

spring

spring one more shattering spring
of birdsong and buds and ducklings
each snowdrop and daffodil are screaming
dying but still mowing the lawn
the vermillion tulips draw blood
everlasting primroses break footsteps
I cannot see the angelic hawthorn
for all those tears
this spring is an end, already
preparing more loveliness next year
its beauty terrifies me
more than my blood can bear