

Before Spring

Before spring, the woods are still.

The moss is velvet insulation at the base of bare-limbed trees.

Roots are not yet hidden by frilled fern and tottering bloodroot.

The trail, a carpet muffled by spent, matted leaves.

Oak leaves of all sizes; all rusted.

Oak leaves silent as the woods form the dull pattern not yet brightened

By ramparts of Glory of the Snow,

By waves of Bluebells,

By armies of Trillium.

You and I pick our way up the hill.

Scouting for white blaze which mark known trails.

Reaching the top, scanning the creek.

It is a ribbon of turtle-green, mud-turquoise

Splashing at rocks still harboring hoarfrost.

Before spring, there is the promise of spring.

We knot hands to make a way down the far side of the hill,

Until we grow so quiet, we hear the fresh rush of water.

Startling an iridescent Mallard and its mate into sleek flight.

Lengthening their necks, spreading their v-wings.

And you and I regain our voice.

Wonder where is this wild couple's home.

Ponder where is this year's spring.