

Signals

The first calls by Canadian geese,
first flights of gulls, white circles
described in a
clean, clear sky.

Melting of snow on ponds, trees
grassy lands,
boulevards;
early-glint of the ruddy sun on glass
rooftops,
return of
hummingbirds and butterflies in gardens
that echo with open honest laughter of the
kids, grandparents,
first signs of the revitalisation
revive, release
some of the comatose songs
of
frozen pain, loss and hope.

Spectacles: Auditory, Spatial

Chirr-ch--irr---chirr.
Robin?

Chee-ieee-oo-oo.
Cardinal?
Duet or solo? The notes
scattered
over
the razed grounds where
stood once
woodlands
of birches and firs.

On the mossy log, a
sparrow chirrup to
the world.

Grass bends down
to
dodge the
moist lips of a drunk
westerly, gusty, loud.

The highway drowns
arboreal music. The
rude
swish of the tires, on
tired asphalt. Honking
upsets
Red-winged black birds.

The fiery strips
glow
in a
cerulean sky,

a blank heart
slowly being
filled with sounds of spring.

The Tao of Spring

Stages mapped out in colours and warmth:
Cold to balminess;
dark greys to light blues.

Rising qi!

The pond was once solid sheets of snow.

The ripples, agitation, motion confined to
an
icy dungeon. Harsh
dark-dim months. Pounded by storms, blizzards.

The birds left. Trees, brown
skeletons, trembled in the whiteout. Despair wore
the dark veil.

The pond changed again.
Snow vanished overnight.

Pairs of geese swim, making
frothy
arcs. Beams, the
needle-pricks
of shimmering
silver.

Grass writes new
lines of lush green.

Flowers return fresh from
the womb of earth.
A brutal reign ends.

Two Robins hop in the beds
of
Galanthus and Crocuses,

watched
by
red eyes.

Pointillism

Mid-day sun
comes down
to
hug the turquoise waves.

The agitated lake breaks
the orange orb
into
millions of bright dots, carried
to
the shore where a young woman
captures the motion and mood in
thick dots of
bold greens, blues, reds and whites.
Sea gulls
ships
yachts, series of tiny points bobbing.

Mourning Walk

The valley,
once so familiar to you,
now funnels winds
that trouble trees,

ruffles surface water
across the stream
as it falls away to
a pebble-strewn beach.

Stones slip
and clatter underfoot
as I follow the
rock-riddled shore,

their smoothed shapes
chatter into place:

glancing back along the bay,
nothing seems changed.

The tide chants,
cicadas sing into
the calm lee
of bastion hills.

My walking slows,
breathing stills.

Out to sea,
currents writhe
toward a white-peaked
horizon:

overhead,
gusts shred clouds into
shrouds that disintegrate
into an empty sky.