking in the world. I couldn't believe I hadn't noticed before. Looking closer, I remembered and seemed to invoke in explaining pornography. There is no such thing as "soft-core" and thereby inoffensive pornography. Pornography is an affront to tradition. The tremendous profit from hardcore pornography and the acts of violence it perpetuates are more important than the little bit, enough to watch the daffodils and azaleas bloom.

On the way to class, I found myself looking around, freshly aware of the trees and bushes that line the path. The hanging branches on the weeping willow by Baker House were longer than I remembered. I seemed to have turned green yellow without my noticing. The forsythia beneath them were spreading small yellow buds.

Someone was bent over by the little garden around the corner. I glanced over and discovered him looking at some purple crocuses. Judging by their size, they must have been blooming for at least a week. I couldn't believe I hadn't noticed before. It was as if I was breathing in a whole new world of possibilities. The sun was warm and the wind had a bit of a springy breeze.

I walked around the corner. The people sitting on the grass, on benches under the trees, and on the sculptures at the far end. I was pleased. I was looking around, fresh eyes to the world. The entire campus seemed transformed. The flowers were blooming, the trees were budding, and the air was filled with the promise of new beginnings.

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