

Sometimes Thermometers Lie

*Mitten layers*

April snow  
May bring flowers  
    wait and see  
*Will the mud melt more—or less—today?*

Sometimes thermometers lie  
Certainly, from April to March  
when Earth has the fever  
so her blood chills and sweats  
maple syrup, strawberry  
juice and ants

Without the heat, the sap won't flow  
Without the cold, we might never know

*Don't you think crocuses are most beautiful  
on the crystal floor and the rising white wall?  
Don't step across it—  
its more fleeting than you.*

She doesn't intend this drifting  
to be so contrary  
Simply remember yesterday  
to wear the sweater or not

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*Fugitive*

Don't take the corduroy, minstrel,  
it will jostle your feathers  
There are marsh places  
which will hide flying thoughts  
keep them still

unless you mean to avoid the intrigue of mud-cling  
the skunk cabbage  
rotten in Denmark  
duck potato  
stolen by the beaver  
vegetable pitchers  
slaughterhouses  
milfoil combs  
spiraling in their vanity  
mosses and morels  
sponges at the bar

Go where the others hide—  
to the cities of interesting  
found within upturned trees

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*Don't look for Icarus too long*

A rush of wings quieted the technicolor spectrum  
and sliding over the grass when I blinked at my feet  
reverted the meadow to Kansas,

1939, behind falcon-framed shades and dizzy grays.  
The moment shattered belief in Emerald City,  
as gymnastic contortions pulled vision

up through a waxy and blurred lens—kaleidoscopic  
in its melting flowers and stars released from shadow.  
The taloned eclipse keeps rising,

and I smile again through eyes that stole the sun's blue glare,  
though next time I might only glance  
at the circling dot.

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*“Sun Bonnet Sue’s Antiques”*

Old things are wrapped within this moth-eaten quilt  
of numbered road-stitches: this barn at mile 29

Signage suggests what glories can be found  
behind square doors patched and painted  
the same color

    many different shades  
like the greyscale calico  
cement running beside it

How can a blanket excite me so?  
Its twin, printed on Kodak  
    belongs  
in grandma’s living room curio

Sun spoke of her  
they grew up a county over but I had forgotten

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*The Danish*

Somebody I know once said the cold is part of him.

    The Danish part,  
or some loose remnant piece, left-over  
from the Vikings, or some such,  
still unsettled

        but content  
in spring air, always  
remembering snow, ice  
        and winter.

He's a story-teller, storying  
    an origin space with a state of mind.  
Joy is reaching a stiff finger towards the cold air  
    to find it warmer,  
when the heart roars loudly, riding  
    on the memory of sails  
broken out of winter's iron nails.

So am I.

I'm proud to be jacket-less  
    when the day I think is winter turns to spring.