

Seasons Stirring

It happens so slowly, the steady drip of melting snow,
tapping, tapping a drumbeat to the end.

The flash of red on the wing, the trill striking the ear,
perched on the remnants of last years reed.

The smell of approaching rain, of warming earth;
creatures stirring, shaking off winter's torpor.

In the woods, trillium, snow drops, crocus, and
hellebores burst thru the last of the banks of snow.

The creek freed at last, fed by warm rain, is laughing
as it finds it way to the pond, clear and cold.

Soon summers harsh sun will dry it to rocks and
puddles, filling the pond with green, so come now.

Listen, smell, feel, it is here for such a short time,
it is waiting just outside your door; Spring!