Bitter This Year

I do not trust this spring:
wind as sharp as sorrow
goading the day to tears;
snow upon snowdrop,
hail gleam by crocus light
and earth colder than wasted years.

Who can forget gone Aprils —
bitter-gone! —
each quiet water echoing its moon;
star-wished on hope
and the green word growing
in joy of summer soon.

What hope of summer now?
rake the dead ash,
tread the black leaf under;
nothing for us this year
but the flung stone
and the far, dark thunder.

—Gilean Douglas