

Speak, Oh Spring!

By Glenn Currier

First a whisper of mist
covering roads and shop windows,
slowing feet which ache
for a dry living room after a day's labors.

But mist and clouds
are but restless gray preludes
to a symphony of sun and wind,
dandelions and budding elm,
and azaleas shouting their message
that spring should enter here.

But the air, neither cool nor warm
bespeaks the indecision of the seasons.
The sun tells me too it's time for spring,
but still the misty memory of the morn
reminds me that winter hangs on,
its frosty grip still poised.

Speak oh spring!
Sound your vital call!
Fill my pores with sun
my nostrils with the sweetness
of your fruits.

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Undated poem*