

Spring Is Here

The umbrellas misfired, the rain broke down,
all the seed-white dandelions were bludgeoned
to a fluffy paste. The bell tower ratcheted
up its terrible black birds. Negotiations
broke out between thunder and cell phones
despite the enormous vee of geese going by.
Someone whispered the secret of the match
to a cigarette, and hail commenced
machine-gunning a delicate wing of smoke.
Cruel world for bathing beauties, though. The clatter
of flip-flops rose like an ovation for the nation
of May, and the Goth boy in his black greatcoat
pale as the Jesus over Rio and similarly stanced,
having raised his arms and brought to the air
not only the wail of the noon whistle
but also the howl of a hound dog leashed to a hydrant,
as though it, in the midst of such majesty,
in the last week of classes, were his wolf.

