

january spring

the air has changed
the light lighter the cold sun
more easy on tree and bush
more gentle on wall and lane
lifting us imperceptibly
into new life
the old made explicit
for a moment the horror passes
yesterday vanquished
we smile
the earth turns toward us
this very small moment of time
when winter passes into
the promise of spring
coronation of hope
of beginning again,
while this feeling lasts
of light and shade
we are still growing coming
the detection tells us we live
the flicker of change
quite buried in the snow
of february
but there in the memory
the signal has flown
when we do not see it
then
likes ones state of mind
from a fatal disease
care abandoned
only death can give adoration

(and still I have not trapped it)