

Driving to the Hot Springs

The buses show destination signs
that flash by like a friendly greeting,
and I want to honk my horn, blink
my lights, but that could be mistaken
for a warning instead of the spirit
of spring. I'm on my way to soak out
the aches of a winter's shoveling snow
in water heated by the planet's core.
If a little April snow from the hill
has slid down by the pool, I'll be tempted
to roll around in it, then take the plunge.
I was warned once that the shock could bring on
cardiac arrest, but everything I see
along the road stops me between beats,
like that cow wading right into the slough
to drink, followed gingerly by her calf.

—*Bert Almon*