

Spring Invades

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The rains try to wash
the taste of ashes from the air;
under the rent roof of ribs,
the black bars of winter,
the green heart beats slow
an acre of time between each thud.

Dust has gone to dust
and on to ice and mud.
Death lies over the land
like a dream
the land will wake from.
Skies speak of storm
and change
and cold
and forever.

And then the day comes
when the blue comes back.
Birds are dark against it
like words spoken by winter.
Branches still scribe the air
bare as pens and pencils,
but then
the little knobs on their ends and edges
crack open.
Green seeps from every crack
like a large ocean
leaking into our world
from some other world
where all is green;
slow leaks
staged leaks
first the upthrust of daffodils,
later the leaves on the trees.

Spring invades and possesses,
shrouding winter's ribs and fingerbones in green,
waking again
the buried loneliness
that sleeps through the slow seasons
and pierces the fast one with longing.