

Thaw

There's something about spring in Michigan—
the ghostly gray sky and damp air
the bright green fields of grass amidst barren trees
the simultaneous bareness and lushness—
that takes me back to summers ago in Europe
to the wet stone streets of London and Paris in July
and the overgrown, graffitied alley-ways of Switzerland,
into the creaky train cars gliding through the hills of Spain and France
and unpacking clanking silverware for picnics beneath a canopy of German trees

The gray and the green
Mechanical cities and rolling landscapes
Winterized earth and a returning warm breeze
Not one or the other but something in between

How reassuring to be by the vast sea all those years ago
Its presence felt through all senses so as not to leave you questioning whether you belong or not
And here, I suppose, that call is answered by a different celestial mist:
rainfall that knits life back through death
Each aspect of the landscape clinging to its drops
Praying for a second chance
Praying to belong
To be restored
To start again