

Virginia Spring

Butter yellow crocus sprouts in red clay earth,
Daffodils swell like new breasts, beg for release,
a symphony of unseen frogs eggs them on.

Dogwood flushes pink in the sun,
Weeping cherries touch the ground,
Excite the horses angling for apples.

You lie under white pine a thousand miles north,
Reaching for trailing arbutus, white trillium
as Minnesota unfurls the last northern lights of winter.

I send you cardinals heading north from
my window, ready to soar with you as
you leap with the first blade of grass.