

The Other Side of Spring

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Originally published in
Tight 7:1, 1996
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Spring yet again: broken
promises made. The season's budget
squeezing time from a stone:
lichens springing up as if
a future. Only the word's
sinewy grasp gives this
meaning: makes punctuated
hope something pleasant,
something we bear
over and over again, like
new buds without memory:
no recollection of how
the yawn of fall
punctures our triumph,
omens the ringing slay bell,
the dead white
we'll soon be covered in.