

Fuss and Bluster

Spring arrives, rattling the window frames,
sailing headlong along a silver breeze,
settling the score for Winter who sang sad
songs of lost December opportunities,
sad for the freezes that did not appear,
sobbing for the snowfall that was too light
settled on the mountaintops to cause slides;
so Spring arrived with bluster to appease
season's coldest companion and brother
set in the heavens for eternity,
signaling in the new year as is his wont,
snowfall and sleet balls and scathing wind storms,
such are the true marks of pent up Winter.
Softness and sympathy are for another,
sister Summer may be smiling each day,
smiling for the sunshine and softer rays,
singing for raspberry flowers on vines,
shaking off every thought of hard times,
sometimes looks back to the previous days,
should she remember the tears that did fall
softly in May when fresh from their cocoons
swallowtail seek pistils to fortify
simple life cycle that hid in winter,
set self on journey with warming Spring nights,
saw the moonlight emerge from thunderheads,
seek their transformations as half full moon
shines even brighter because Spring calls for
slumbering root stock to start production,
send fresh new fluids into each branch and
stalk that emerges as bearded iris.
Sweet William soon pokes up his fragrant nose,
simply proposing that the Rites of Spring,
sensual in nature fertility,
second to none in colorful display,
see Springtime arrive this blustery day.