

May



May.

The stick in the back we thought was dead

Swarms with green specks.

Forsythia,

Herald of spring,

Blew her bugle, violent yellow,

And now

The dull bush sprays

Snowy panicles over the path,

Night-fragrant, radiant, reckless of bloom.

The dead earth sends forth

Tender shoots, obedient legions,

Myriad, sunwise, standards vert unfurling.

The brown sward swells,

Transmutes to green,

Moist, untrodden, cushion-plump.

Winter's siege has lifted.

Above a frilled leaf, a coral drop trembles.

The checkered fritillary droops.

The poppy rustles, cellophane, transparent.

We mark the evolution of our landscape daily.

We ache for every bud to burst, tendril stretch, leaf uncurl.

How many times must Proserpina mount her stair before we can remember

The climax *was* this evanescence?