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3.14.21 - spring

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Footer logo

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Cover Page Footnote

N/A

Spring – 3/14/21

Winter is receding... slowly.

I no longer rely on fires to fight the freezing,
thawing numbness to pain to exhaustion,
as my body comes back into itself.

I no longer rely on layers to keep my skin
protected from the biting chill,
oblivious to the cold.

That occasional gust, slipped between the seams, to remind my being
“It’s still winter. Your coat can’t cover you, not completely.”

Winter is receding... surely.

I can begin to imagine a warm sunny day, but not yet.
It is still cold. It is still wet. I am still cold. Not yet.

A new season is stirring, maturing, until it is ready to come, as every season does.
I start to see the sun, but not yet to feel her warmth.
It is right there though. Any day now.

Any day now, it will pour through the window with a promise.
And blow through the opening door with a different kind of gust, a different air, a different care.

Not how to survive another winter day
Yet not to thrive in other summer day
But yet derive some other way, something in between - **spring**

To wear one less layer not because it is warm enough yet,
but because it is less cold than yesterday.

The sun is starting to work again, summer is going to come
and I’m tired of fire. My skin needs sun.

Seasons, seasons, seasons...

**no more on seasons
who will come and go the same
they do not need poems**