

March Earth

Nothing yet but winter's mean-
ness on the trees, all hint of green
blown from the grass, which blends
with the earth-coloured fence;
yet a sense of nearing birth,
or if not of birth, then death
like the death of Lazarus—
a holding of breath for the turn
back, the longed-for kicking-in
of the stilled movement's mainspring.
Squinting through hope, the eye can catch
a shade of green stalled in a patch
of moss—breathless, rootless, clinging
to the rotting asphalt shingles
on the woodshed roof, it hovers
like pure faith, and will convert,
at the stroke of resurrection,
the whole field to its complexion.

John Reibetanz