

Look at That Dog
All Dressed Out in Plum Blossoms

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Snail breeze on a shaft of moon

A dawn moon awakens me, softly softly, its waning light.

Dew sparkles on the cobweb-veiled grass.

Still in my nightgown, I carry my dream to the blue porch rail.

Neither dew nor dewy cobwebs dull the song of birds.

Larks, blackbirds, kingbirds. The sheer spectacle of the meadow!

On wheels in snow – a spring sheen on the snow!

Flowers flash out (do not wait to perfect their leaves).

Nubby peach branches. Just ~~beginning to open~~ buds.

Yet, unlike the sated hawk, the flock of crows laugh.

Spring shouts, then strangles itself in foliage

“The flower opens, and lo! another year.”

I roll up the curtain, drag my mat to the porch.

An early cricket chirps, then stops. I wait. Will it sound again?

In the eastern pond, water lilies, duckweed, a confusion of lovely greens.