

Spring

by [Christine Whittlemore \(Papa\)](#) in the [May 18, 2010](#) issue

It's distracting, everything's changing wherever I look;
an electric blue patch of squill nearly makes me crash,
and all the twigs are, suddenly, beaded with leaf buds,
while the yellowness of the willows is brightening hourly.
I park so I can watch, I jump out of the car
and dance along, I'm beaming like a lunatic,
and really, you'd think I'd be used to it by now,
I've seen it happening over fifty times
in many different places; I should know
that as soon as these words are written, they'll be old;
the leaf buds will be emerald. You'd think
I'd give up trying to catch the delicate
insinuation of the air, which can't be caught;
the words collapse, they tumble and mesh together
breezily interlaced in a tangle of green,
the yellow caravel entirely madrigal,
and every jonquil ravishment squeezed fresh.