

4.16.07

4.

mourning doves wooed us at dusk.
warm weather early this year,
our pear trees and dogwoods
had blossomed too soon. jonquils
bristled in auspicious clusters.
even the stateliest branches
teased us with touches of color.

such delicacy,
surely gifted by nature's
infinite desires, must likewise
bear her surprises. for she
is true only to self. in time,

a bitter frost stunned
nearly all the blooms, left some
withered, others gray, a fitting
tableau for the cruelest month:
flowers slumped, blossoms
in wait, and the living in mosaic
with its dead.

16.

the wind ripped us
that day, blasted into the valley with a vengeance,
other sound swept
away.

but not the shots.

not the wail and crumble
of our native stone

Forever.

above us, the speechless
streaks of orange and sanguine maroon
morphed into an unfamiliar haze.

and the wind, prevailing, kept its long vigil,

blew blossoms in tatters
into a fierce spring snow, the glittering
of tears untold.