

Counting down

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [April 20, 2022](#) issue

*Everyone should write a spring poem*, Louise Gluck

Perpetually repeating spring  
in the azaleas on my street,  
lush parade of parables  
I can't decipher yet,  
configuring, configuring—

Why are you given to me  
this black morning, the little hearses  
lining my soul already parked,  
ready for ascent or explosion  
depending on my grip  
on this blossoming,  
my unasked-for gift?

Gods of this world,  
the only one I know  
heralding, heralding  
in their blooming overnight—  
if this much heaven  
can be given me  
in the first five minutes  
I have been awake  
throwing open my front door,  
staring down the block,

what is in store, what is in store, Lord,  
in the next hour, Yours,  
and the next and the next,

Yours,