

Two Faces of Spring, Part 1:  
*Anticipated*

With bated breath I catch a whiff  
of lilacs and my spirits lift.  
Plowed fields and fresh dirt,  
the raw scent of planet earth.  
I smell the rain, wind and clean  
and paint in my mind a lovely scene.  
*It's Spring.*

The buttercups with twinkled eyes,  
the trees, gently swaying, softly sigh  
with arms held high  
toward the brilliant sky  
all delight in the sun.  
As if a second life has just begun  
with excitement for what they'll become.  
Transformations every day  
tadpoles, sprouts, baby birds,  
frolicking calves keeping up with the herd.  
*It's Spring.*

Light from dawn til dusk  
with only a small break  
for resting us.  
Gone is the gray  
short, cold day.  
Here is the endless  
joy of May.  
Now comes color.  
First the yellow daffodil,  
then purple hibiscus  
and tulips still,  
in shades of pink, orange, and red  
sight and sound, all senses fed.  
*It's Spring.*

Crickets, frogs, birds sing aloud,  
"Our rest is over, awaken now."  
What once was dormant is now alive  
what once was still, can now thrive.  
And I join nature in its race  
to come out of hiding and fully embrace,  
the season that stirs our blood and quickens our pace  
*It's Spring.*

Two Faces of Spring, Part 2:

**Endurance**

The screech of song birds with their ridiculous dances,  
and thieving flowers that steal my glances,  
*It is Spring Once More.*

Hear the deafening roar  
of frogs,  
filling muddy bogs,  
spilling over in my yard.  
The landscape, once again, marred.  
Dotted with a deployment of devious dandelions  
deceptively dressed in disarming yellow  
and though I mow,  
they take more ground  
and refuse to go.  
*It is Spring Once More,*

And as I look out the door  
I see the haughty pride of butterflies  
(simple caterpillars in disguise)!  
And another thing that fills the skies,  
the incessant flash of fireflies.  
I roll my eyes.  
with so many things to abhor,  
*It Is Spring Once More.*

The sting of rain  
pricks my skin  
and I'm not going to pretend  
that I don't know what you're about  
scaring children with your shout  
of thunder and lightening hat trick  
bringing weeds  
and mud so thick.  
*It Is Spring Once More,*  
(and I feel sick).

The glare of green,  
it's a smothering scene,  
leaves, bushes, grass, moss, lichen,  
I'm looking forward to when I can  
once again rest my eyes,  
when a peaceful white  
will envelope my sight.  
And I do mourn you, Winter my friend.

Two Faces of Spring

Poem 3

But alas,  
*It Is Spring Once More.*  
And it's a season  
I must endure.