

The now abandoned Winter in the North
once poured out so much snow that work crews
had to break those snowfalls into chunks
to slide piece by piece into an opened street pothole.
That was the Winter of December and January
when day after day
snow landed and stayed on Earth.
Trees, bare brown straight as human beings,
held bird branches and leaping squirrels.
Great blows of wind and cold were Winter,
not the few snowflakes of today.
In the snows of our childhoods
we children pulled out our sleighs
and rode up and down the hill for hours.
Then, Winter gave way to Spring,
Spring is like a row of yellow daffodils in park grass,
rising stems with power - giving humans surprise & joy.
This modern Spring sees breast feeding mothers in Gaza
waiting for their men to bring back food dropped by planes.
Spring steps over COVID,
brings singing melodies,
our ears hear Nature's musicians – the birds.
Our hearts move to dance,
our spirits open with joy.
Spring is Earth's chorus of humans singing: Rebirth.
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