

Will

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Spring happens slowly here
teasing and disappearing
or is that just impatient misperception
as I long for sun-warmed rock
shirtless in the breeze.
Stubborn seeds do not give up
drinking in the icy rain
resilient in moonlight
tempered for this zone
by genetics or sheer will.
I cry for what I'm not.
They strive for what they are.
With nostrils flaring
I now give up the vocabulary of hope
that the ailing patient clings to.
I hoist the axe high overhead
and cleave the wood in a single stroke.



Drawing: Lona Towsley