

Spring

**I am embarrassed for the snowdrops;
made anxious by the fated stubborn
march of spring.**

**(I fear the march of careless boots
upon its promise)**

**How can the frailest seedling thrive
in such
an atmosphere of lessons never
learned.**

**I yearn to pause the verge of what
has always brought rebirth
the guarantee of life to come
and all its bracing metaphors.
Now seek delay, cry silently to
"Wait" Not yet" "Hold off a bit"
for winter's grey and forlorn mood
best fit the days
that have been prepped for
renaissance.**

**But nature heeds no signals
from the likes of me.**

**No matter how we stack the obstacles
the struggling seed will germinate
the crushed and folded petal strain
against the confines of protective
scales
to reach for sun she knows is there
because it's always been.**

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