

SPRING BARES ITS FANGS

Spring slips in like a ringed-neck snake. Slips in  
how Spring always does: beneath the solid  
ground, beneath rocks, beneath what is given,  
unnoticed till March. Coils to strike dotted

April - biting with warmth and turning land  
soft with life. Spring sheds skin into cold rain,  
slips up over the thaw with floral strands.  
Daffodils, lilacs, all of the same vein.

Spring slips in with golden dandelions  
around its neck. Tastes the land as it will  
unfurl new. The trees shiver from drying,  
the sun touches the snow and floods downhill.

Ring-necked Spring comes up from under the snow.  
Spring bares its fangs, a threat for all to grow.

I THAW NEAR YOU

I haven't felt warm in a long night-freezing-water-heavy-time. Can't think of people with blooming. Can't think of people without my skin being clawed down with nausea and it hurts – rubbed raw, it hurts that it hurts and I wail against the cold. Against the crackling sound of ice inside the marrow of my bones. Except – except I'm starting to taste orange blossoms in the falling weather. Small, flecking the grove of my throat and sweet. Almost warm. Except – the sunlight to unfurl, now. But only when I think of you and when I think of you my ice melts into a pond crowned by orange trees. It's not just spring. If this is love, then it means I'll see you in the winter, too. I cradle swans and lily-pads and green and you – you fit in so naturally. Pond not clear – not crystallized or starry, no good light in the depths. It's not sad. It doesn't need light to be able to be felt and you make me feel warm.

LOVE LETTERS & FLOWERS

Love letter - just an eviction of some emotion, / some flowers that grow in my lungs and that / I  
have pressed into the parchment pages. / Would you understand if I don't write anything, / if I  
just left the dried flower heads? / Buttercups - to be at my smallest with you. / Daisies - this  
frames the sun. / Dandelions – I see you everywhere. No, no. / I don't think you would but I /  
don't want you to understand everything. / What else would we talk about? / How would I find  
anything new to write down? / Emotion forced out with its trinkets of joy, / of warmth, of  
nervous heart-beats. / Love letter - I send my love with the roots attached.