

March Thaw

By Catherine Tufariello

Overhead, skeins of geese *ya-honk* as they pass.
The dwindling snow crust, an eggshell of glass,
Cracks underfoot, hatching tufts of pale grass,

And the air smells of loam and ozone. Sumps brim
And windows creak open; each twig wears a scrim
Of blurred buds, and the weather's new watchword is *Whim*.

Who'd have guessed that all winter, white dreamed of green?
That icicles burned to catch fire? The pristine,
Marmoreal palace of grief, the White Queen,

Starts to shimmer and swim. Once numb with despair,
Her ice statues glisten, with bright, dripping hair
And tears in their eyes. Look, touch the one there,

The cold stone of her hand. Feel it soften. Consent
To let her draw breath. Let perfection relent.
Wind loves the branches, though blemished and bent.

Let the child's tugging kite take flight from the park,
Let seed leaves emerge from the nourishing dark,
Let sap find its way to the tap in the bark.